SUPPLEMENTAL HYMNARY

WORDS AND MUSIC

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A

SUPPLEMENTAL HYMNARY

(WORDS AND MUSIC)

PREPARED FOR USE IN CONNECTION WITH THE AUTHORIZED HYMNALS OF THE CHURCHES.

COMPILED BY

T. BOWMAN STEPHENSON

B.A., D.D.,

FOUNDER AND PRINCIPAL OF THE CHILDREN'S HOME,

SENIOR MINISTER OF

THE VICTORIA PARK WESLEYAN METHODIST CHURCH,

THE CHURCH OF THE CHILDREN'S HOME.

SECOND EDITION

(WITH MANY ALTERNATIVE TUNES).

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PREFACE.

THIS Book does not profess to be a *complete* Hymnary. I have compiled it, on my own responsibility, as "Supplemental" to the regular Hymn Books. Nor does it profess to be a *permanent* Hymnary. It includes hymns, useful at the time, but not likely to live for ever. But for the passing years such a Supplement is necessary. Our modern worship demands additional hymns of adoration, of duty, of brotherhood. It needs more hymns for children, for workmen, for Christian workers; it needs hymns for particular occasions, such as Church Festivals, Hospital Sundays, and Flower Services. It needs hymns suitable for great moral crusades, for instance, against Drink, Gambling, Sweating, and all forms of Selfishness. And, besides this, a selection of popular and "taking" hymns is needed for evangelistic occasions, open-air services, and for "after meetings." Such wants are keenly felt in connection with such a work as that in which this Collection originates. A great system of charitable and missionary work, associated with a large miscellaneous congregation, must have at its command hymns of great variety, brightness, and heartiness. Very many of these hymns have been tested for years in our work for the Children and the Poor, and have won for themselves a place, at least in *our* Hymn Book.

But this book is not a mere fly-sheet. Many hymns will be found here of great, and of permanent value, though they strike a note hitherto seldom heard in the Evangelical Churches. And the tunes to which they are set are not only popular in style, but many of them have high musical merit.

The fact that the Book was prepared primarily for my own Congregations and my own fellow-workers, may perhaps excuse the inclusion of several hymns and tunes from my own pen.

Cordial thanks for the use of hymns are presented to The Right Revs. the Bishops of Salisbury, of Wakefield, and of Exeter; The Very Rev. Dean Hole; The Rev. Prebendary Godfrey Thring, M.A.; Rev. Dr. Julian; Rev. S. Childs-Clarke, M.A.; Rev. S. T. Coster, M.A.; Rev. R. P. Downes, LL.D.; Rev. A. N. Blatchford, B.A.; and Rev. Benjamin Waugh. Also to Messrs. Burns and Oats for permission to use hymns by Dr. Faber; to Messrs. Nisbet and Co., for the use of Dr. Bonar's hymns; and to Messrs. Macmillan and Co., for permission to use hymns by Lord Tennyson, and Rev. Charles Kingsley.

Thanks are also respectfully rendered to gentlemen who have kindly placed copyright tunes at my disposal. Proprietors of "Hymns Ancient and Modern;" Messrs. Morgan and Scott; Mr. W. Walter Lee, Mr. Charles Darnton, Rev. J. C. Nattrass, Mr. T. Greenhalgh, Dr. Clague, Mr. John Thom; and to the Principal of The Children's Home, for the use of tunes by Sir John Stainer, Dr. A. H. Mann, Mr. F. A. Mann, Rev. Dr. Bullinger, Rev. S. J. P. Dunman, Rev. C. S. Reader, Rev. H. J. Foster, Mrs. J. F. Knapp, Mr. W. Paltridge, L. Mus., Mr. A. H. Brown, Mr. A. Thornton, Mr. F. G. Wesley, and others: also to Dr. F. J. Bridge, for kindly arranging that his music to Tennyson's hymn might be included.

Acknowledgments are also due to Messrs. Nisbet and Co., Rev. S. Childs-Clarke, M.A., Messrs. Boosey and Co., and the Committee of the Congregational Union, for arrangements by which several valuable tunes have been included.

It is believed that no copyright composition has been included without permission, but should this in any case have been done, it has been done inadvertently, and pardon is asked.

T. B. STEPHENSON.

A Supplemental Hymnary.

1 **Be our Joyful Song to-day.**

T. B. S.
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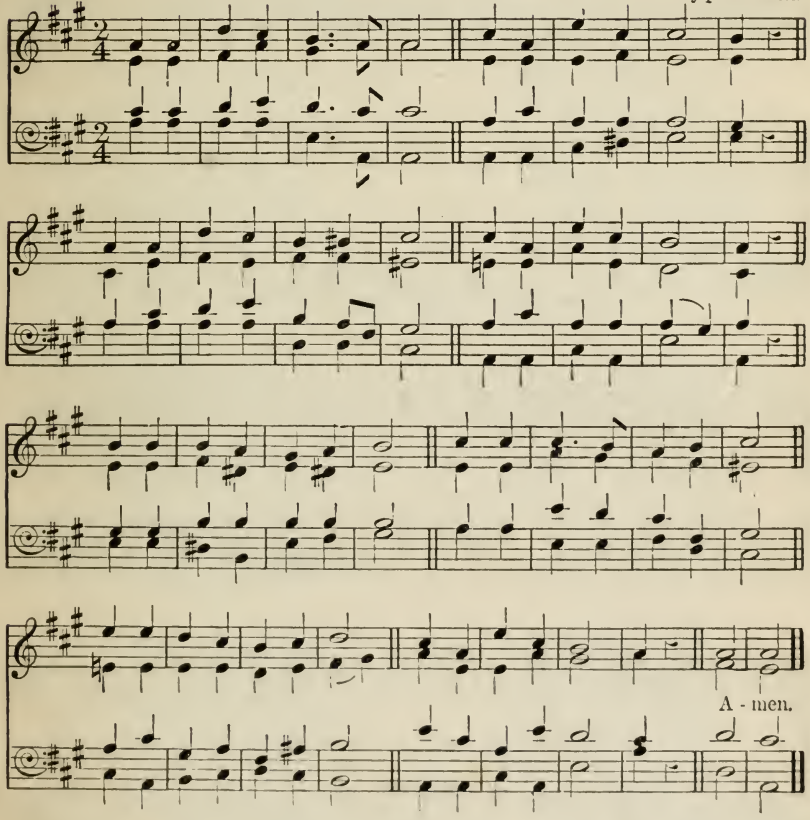
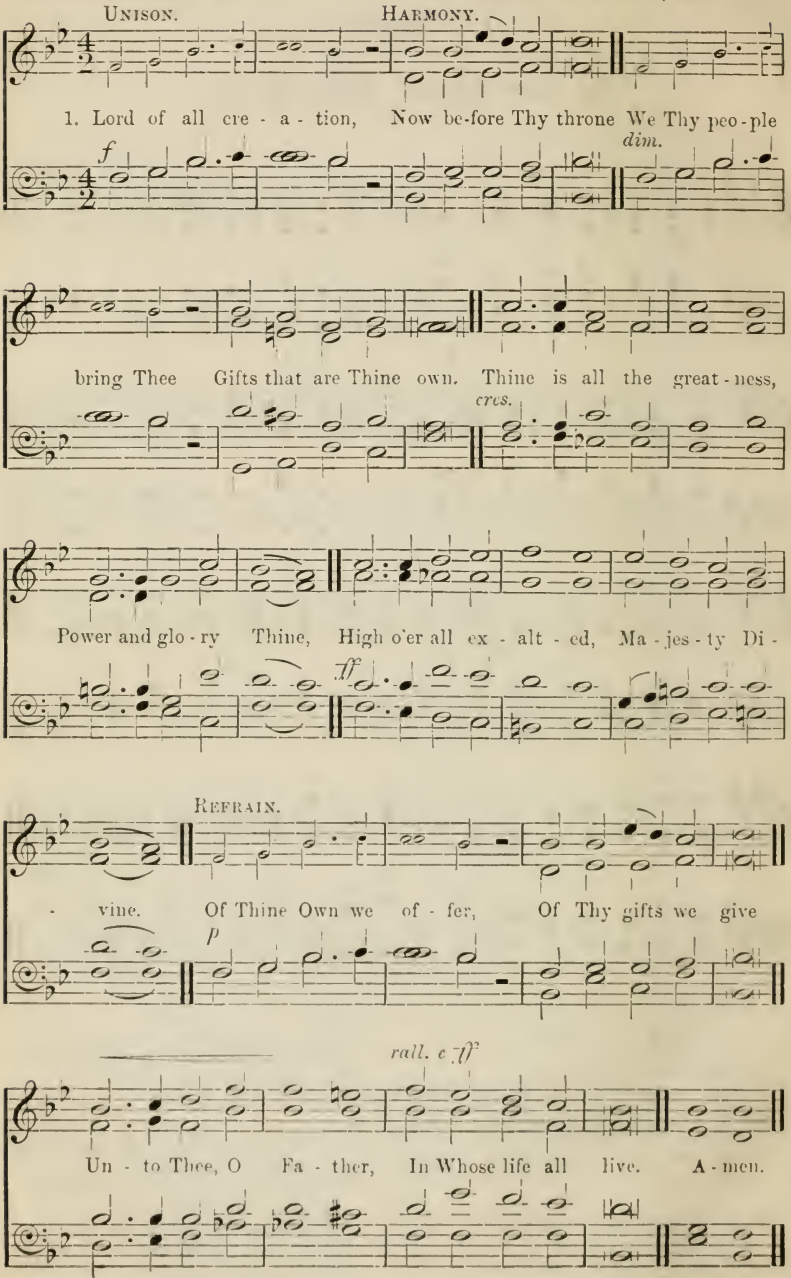

1 Be our joyful song to-day,
Jesus! only Jesus!
He who took our sins away,
Jesus! only Jesus!
Name with every blessing rife,
Be our joy and hope through life,
Be our strength in every strife,
Jesus! only Jesus!

2 Once we wandered far from God,
Knowing not of Jesus,
Treading still the downward road,
Leading far from Jesus;
Till the Spirit taught us how
'Neath the Saviour's yoke to bow,
And we fain would follow now,
Jesus! only Jesus!

3 Be our trust through years to come,
Jesus! only Jesus!
Password to the heavenly home,
Jesus! only Jesus!
When from sin and sorrow free,
On through all eternity,
This our theme and song shall be,
Jesus! only Jesus!

Lord of all Creation.

S. Childs-Clarke, M.A. George C. Martin, Mus. Doc.

Unison.
Harmony.
1. Lord of all cre - a - tion, Now be-fore Thy throne We Thy peo-ple
f
dim.
bring Thee Gifts that are Thine own. Thine is all the great-ness,
cres.
Power and glo-ry Thine, High o'er all ex - alt - ed, Ma - jes - ty Di -
ff
Refrain.
- vine. Of Thine Own we of - fer, Of Thy gifts we give
p
rall. e ff
Un - to Thee, O Fa - ther, In Whose life all live. A - men.

2.

mf All the gold and silver,
Corn on plains and hills,
p Grass upon the mountains,
Water in the rills—
cr. All things yield Thee glory,
With Thy light they shine;
Thou all art inspirest—
Science, skill, are Thine.
p Of Thine Own we offer,
Of Thy gifts we give
Unto Thee, O Father,
ff In Whose life all live.

3.

p Body, Soul, and Spirit,
Thought, and speech, and song.
cr. Come of Thee, Creator,
And to Thee belong.
dim. These in bounden duty
We devote to Thee;
f Thine is all the dower,
Thine the glory be.
Of Thine Own, &c.

4.

mf Of all works man doeth,
None can greater be
Than the work devoted,
O Lord God, to Thee:
cr. Hither all to serve Thee,
Rich and poor repair,
ff Joy awaits Thy people
In Thy House of Prayer.
Of Thine Own, &c.

5.

p Alms-deeds, prayer, and praises,
With "the willing mind,"
cr. In the name of Jesus,
Shall acceptance find.
f Evermore thanksgiving
To the Father, Son,
And the gracious Spirit,
Blessèd Three-in-One,
ff Still Thy church shall offer,
Of Thy gifts shall give
Unto Thee, the giver,
In Whose life all live.

Amen.

3 Hark! the Voice Eternal.

1.

f Hark! the voice eternal
Robed in majesty,
Calling into being
Earth, and sea, and sky;
Hark! in countless numbers
All the angel-throng
Hail Creation's morning
With one burst of song.
cr. High in regal glory,
'Mid eternal light,
ff Reign, O King Immortal,
Holy, Infinite.

2.

mf Bright the world and glorious,
Calm both earth and sea,
Noble in its grandeur
Stood man's purity:
dim. Came the great transgression,
Came the saddening fall,
p Death and desolation
pp Breathing over all.
cr. Still in regal glory,
'Mid eternal light,
Reigned the King Immortal,
Holy, Infinite.

3.

mf Long the nations waited,
Through the troubled night,
Looking, longing, yearning
For the promised light.
cr. Prophets saw the morning
Breaking far away,
Minstrels sang the splendour
Of that opening day.
f Whilst in regal glory,
'Mid eternal light,
Reigned the King Immortal,
Holy, Infinite.

4.

f Brightly dawned the Advent
Of the new-born King,
Joyously the watchers
Heard the angels sing.
dim. Sadly closed the evening
Of His hallowed life,
p As the noontide darkness
Veiled the last dread strife.
cr. Lo! again in glory,
'Mid eternal light,
Reigns the King Immortal,
Holy, Infinite.

5.

mf Lo! again He cometh,
Robed in clouds of light,
As the Judge Eternal,
Armed with power and might,
Nations to His footstool
Gathered then shall be:
cr. Earth shall yield her treasures,
And her dead, the sea.
f Till the trumpet soundeth,
'Mid eternal light,
Reign, Thou King Immortal,
Holy, Infinite.

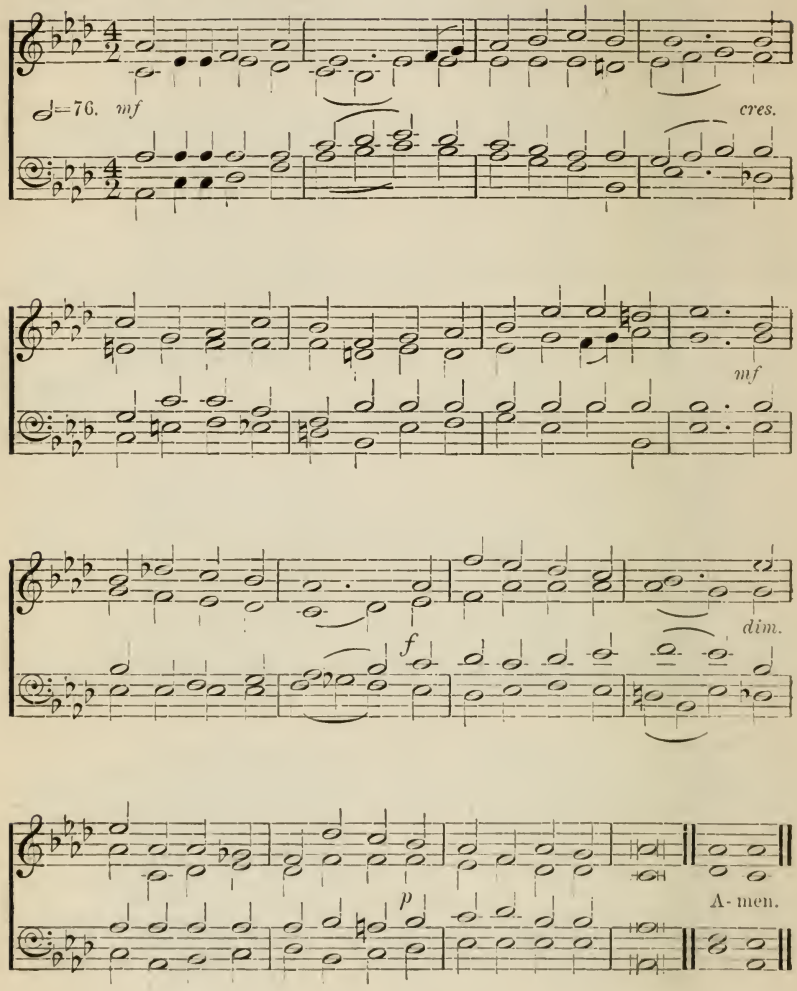
6.

f Jesu! Lord and Master
Prophet, Priest, and King,
To Thy feet triumphant
Hallowed praise we bring.
p Thine the pain and weeping,
cr. Thine the victory;
mf Power, and praise, and honour
Be, O Lord, to Thee.
f High in regal glory,
'Mid eternal light,
Reign, O King Immortal,
Holy, Infinite. Amen.

J. JULIAN, D.D.

Blessed and Holy Three.

S. Childs-Clarke, M.A. Sir J. Stainer.



1.

Blessèd and Holy Three,
Sire and coequal Son,
And gracious Spirit, unto Thee
Be praise while ages run.
From Thee all good gifts come,
Whereby Thy creatures live:—
Our health, our food, our joys of home,
Thou ceasest not to give.

2.

mf Lord, we Thy servants taught
That Thou wilt not disdain
Oblations to Thine altar brought,
Now offer them again:
p Unworthy though we be,
Through sins so manifold,
To bring in sacrifice to Thee
The silver or the gold

3.

mf Father, accept, we pray,
This bounden duty here,
cr. And service we are met to pay,
Who Thy great Name revere.
dim. In this Thine house we plead
The merits of Thy Son,
p That He may pardon each misdeed
And duty left undone.

4.

f Ever Thy sick and poor
Disciples true shall tend,
And, be it scant or full, their store
On Thy glad service spend :
cr. And precious in Thy sight
Are tokens of their love—
The costly nard, the widow's mite (*p*),
All treasur'd are above.

5.

p Merciful Saviour, deign
To sanctify each gift ;
cr. Thy waiting people ne'er in vain
To Thee their hearts uplift.
mf In royal David's days
The Hebrews joy'd to bring
f To Thee their sacrifice of praise.
Their votive offering.

6.

mf Ours be the mind that willed
Its choicest gifts to bring,—
cr. "The perfect heart" with gladness
Of Zion and her King. [filled
f So grant us here to-day,
Before Thee to rejoice,
dim. As we our homage come to pay,
In gifts, in heart, in voice. Amen.

5 Crown Him with many Crowns.

1.

f Crown Him with many crowns,
The Lamb upon His throne ;
Hark ! how the heavenly Anthem drowns
All music but its own :
p Awake, my soul, and sing
Of Him who died for thee,
cr. And hail Him as Thy chosen King
Through all eternity.

2.

mf Crown Him the Lord of Love !
p Behold His Hands and Side,
Rich wounds, yet visible above,
In beauty glorified ;
pp No angel in the sky
Can fully bear that sight,
But downward bends his burning eye
At mysteries so bright.

3.

Crown Him the Lord of Peace !
Whose power a sceptre sways
From pole to pole—that wars may cease,
dim. Absorbed in prayer and praise.
cr. His reign shall know no end,
And round His pierced Feet
Fair flowers of paradise extend
Their fragrance ever sweet.

4.

ff Crown Him the Lord of heaven !
One with the Father known,
And Thee, blest Spirit, through Him given,
From yonder glorious throne.
f All hail, Redeemer, hail !
p For Thou hast died for me ;
ff Thy praise shall never, never fail
Throughout eternity. Amen.

M. BRIDGES.

6 Stand up and bless the Lord.

1.

mf Stand up and bless the Lord,
Ye people of His choice ;
Stand up and bless the Lord your God
With heart, and soul, and voice.
mf Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
p Who would not fear His holy name,
cr. And laud and magnify !

2.

mf O for the living flame,
From His own altar brought,
To touch the lips, our minds inspire,
cr. And wing to heaven our thought.

mf There, with benign regard,
Our hymns He deigns to hear ;
Though unrevealed to mortal sense
The spirit feels Him near.

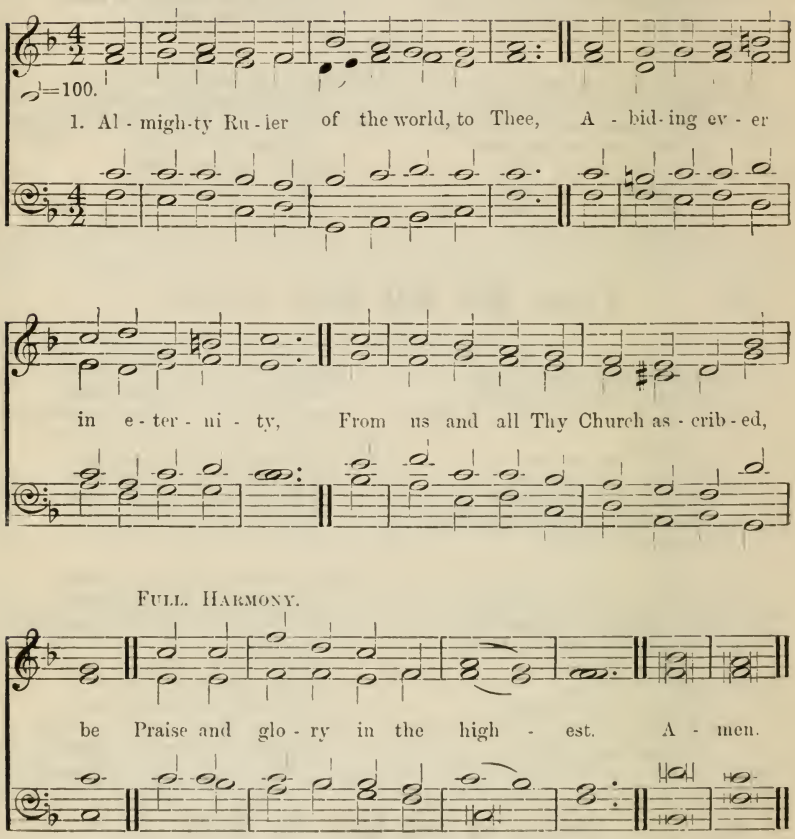
3.

f God is our strength and song,
And His salvation ours ;
Then be His love in Christ proclaimed
With all our ransomed powers.
ff Stand up and bless the Lord,
The Lord your God adore ;
Stand up and bless His glorious name
Henceforth for evermore. Amen.

J. MONTGOMERY.

Almighty Ruler of the World.

S. Childs Clarke, M.A. Sir Joseph Barnby.


♩=100.
1. Al - migh-ty Ru - ler of the world, to Thee, A - bid-ing ev - er
in e - ter - ni - ty, From us and all Thy Church as - crib - ed,
Full. Harmony.
be Praise and glo - ry in the high - est. A - men.

Four silent beats between each verse.

[2. *mf* All laud and honour unto Thee belong,
Of Thee we sing these earthly courts among,
Thine be the tribute of our festal song—
f Praise and glory in the highest.]

3. *mf* The multitude of isles that on Thee wait
Do raise in lofty or in lowly state
Their meed of song within Thy temple gate—
f Praise and glory in the highest.

Trebles. 4. *p* And they who rest in Paradise, unite
Their strains with ours, amid those realms of light,
cres. To tell of all Thy mercy and Thy might—
Full. *f* Praise and glory in the highest.

Men. 5. *p* And all the heavenly host beyond the sky,
Angel and Seraph with Archangel vie
cres. Thine hallowed Name, O Lord, to glorify—
Full. *f* Praise and glory in the highest.

6. *mf* Whene'er we tread Thy courts, may all round
Serve to uplift our souls, while sight and sound
Bid us reflect we stand on holy ground—
f Praise and glory in the highest.

7. *mf* Of old Thou didst in glowing light appear,
When foemen to Thine Israël drew near,
Inspiring these with faith and those with fear—
f Praise and glory in the highest.

Men. 8. *p* So shield Thy servants from temptation now,
And with Thy "Fire of love" our souls endow,
As we before Thy mercy-seat do bow—
Full. *f* Praise and glory in the highest.

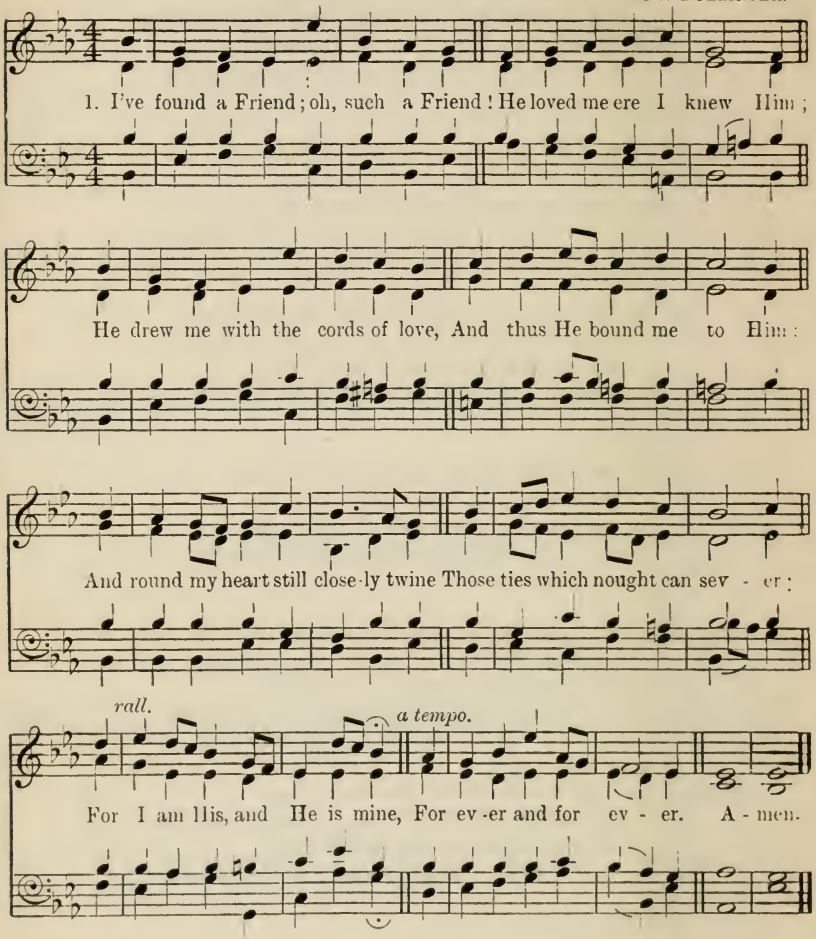
[*Trebles.* 9. *mf* Illumine with Thy blessed Spirit's rays
Our hearts, and tune our lips to swell Thy praise,
So shall we render on these holy days
Full. *f* Praise and glory in the highest.]

Unison. 10. *f* And when all festal strains of earth are o'er,
To Thee, O Triune God, may we outpour
With all Thy Church triumphant evermore
Har. Praise and glory in the highest. Amen.

Verses 2 and 9 may be omitted except on days of special festival.

I've Found a Friend.

Dr. BULLINGER.


1. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! He loved me ere I knew Him;
He drew me with the cords of love, And thus He bound me to Him:
And round my heart still close-ly twine Those ties which nought can sev - er:
rall.
a tempo.
For I am His, and He is mine, For ev-er and for ev - er. A - men.

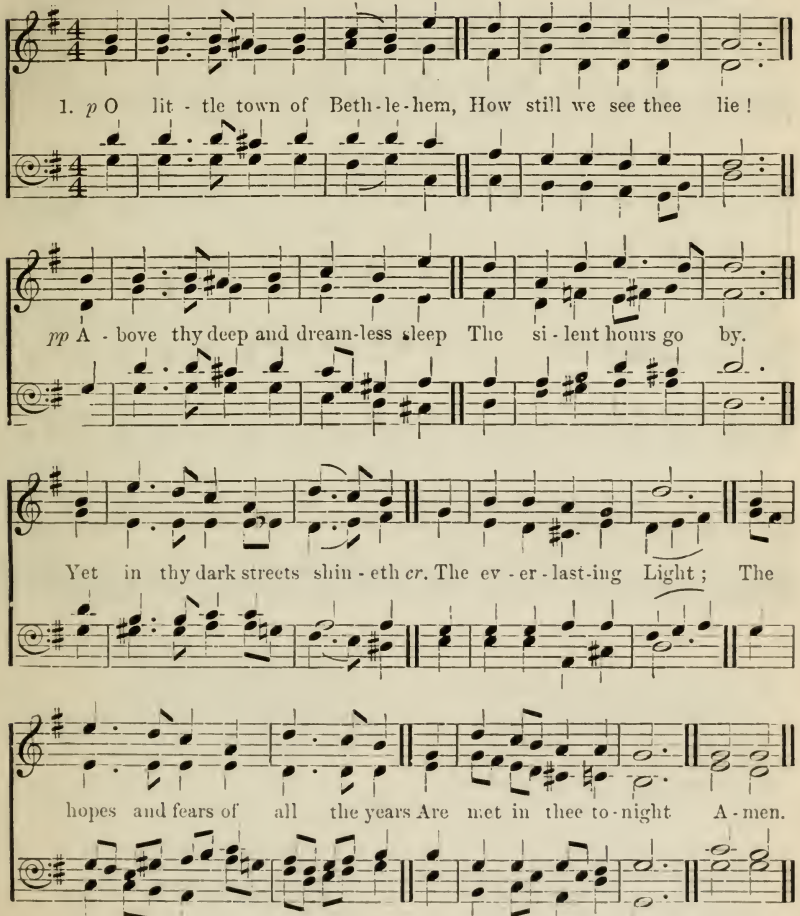
2 I have a Friend; oh, such a Friend!
He bled, He died to save me;
And not alone the gift of life,
But His own self He gave me
Nought that I have my own I call,
I hold it for the Giver:
My heart, my strength, my life, my all,
Are His, and His for ever.

3 I have a Friend; oh, such a Friend;
All power to Him is given,
To guard me on my onward course,
And bring me safe to heaven.
Th' eternal glories gleam afar,
To nerve my faint endeavour:
So now to watch, to work, to war!
And then to rest for ever!

4 I have a Friend; oh, such a Friend!
So kind, and true, and tender,
So wise a Counsellor and Guide
So mighty a Defender!
From Him who loves me now so well,
What power my soul shall sever!
Shall life or death, shall earth or hell?
No!—I am His for ever.

O Little Town of Bethlehem.

BISHOP PHILLIPS BROOKS. T. B. STEPHENSON.


1. p O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem, How still we see thee lie!
pp A - bove thy deep and dream-less sleep The si - lent hours go by.
Yet in thy dark streets shin - eth cr. The ev - er - last-ing Light; The
hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to-night A - men.

2. *mf* O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth!
f And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to men on earth.
ff For Christ is born of Mary;
And gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
dim. Their watch of wandering love.

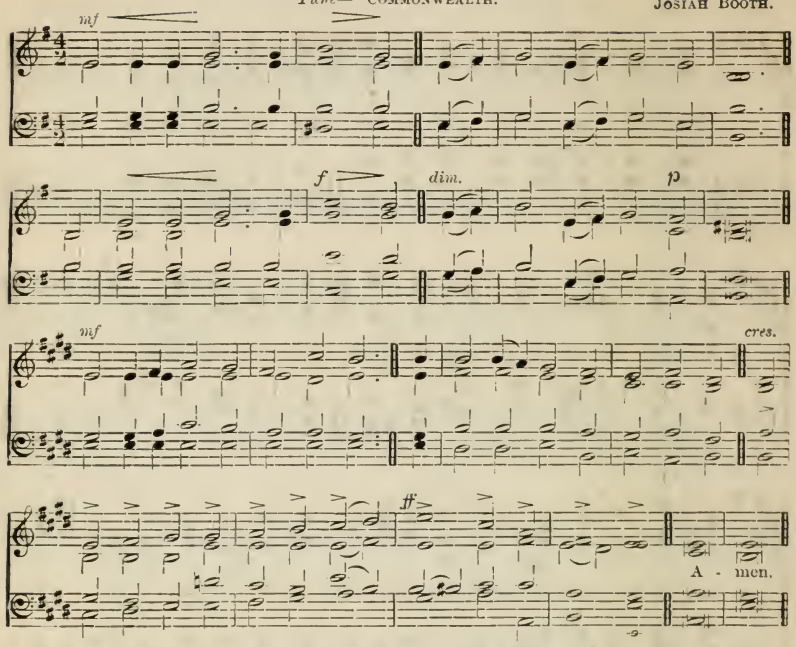
3. *p* How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His heaven.
No ear may hear His coming,
cres. But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive Him,
The dear Christ enters in.

4. *mf* Where children, pure and happy,
Pray to the blessed Child;
p Where Misery cries out to Thee,
Son of the Mother mild;
Where Charity stands watching,
And Faith holds wide the door—
ff The dark night wakes, the glory breaks,
And Christmas comes once more.

5. *p* O holy Child of Bethlehem,
Descend to us we pray!
Cast out our sin and enter in;
mf Be born in us to-day.
f We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell;
ff O come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel!

God, Save the People!

Tune—"COMMONWEALTH." JOSIAH BOOTH.



A

1.

p "When wilt Thou save the people?
O God of mercy, when?"
cr. Hear Thou the moan of anguish
Rise from these hordes of men.
mf They were not made to seethe and strive
dim. In dens where shame and death can thrive,
pp But hope and love can scarce survive—
ff God, save the people!

2.

p "When wilt Thou save the people,
O God of mercy, when,"
cr. From laws which, long since fashioned,
Now mock the rights of men—
Laws, which may suffer or compel
For all who pass or all who dwell
In every street, a trap to hell?—
ff God, save the people!

3.

p "When wilt Thou save the people,
O God of mercy, when,"
mf From custom's foolish fetters
Which bind the souls of men—
cr. From weakness, wavering to and fro;
From fear, which cannot speak a "No!"
But with the multitude must go?—
ff God, save the people!

4.

p "When wilt Thou save the people,
O God of mercy, when,"
mf From Appetite's fierce frenzy,
Which kills the man in men—
Which gives the beast in him control
Of mind and will, of heart and soul,
And to the basest yields the whole?—
ff God, save the people!

5.

p "When wilt Thou save the people?
O God of mercy, when?"
pp We cry to Thee in anguish
For all these hordes of men.
cr. Freedom from ruthless power and greed:
But most from self and sin they need:
Come quickly—make them "free indeed":
ff God, save the people!

T. B. Stephenson.

B

1.

mp When wilt Thou save the people?
O God of mercy, when?
Not kings alone, but nations?
Not thrones and crowns, but men?
Flowers of Thy heart, O God, are they:
Let them not pass, like weeds, away—
Their heritage a sunless day.
cr. God, save the people!

2.

mp Shall crime bring crime for ever,
Strength aiding still the strong?
Is it Thy will, O Father,
That man shall toil for wrong?
"No," say Thy mountains; "No," Thy skies
Man's clouded sun shall brightly rise,
And songs ascend instead of sighs:
cr. God, save the people!

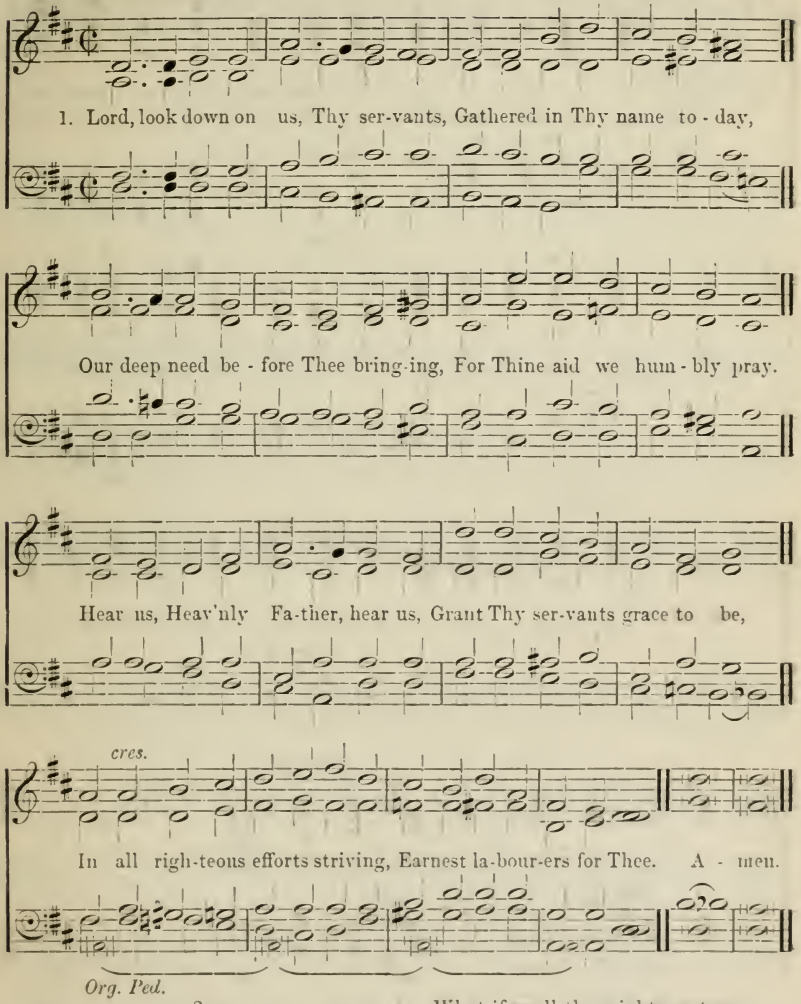
3.

mp When wilt Thou save the people?
O God of mercy, when?
The people, Lord, the people,
Not thrones and crowns, but men?
God, save the people, Thine they are,
Thy children, as Thine angels fair;
From vice, oppression, and despair,
cr. God, save the people!

Ebenezer Elliott.

Lord, look down on us, Thy servants.

S. Childs Clarke, M.A. T. C. Lewis, F.R.H.S.


1. Lord, look down on us, Thy ser-vants, Gathered in Thy name to-day,
Our deep need be-fore Thee bring-ing, For Thine aid we hum-bly pray.
Hear us, Heav'nly Fa-ther, hear us, Grant Thy ser-vants grace to be,
cres.
In all righ-teous efforts striving, Earnest la-bour-ers for Thee. A-men.
Org. Ped.

2.

Now, for "Thy most gracious favour
In our doings," Lord, we wait,
Fresh resolves to labour for Thee
In Thy name we consecrate;
Knit us closely to each other
In one bond of unity,
Grant us for each tempted brother
Tender-hearted sympathy.

3.

Look upon our land that mourneth
In its shame and sore distress;
"Bind the floods from overflowing,"
"Turn away ungodliness"
What if swell the mighty waters,
Raging ever horribly,
Mightier Thou—the Lord Jehovah—
Ruling on Thy throne on high!

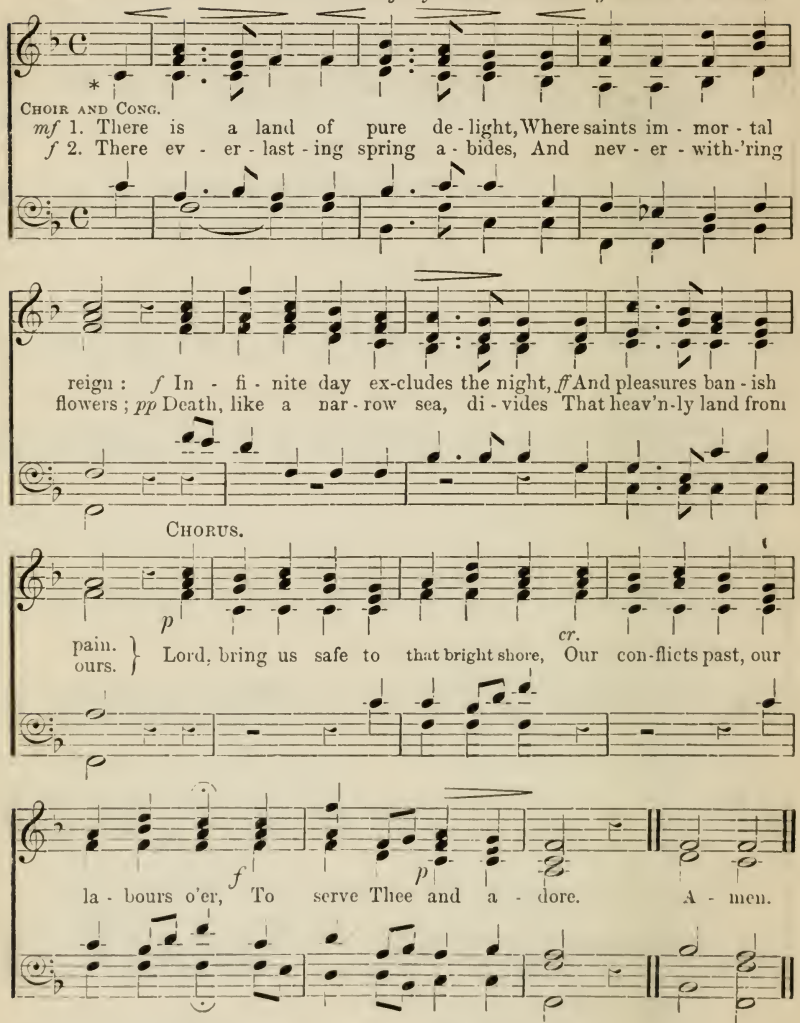
4.

We the clay, and Thou the Potter,
Fit and frame us, Lord, to be
"Vessels unto honour" garnished
For Thine house eternally;
Lips and lives all glory giving
To the Father and the Son,
With the Holy Spirit, ever
While the ages yet shall run.

Amen.

The Land of Pure Delight.

DR. WATTS. *Arranged from the German by* EDITH E. MANN.


CHOIR AND CONG.
mf 1. There is a land of pure de - light, Where saints im - mor - tal
f 2. There ev - er - last - ing spring a - bides, And nev - er - with-'ring
reign : f In - fi - nite day ex-cludes the night, ff And pleasures ban - ish
flowers ; pp Death, like a nar - row sea, di - vides That heav'n-ly land from
CHORUS.
p
pain.
ours.
Lord, bring us safe to that bright shore, Our con-flicts past, our
cr.
f
p
la - bours o'er, To serve Thee and a - dore. A - men.

SOLO. 3.

f Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand drest in living green ;
mf So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
p While Jordan rolled between.
p Lord, bring us safe, &c.

CHOIR AND CONG. 4.

p But tim'rous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea ;
pp And linger shivering on the brink,
ppp And fear to launch away.
p Lord, bring us safe, &c.

CHOIR. 5.

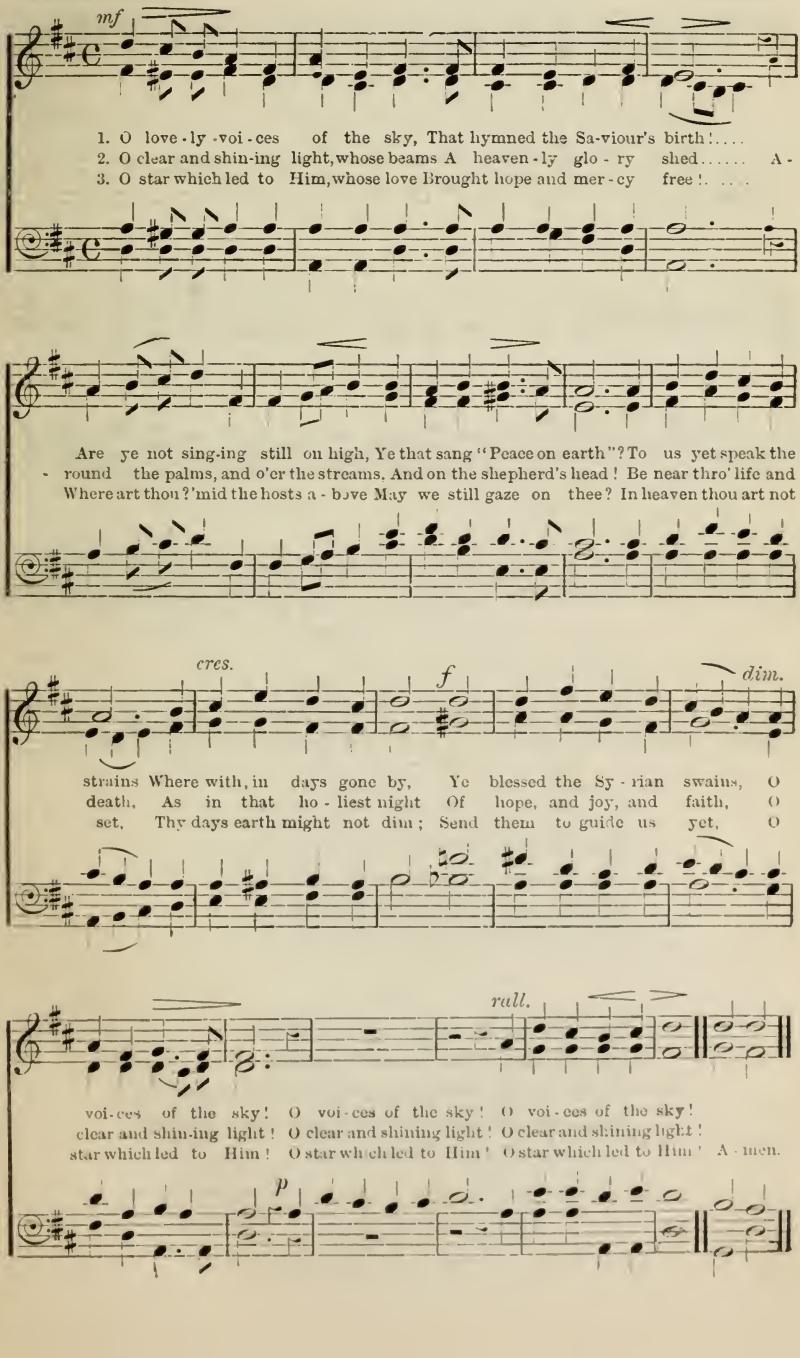
p O could we make our doubts remove
pp These gloomy thoughts that rise,
cr. And view the Canaan that we love,
f With unbeclouded eyes :
p Lord, bring us safe, &c.

CHOIR AND CONG. 6.

mf Could we but climb where Moses stood,
f And view the landscape o'er, [flood
cr. Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold
ff Should fright us from the shore.
p Lord, bring us safe, &c.

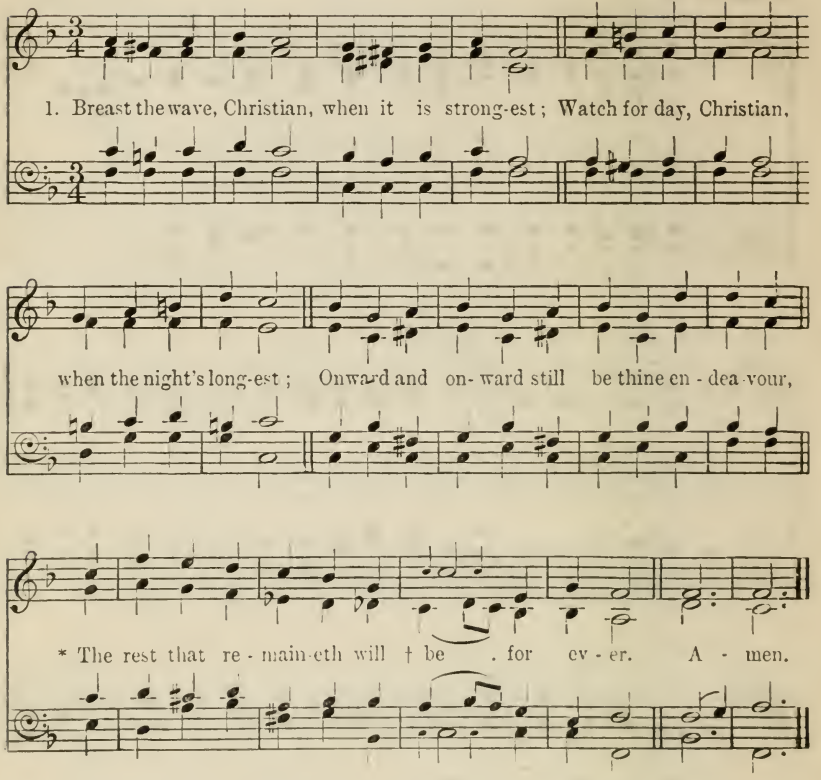
* The three-part harmony is complete for equal voices. The Tenor and Bass is *ad libitum*.

O Lovely Voices of the Sky!

FELICIA D. HEMANS. C. DARNTON.

mf
1. O love-ly-voi-ces of the sky, That hymned the Sa-viour's birth!....
2. O clear and shin-ing light, whose beams A heaven-ly glo-ry shed..... A-
3. O star which led to Him, whose love Brought hope and mer-cy free!. ....
Are ye not sing-ing still on high, Ye that sang "Peace on earth"? To us yet speak the
- round the palms, and o'er the streams. And on the shepherd's head! Be near thro' life and
Where art thou? 'mid the hosts a-bove May we still gaze on thee? In heaven thou art not
cres.
f
dim.
strains Where with, in days gone by, Ye blessed the Sy-rian swains, O
death, As in that ho-liest night Of hope, and joy, and faith, O
set, Thy days earth might not dim; Send them to guide us yet, O
rall.
voi-ces of the sky! O voi-ces of the sky! O voi-ces of the sky!
clear and shin-ing light! O clear and shining light! O clear and shining light!
star which led to Him! O star which led to Him! O star which led to Him! A-men.
p

Breast the Wave, Christian.

F. A. Mann.


1. Breast the wave, Christian, when it is strong-est; Watch for day, Christian,
when the night's long-est; Onward and on-ward still be thine en-dea-vour,
* The rest that re-main-eth will † be . for ev-er. A-men.

2.

Fight the fight, Christian, Jesus is o'er thee;
Run the race, Christian, heaven is before thee;
He Who hath promised faltereth never;
The love of eternity flows on for ever.

3.

Raise the eye, Christian, just as it closeth;
Lift the heart, Christian, ere it reposeth;
Thee from the love of Christ nothing shall sever,
Mount when thy work is done,—praise Him for ever.

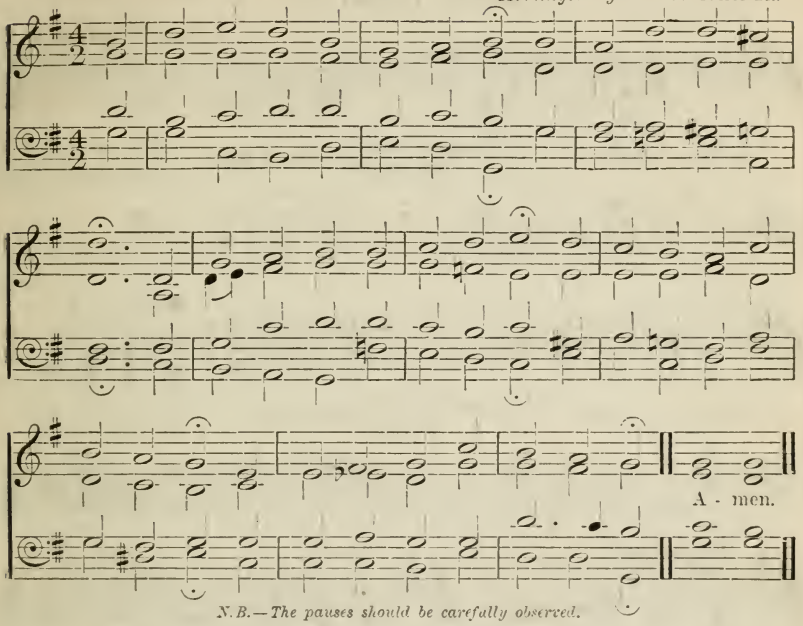
---

* Omit this note in verse 3. † Small notes for verses 2 and 3.

All Blessing, Honour, Glory, Might.

S. Childs-Clarke, M.A.

Mendelssohn.
Arranged by Sir J. Stainer.



N.B.—The pauses should be carefully observed.

Harmony. 1. *mf* All blessing, honour, glory, might,
In heaven, and earth, and sea,
cr. Ten thousand times ten thousand sing,
As they their ceaseless offering
Of praise, O Lord, do yield to Thee.

Unison. 2. *ff* From every kindred, tribe, and tongue,
Shall rise before Thy throne
p The sweet refrain of that "New Song,"
cr. To laud the Lamb Thy courts among,
From all who Thy Salvation own.

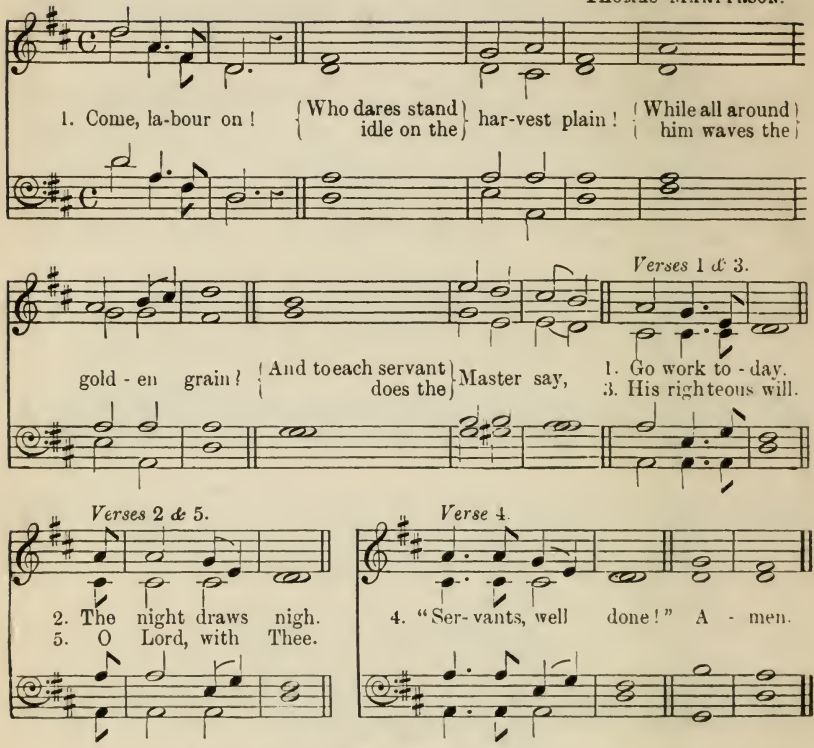
Harmony. 3. *p* For Thou wast slain, and hast redeemed
Our sinful souls from death—
cr. Thy wondrous mercy hast display'd,
mf Thy people kings and priests hast made,
Who erst didst give them life and breath.

Unison. 4. *ff* And "Thou all riches, wisdom, strength,
Art worthy to receive";
All glory, honour, power, are Thine,
dim. Adored in Majesty Divine,
p In Thee we trust, in Thee believe.

Harmony. 5. *p* In white robes clad, and in their hands
The palms of victory,
cr. The ransomed souls and angel choir,
With voices loud that never tire,
mf Pour forth their songs eternally.

Unison. 6. *ff* With angels and archangels now
Henceforth and evermore,
We laud and magnify Thy Name,
Whose glory heaven and earth proclaim,
Whom all creation doth adore. Amen.

Come, labour on!

THOMAS MARTYRSON.

1. Come, la-bour on! {Who dares stand / idle on the} har-vest plain! {While all around / him waves the}
gold - en grain? {And to each servant / does the} Master say,
Verses 1 & 3.
1. Go work to - day.
3. His righteous will.
Verses 2 & 5.
2. The night draws nigh.
5. O Lord, with Thee.
Verse 4.
4. "Ser- vants, well done!" A - men.

2 Come, labour on!
Claim the high calling angels' cannot share—
To young and old the gospel'-gladness bear:
Redeem the time; its hours too' swiftly fly.
The night draws nigh.

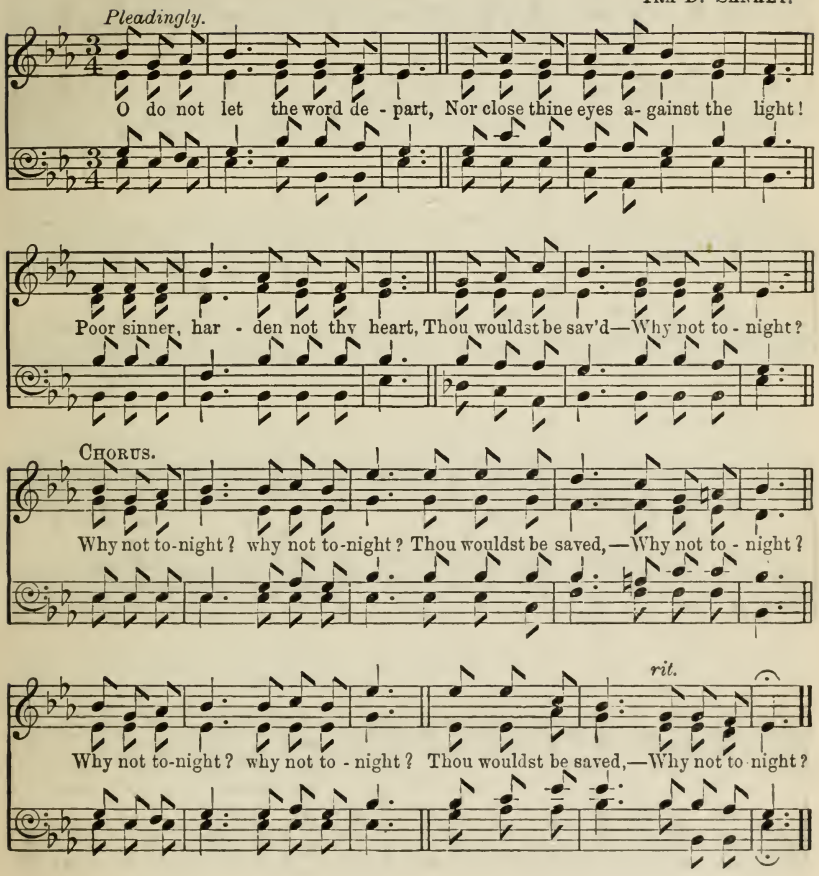
3 Come, labour on!
Away with gloomy doubts and' faithless fear!
No arm so weak but may do' service here:
By feeblest agents can our' God fulfil
His righteous will.

4 Come, labour on!
No time for rest till glows the' western sky,
While the long shadows o'er our' pathway lie,
And a glad sound comes with the' setting sun,
"Servants, well done."

5 Come, labour on!
The toil is pleasant, the re'ward is sure,
Blessèd are those who to the' end endure;
How full their joy, how deep their' rest shall be,
O Lord, with Thee!

Why not To-night?

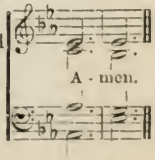
IRA D. SANKEY.


Pleadingly.
O do not let the word de - part, Nor close thine eyes a- gainst the light!
Poor sinner, har - den not thy heart, Thou wouldst be sav'd—Why not to - night?
CHORUS.
Why not to-night? why not to-night? Thou wouldst be saved,—Why not to - night?
rit.
Why not to-night? why not to - night? Thou wouldst be saved,—Why not to night?

2 *p* To-morrow's sun may never rise
To bless thy long-deluded sight;
cr This is the time! O then, be wise!—
dim Thou wouldst be saved,—Why not to-night?

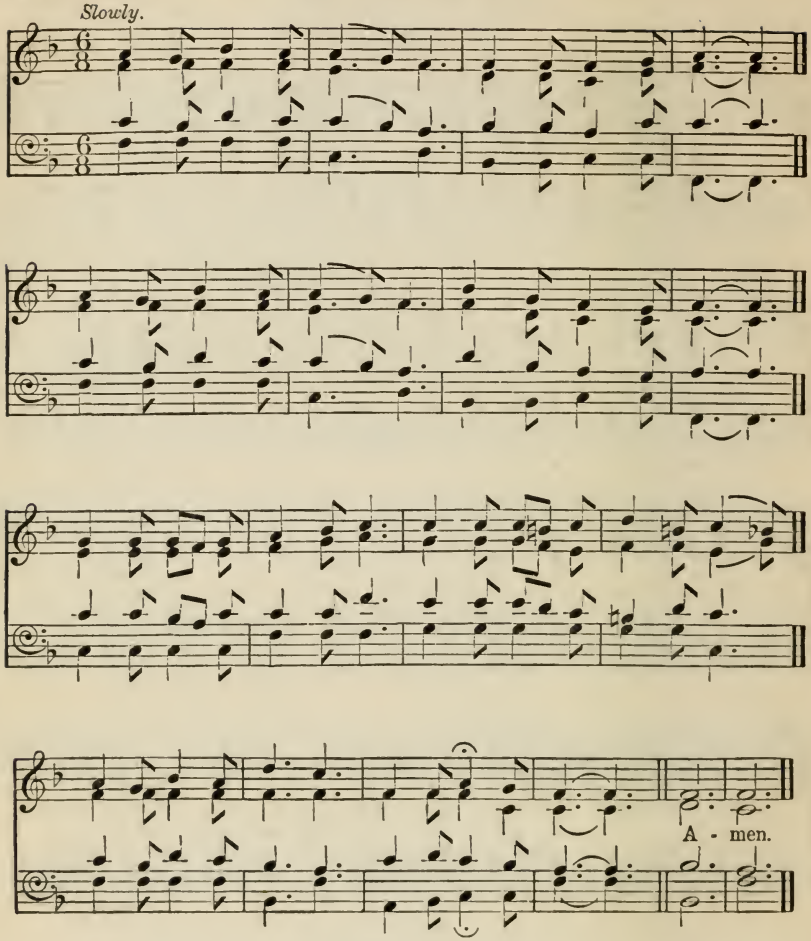
3 *mf* The world has nothing left to give—
It has no new, no pure delight;
f O try the life which Christians live!—
dim Thou wouldst be saved,—Why not to-night?

4 *mf* Our blesséd Lord refuses none
Who would to Him their souls unite;
Yield to the work of grace begun!—
Thou wouldst be saved,—Why not to-night?

5 *mf* O Thou whose fire melts hardest hearts,
And fills the darkest souls with light,
More warmly burn, more brightly shine,
Save every wavering soul to-night.
Save us to-night, save us to-night,
Save every wavering soul to-night.

O my Saviour, hear me

FANNY J. CROSBY.

Slowly.



1 *p* O my Saviour, hear me,
Draw me close to Thee;
Thou hast paid my ransom,
pp Thou hast died for me:
mf Now by simple faith I claim
cr Pardon through Thy gracious name;
f Thou my Ark of safety,
p Let me fly to Thee.

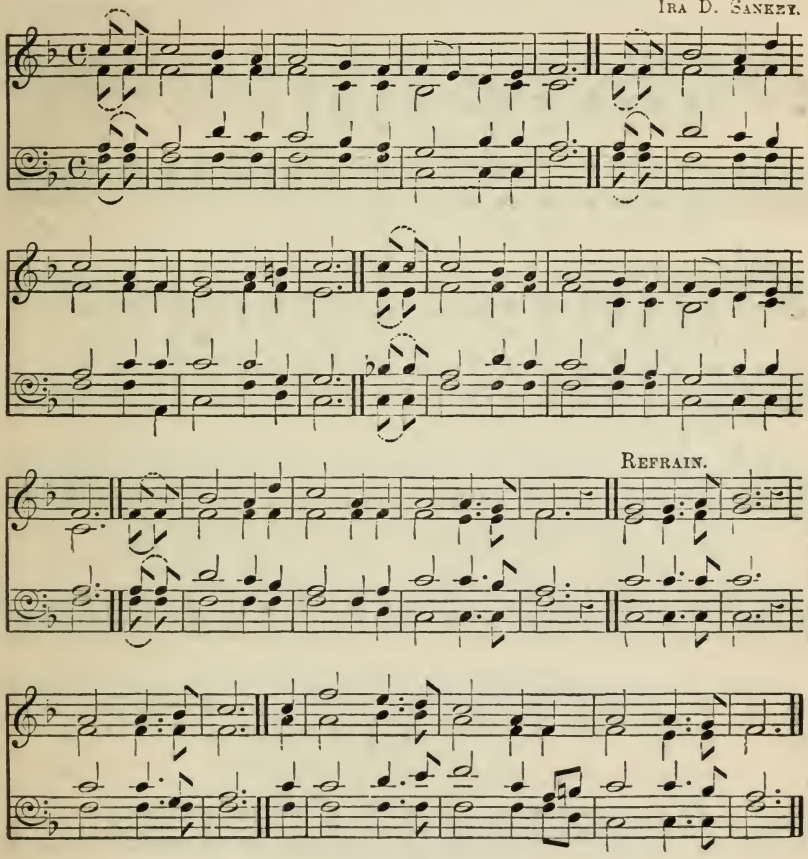
2 *p* O my Saviour, bless me,
Bless me while I pray:
mf Grant Thy grace to help me,
Take my fear away;
cr I believe Thy promise, Lord;
I will trust Thy Holy Word;
f Thou my soul's Redeemer,
Bless me while I pray.

3 *p* O my Saviour, love me,
Make me all Thine own:
pp Leave me not to wander
In this world alone;
mf Bless my way with light divine;
cr Let Thy glory round me shine;
Thou my Rock, my Refuge,
Make me all Thine own.

4 *mf* O my Saviour, guard me,
Keep me evermore:
Bless me, love me, guide me,
Till my work is o'er.
cr May I then with glad surprise
Chant Thy praise beyond the skies;
f There with Thee, my Saviour,
Dwell for evermore. Amen.

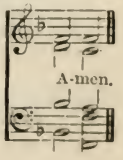
Hiding in Thee!

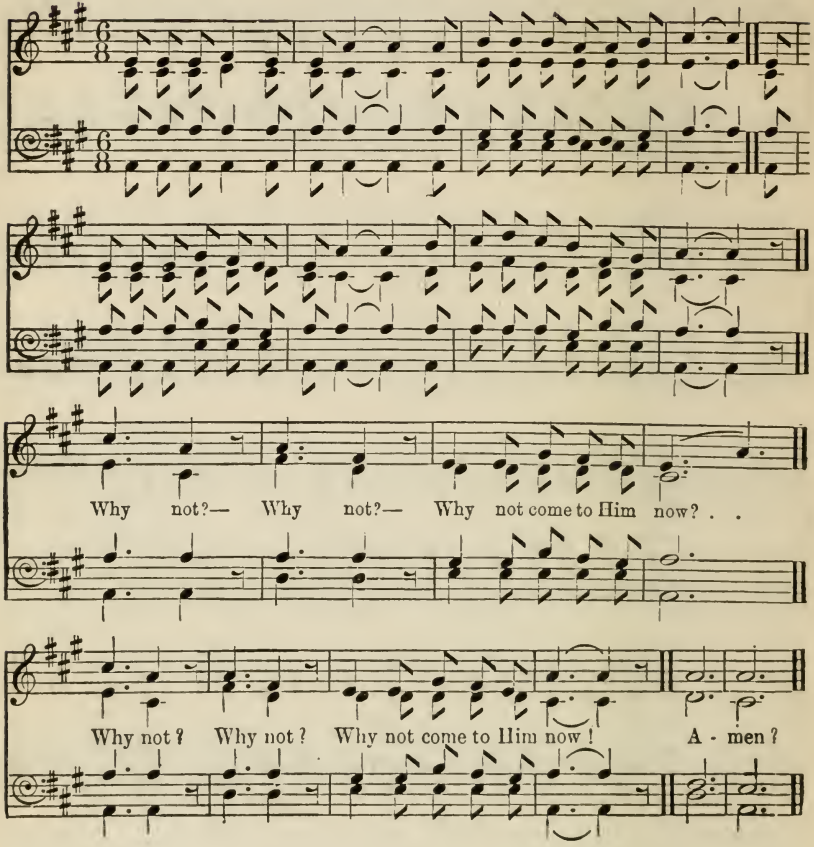
IRA D. SANKEY.



1 *mf* O SAFE to the Rock that is higher than I,
My soul in its conflicts and sorrows would fly:
p So sinful, so weary, Thine, Thine would I be;
mf Thou blest 'Rock of Ages,' I'm hiding in Thee!
Hiding in Thee! hiding in Thee!
Thou blest 'Rock of Ages,' I'm hiding in Thee!

2 *p* In the calm of the noontide, in sorrow's lone hour,
In times when temptation casts o'er me its power;
mf In the tempests of life, on its wide heaving sea,
Thou blest 'Rock of Ages,' I'm hiding in Thee.
Hiding in Thee! hiding in Thee!
Thou blest 'Rock of Ages,' I'm hiding in Thee!

3 *mf* How oft in the conflict, when pressed by the foe,
I have fled to my Refuge and breathed out my woe!
And still, when trials like sea-billows roll,
May I hide me in Thee, O Thou Rock of my soul!
Hiding in Thee! hiding in Thee!
Thou blest 'Rock of Ages,' I'll hide me in Thee!

Why do you Wait, dear Brother?

G. F. Root.

1 *p* Why do you wait, dear brother?
O why do you tarry so long?
cr Your Saviour is waiting to give you
A place in His sanctified throng.
Why not?—Why not?—
Why not come to Him now?

2 *p* What do you hope, dear brother,
To gain by a further delay?
cr There's no one to save you but Jesus;
There's no other way but His way.

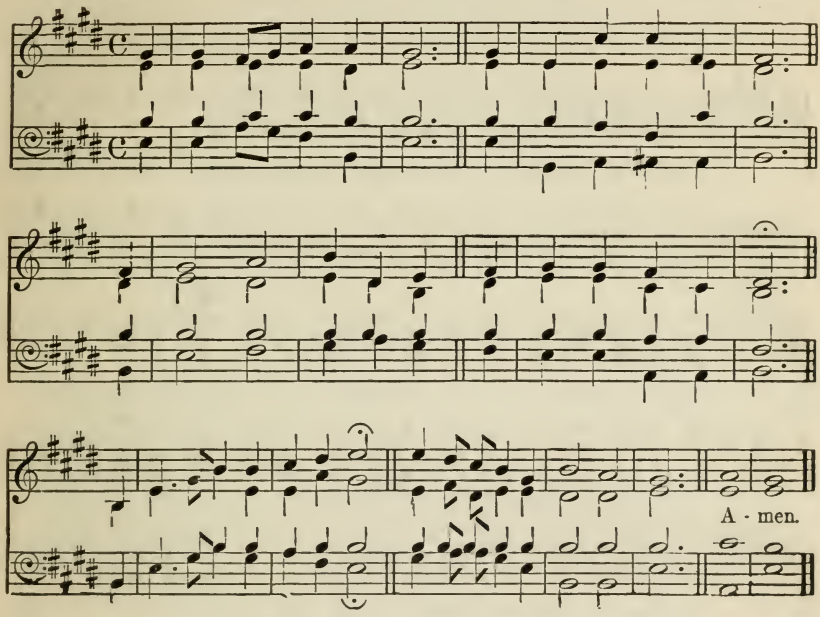
3 *pp* Do you not feel, dear brother,
His Spirit now striving within!
ppp O why not accept His salvation,
And throw off thy burden of sin?

4 *mf* Why do you wait, dear brother,
p The harvest is passing away:
mf Your Saviour is longing to bless you
p There's danger and death in delay.

mf Come then in penitence, brother,
Now fall at His footstool and say:
Thou only canst save me, O Jesus,
p O save me, and save me to-day.
Surely, surely, Thou art able to save,
Surely, surely, Thou dost pardon
me now. Amen.

Hushed was the Evening Hymn.

J. D. Burns. T. B. Stephenson.



1 *p* Hushed was the evening hymn,
The temple courts were dark,
pp The lamp was burning dim
Before the sacred ark;
f When suddenly a voice divine
Rang through the silence of the shrine.

2 *p* The old man meek and mild,
The priest of Israel, slept,
His watch the temple child,
The little Levite, kept;
mf And what from Eli's sense was sealed
The Lord to Hannah's son revealed.

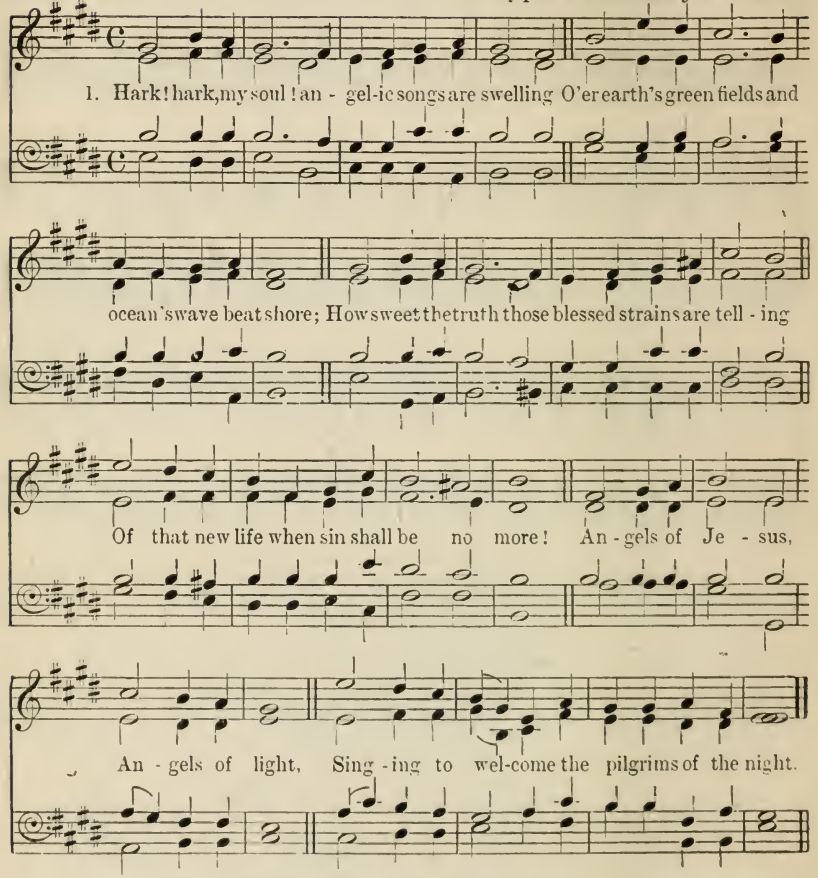
3 *p* O! give me Samuel's ear,
The open ear, O Lord,
cr Alive and quick to hear
Each whisper of Thy word;
mf Like him to answer at Thy call,
And to obey Thee first of all.

4 *p* O! give me Samuel's heart,
A lowly heart that waits
mf When in Thy house Thou art,
Or watches at Thy gates
By day and night, a heart that still
Moves at the breathing of Thy will.

5 *p* O! give me Samuel's mind;
A sweet, unmurmuring faith,
Obedient and resigned
To Thee in life and death;
cr That I may read, with child-like eyes,
f Truths that are hidden from the wise.
Amen.

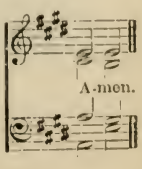
Hark, Hark, my Soul!

HENRY SMART.
By permission from *Hymns A. & M.*

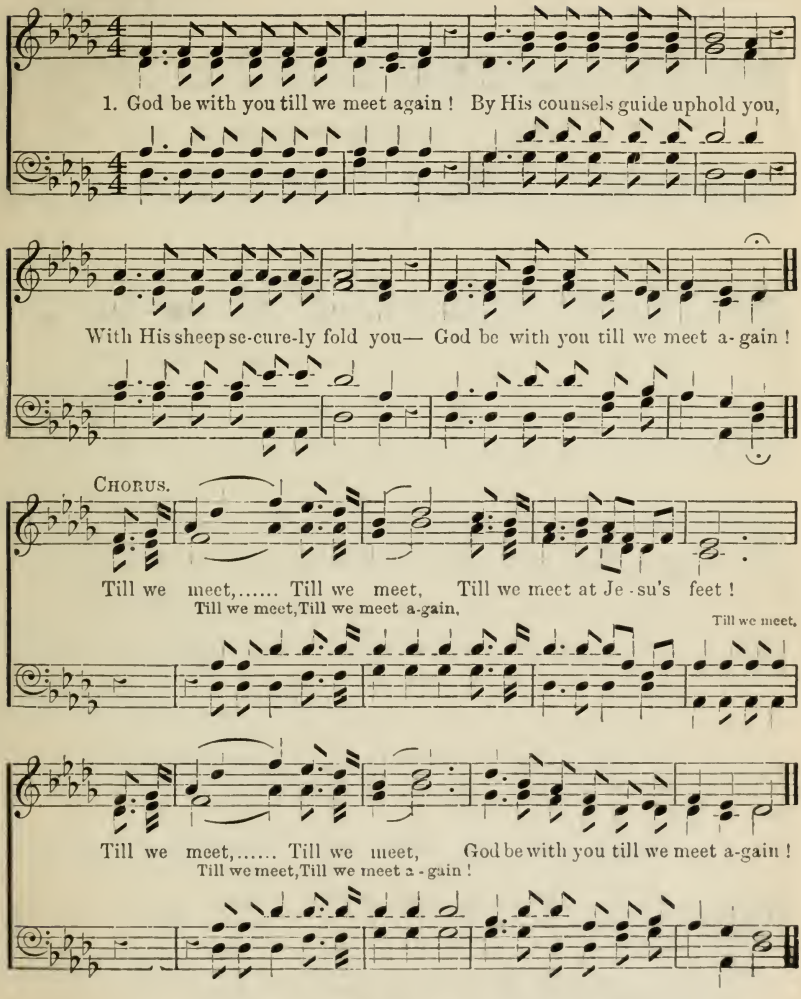

1. Hark! hark, my soul! an - gel-ic songs are swelling O'er earth's green fields and
ocean's wave beat shore; How sweet the truth those blessed strains are tell - ing
Of that new life when sin shall be no more! An - gels of Je - sus,
An - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel-come the pilgrims of the night.

2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing!
Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come;
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the Gospel leads us home.
Angels of Jesus, &c.

3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
And laden souls, by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd! turn their weary steps to Thee.
Angels of Jesus, &c.

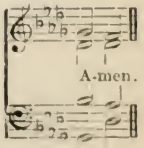
4 Rest comes at length; though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
All journeys end in welcomes to the weary,
And Heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.
Angels of Jesus, &c. Amen.

God be with you.

J. E. Rankin, D.D. W. G. Tomer.

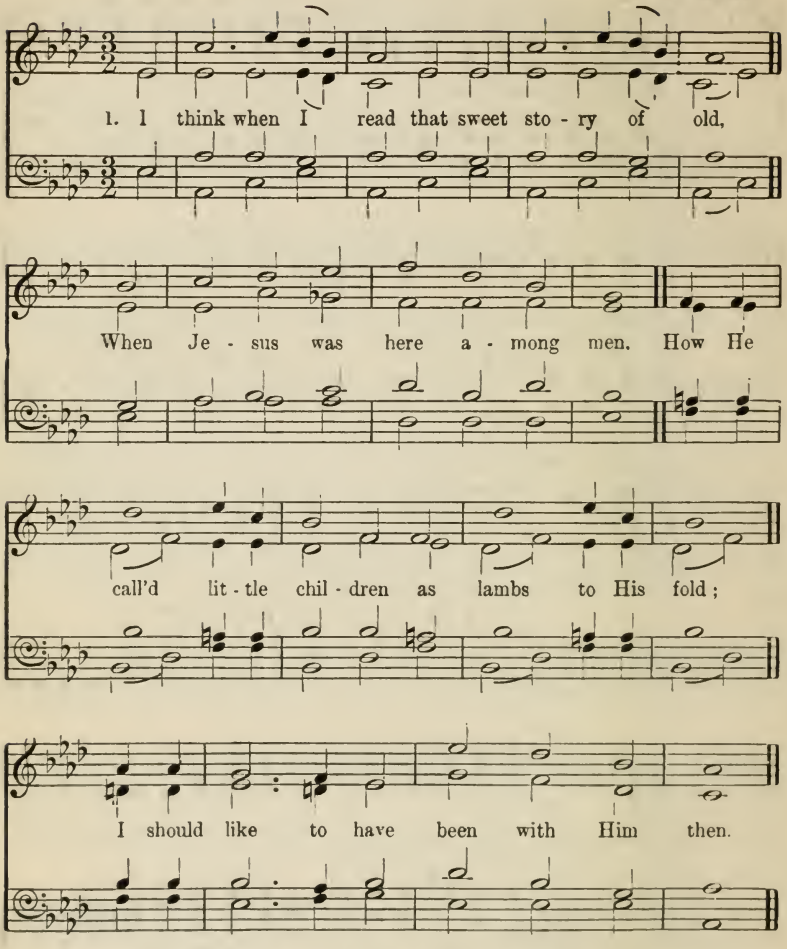

1. God be with you till we meet again ! By His counsels guide uphold you,
With His sheep se-cure-ly fold you— God be with you till we meet a-gain !
Chorus.
Till we meet,..... Till we meet, Till we meet at Je-su's feet !
Till we meet, Till we meet a-gain,
Till we meet,
Till we meet,..... Till we meet, God be with you till we meet a-gain !
Till we meet, Till we meet a-gain !

2. God be with you till we meet again !
'Neath His wings securely hide you,
Daily manna still provide you—
God be with you till we meet again !

3. God be with you till we meet again !
When life's perils thick confound you,
Put His loving arms around you—
God be with you till we meet again !

4. God be with you till we meet again !
Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
Smite death's threatening wave before you-
God be with you till we meet again !

Bindringham.

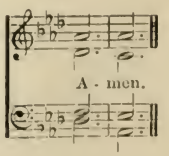
F. A. Mann.


1. I think when I read that sweet sto - ry of old,
When Je - sus was here a - mong men. How He
call'd lit - tle chil - dren as lambs to His fold;
I should like to have been with Him then.

2 I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,
That His arm had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen His kind look when He said.
"Let the little ones come unto Me."

3 Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in His love,
And if I now earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above.

4 In that beautiful place He has gone to prepare
For all who are wash'd and forgiven;
And many dear children are gathering there,
For of such is the kingdom of heaven.



Who Claims the Children?

Slow (♩=65). *Words and Music by* JOHN THOM.

1. (*Question*) Who claims the chil - dren? asks for their love, For their sal - - - va - tion came from a - bove? (*Answer*) Je - sus, the Babe in Beth - le - hem born, Calls for their love in life's ear - ly dawn.

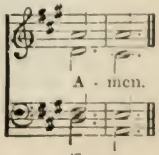
CHORUS.

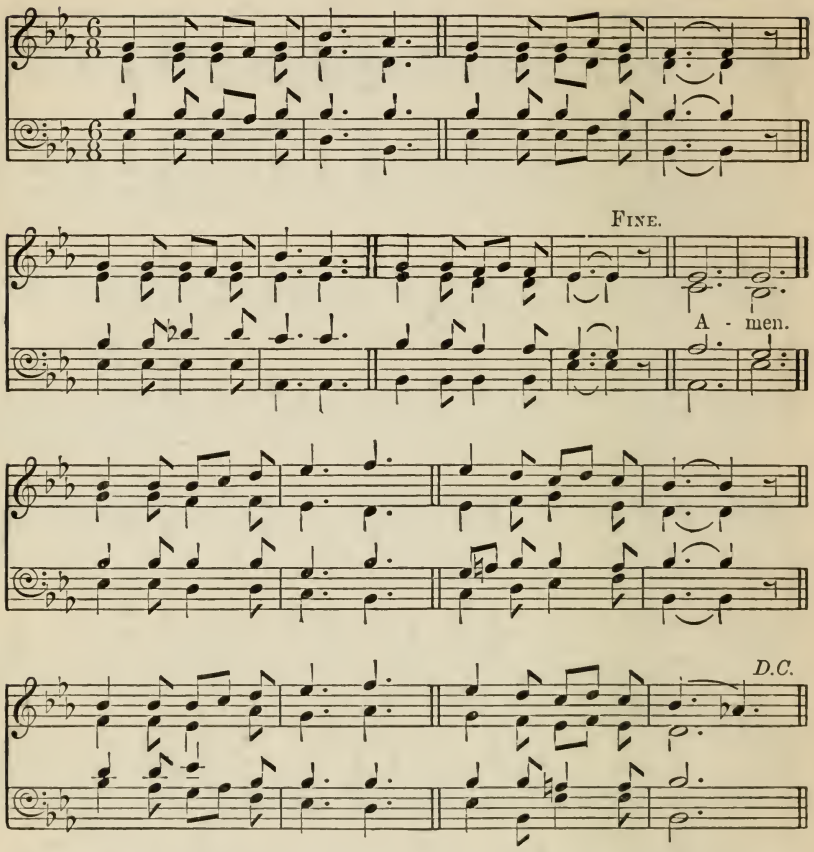
Call the chil-dren, call them ear - ly, Call them in their youth;

rall.

Tell them all the won - drous sto - ry, From God's book of Truth.....

2. Who claims the children? seeks them to save,
Longs to ennoble, making them brave?
Jesus the Child; the Spirit of Truth,
Waits to enlighten them in their youth.
Call the children, etc.

3. Who claims the children? pleading His call,
Who has redeemed them, died for them all?
Jesus the Saviour, risen again!
Wants all the children with Him to reign.
Call the children, etc.

On our Way Rejoicing.

From Rossini.

1 *mf* On our way rejoicing,
As we homeward move,
Hearken to our praises,
O Thou God of love!
dim Is there grief or sadness?
Thine it cannot be!
cr Is our sky beclouded?
Clouds are not from Thee!
f On our way rejoicing,
As we homeward move,
Hearken to our praises,
O Thou God of love!

2 *mf* If with honest-hearted
Love for God and man,
p Day by day Thou find us
Doing what we can,
cr Thou who giv'st the seed-time
Wilt give large increase,
f Crown the head with blessings,
Fill the heart with peace.

3 *f* On our way rejoicing
Gladly let us go;
Conquering is our Leader,
Vanquished is our foe!
dim Christ without, our safety,
Christ within, our joy;
Who, if we be faithful,
Can our hope destroy?

4 *mf* Unto God the Father
Joyful songs we sing,
Unto God the Saviour
Thankful hearts we bring
dim Unto God the Spirit
Bow we and adore,
cr On our way rejoicing
Now and evermore! Amen.

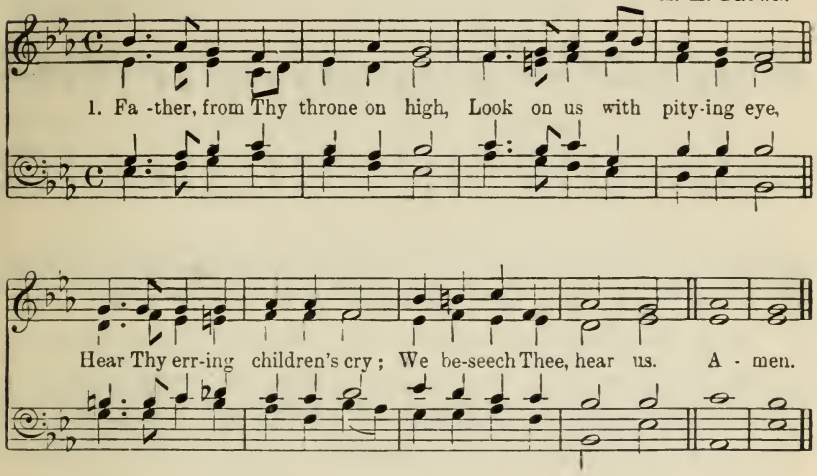
DR. MONSELL.

27

Father, from Thy Throne.

"PENITENCE."

A. H. Brown.



2 *mf* For the past neglect of years,
Fill us with heart-searching fears
p Give us penitential tears;
We beseech Thee, hear us.

3 *p* Some have fallen from Thy grace,
Wearied in their heavenward race;
cr May they now their steps retrace!
We beseech Thee, hear us.

4 *p* Some are sunk in deadly sin,
With no spark of love within,
mf In their souls Thy work begin;
We beseech Thee, hear us.

5 *p* Some are weak and some are sad,
Some have lost what joy they had;
mf With true comfort make them glad;
We beseech Thee, hear us.

6 *mf* Grant us all our sins to flee,
Draw us by Thy love to Thee,
f Thine, for ever Thine, to be;
dim We beseech Thee, hear us.

7 *mf* Father, let us know Thy love,
All Thy pardoning mercy prove,
cr Till we reach Thy home above;
We beseech Thee, hear us.

28

Jesus, Kneeling at Thy Feet.

Tune, "PENITENCE."

1 *p* Jesus, kneeling at Thy feet,
Low before the mercy seat,
Let me now Thy love entreat;
Hear me, Holy Jesu.

2 *p* While this burden on me lies,
Now before my weeping eyes,
cr Lift the wondrous Sacrifice;
Save me, Holy Jesu.

3 *p* Break down pride in tears of shame
pp What I am Thy wounds proclaim;
Those five wounds reveal Thy name;
Save me, Holy Jesu.

4 *p* Lord, what held Thee to the tree,
When a word could set Thee free?
f Love, O Saviour, love for me;
Hear me, loving Saviour.

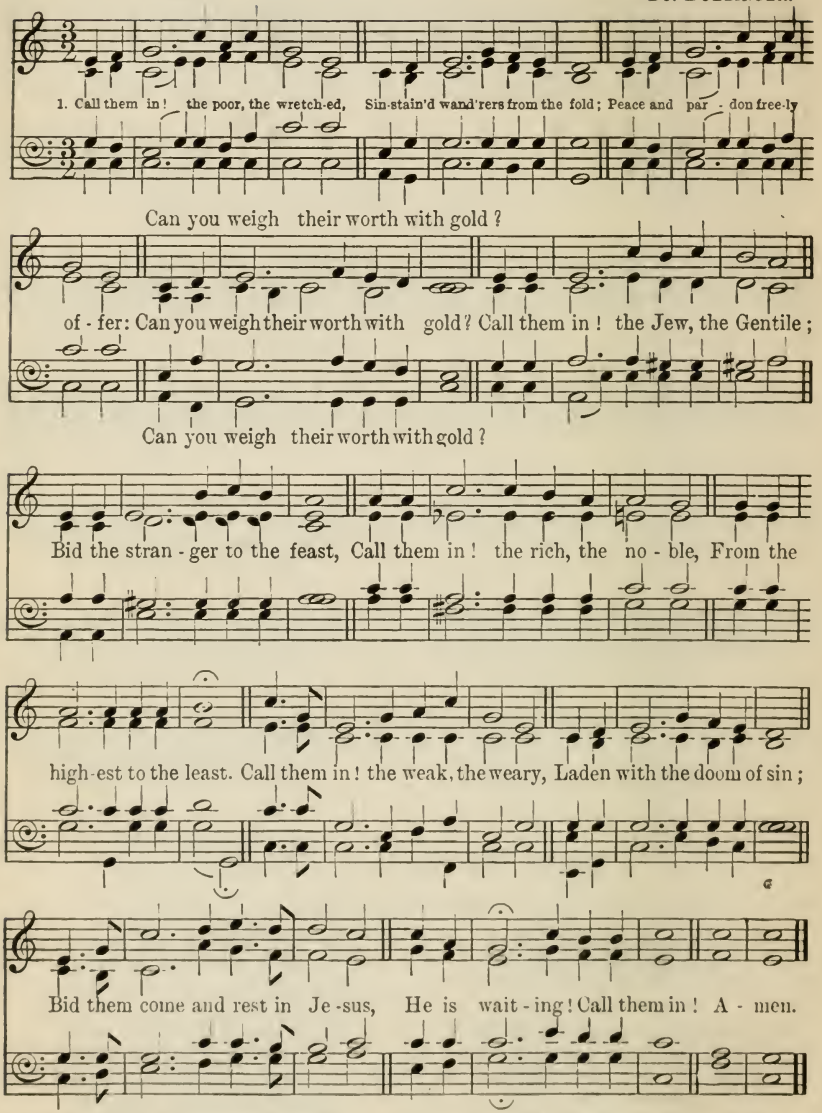
5 *p* By Thy life for me outpoured,
Scatter now my doubts, O Lord;
cr I will trust Thy written word;
Hear me, loving Saviour.

6 *mf* Faithful, Thou wilt not deceive,
f What Thou sayest I believe,
What Thou givest I receive;
Hear me, Holy Jesu.

7 *mf* Now redeemed, forgiven, free;
All I am and ought to be,
f Help me, Lord, to give to Thee;
dim Hear me, Holy Jesu. Amen.

Call them in.

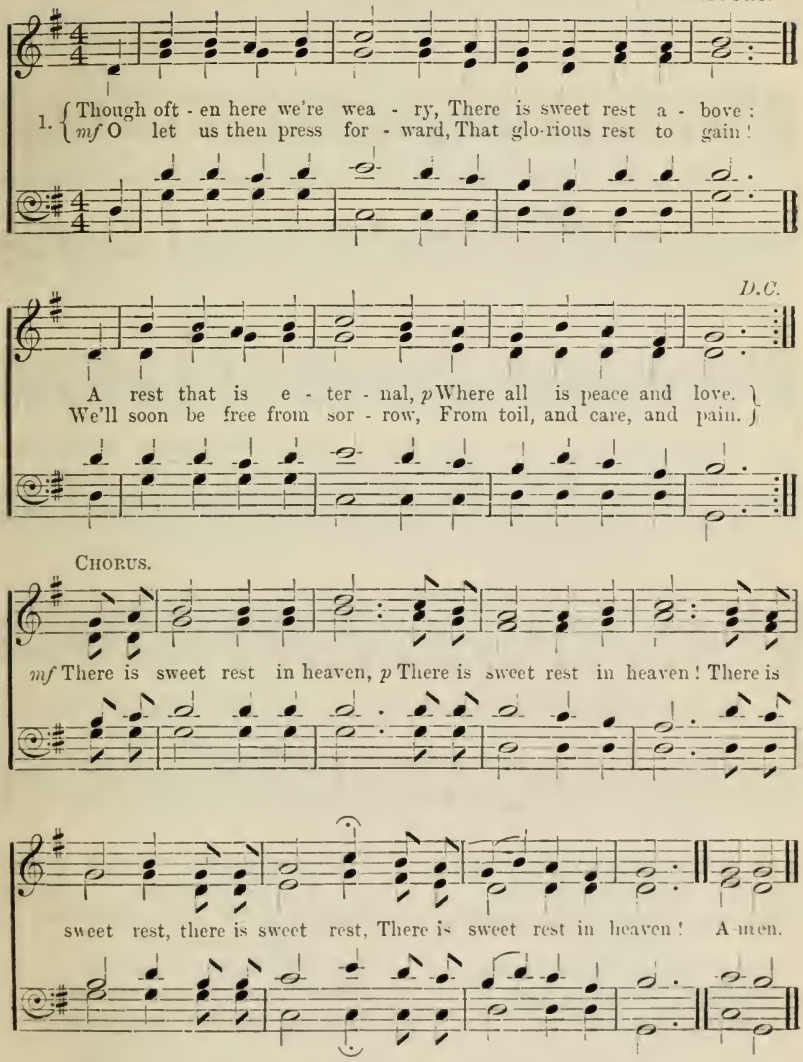
Dr. Bullinger.


1. Call them in! the poor, the wretch-ed, Sin-stain'd wand'rers from the fold; Peace and par - don free-ly
Can you weigh their worth with gold?
of - fer: Can you weigh their worth with gold? Call them in! the Jew, the Gentile;
Can you weigh their worth with gold?
Bid the stran - ger to the feast, Call them in! the rich, the no - ble, From the
high-est to the least. Call them in! the weak, the weary, Laden with the doom of sin;
Bid them come and rest in Je-sus, He is wait - ing! Call them in! A - men.

2 Call them in! the broken-hearted,
Cowering 'neath the brand of shame;
Speak Love's message, low and tender—
'Twas for sinners Jesus came.

See! the shadows lengthen round us,
Soon the day-dawn will begin;
Can you leave them lost and lonely?
Christ is coming! call them in!
Call them in! &c. Amen.

Sweet Rest in Heaven.

BRADBURY.

1. { Though oft - en here we're wea - ry, There is sweet rest a - bove :
mf O let us then press for - ward, That glo-rious rest to gain !
D.C.
A rest that is e - ter - nal, p Where all is peace and love.
We'll soon be free from sor - row, From toil, and care, and pain.
CHORUS.
mf There is sweet rest in heaven, p There is sweet rest in heaven ! There is
sweet rest, there is sweet rest, There is sweet rest in heaven ! A-men.

2.

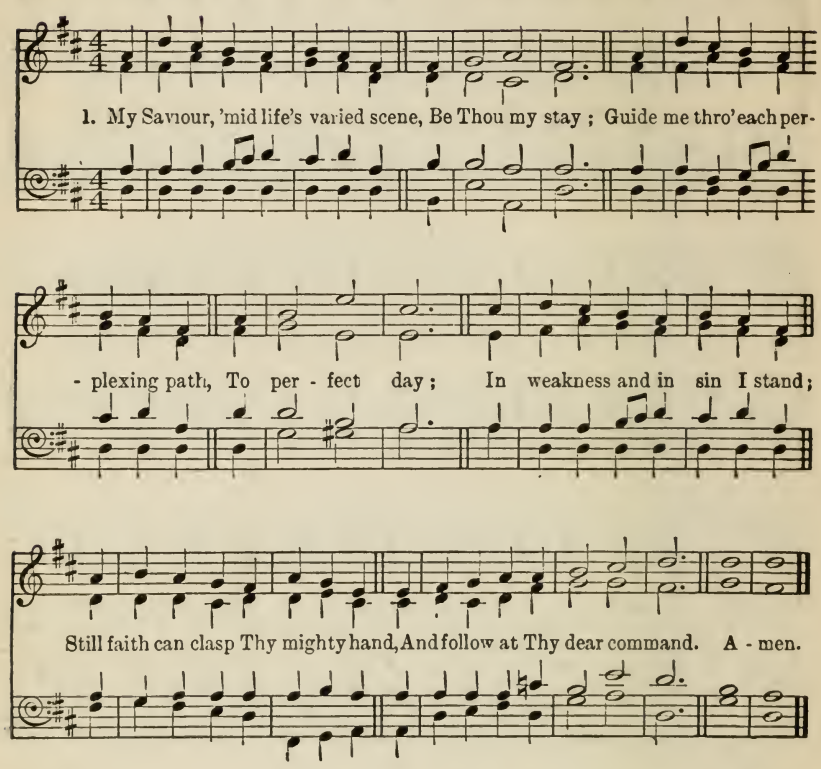
pp Loved ones have gone before us,
They beckon us away ;
cr O'er heavenly plains they're soaring,
Blest in eternal day.
mf But we are in the army,
And dare not leave our post ;
f We'll fight until we conquer
The foe's most mighty host.
mf There is sweet rest, etc.

3.

mf All glory to the Father,
Who gives us every good ;
And glory be to Jesus,
p Who bought us with His blood :
mf And glory to the Spirit,
Who keeps us to the end ;
f Unto our God be glory,
The sinner's only Friend.
mf There is sweet rest, etc.

My Saviour, 'mid life's Varied Scene.

T. B. Stephenson.


1. My Saviour, 'mid life's varied scene, Be Thou my stay ; Guide me thro' each per-
- plexing path, To per - fect day ; In weakness and in sin I stand;
Still faith can clasp Thy mighty hand, And follow at Thy dear command. A - men.

2 My Saviour, I have nought to bring
Worthy of Thee ;
A broken heart Thou wilt not spurn ;
Accept of me.
I need Thy righteousness divine,
I plead Thy promises as mine,
I perish if I am not Thine.

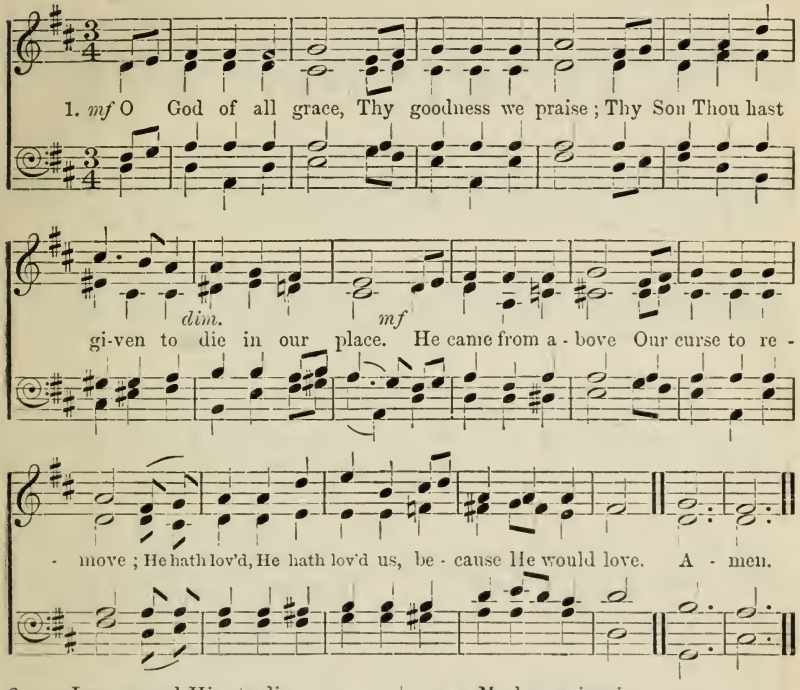
3 My Saviour, wilt Thou turn away
From such a cry ?
My Refuge, wilt Thou me forget,
And must I die ?
Faith trembles ; but her glance of light
Has pierced through regions dark as night,
And entered into realms of light.

4 My Saviour, 'mid heaven's glorious throng.
I see Thee there,
Pleading with all Thy matchless love
And tender care :
Not for the angel forms around,
But for lost souls in fetters bound,
That they may hear salvation's sound.

5 My Saviour, thus I find my rest
Alone with Thee !
Beneath Thy wing I have no fear
Of what may be.
Strengthened with Thy all-glorious might,
I shall be conqueror in the fight,
Then give to Thee my crown of light.

O God of all Grace.

T. B. Stephenson.


1. mf O God of all grace, Thy goodness we praise; Thy Son Thou hast
dim.
mf
gi-ven to die in our place. He came from a-bove Our curse to re-
-move; He hath lov'd, He hath lov'd us, be-cause He would love. A-men.

2. *p* Love moved Him to die,
And on this we rely;
He hath loved, He hath loved us, we cannot tell why.
mf But this we can tell,
He hath loved us so well
dim. As to lay down His life to redeem us from hell.

3. *mf* Nothing else will we know
In our journey below
But singing Thy grace to Thy paradise go.
p Nay, and when we remove
To the mansions above,
mf Our heaven shall be still to sing of Thy love.

4. *mf* The heavenly choir
With us shall aspire,
cr. And gladly our loving Redeemer admire.
mf We all shall commend
The love of our Friend,
f For ever beginning what never shall end. Amen.

C. Wesley.

B

1. *mf* Come, Lord, from above,
The mountains remove,
O'erturn all that hinders the course of Thy love;
p My bosom inspire,
cr. Enkindle the fire,
f And wrap my whole soul in the flames of desire.

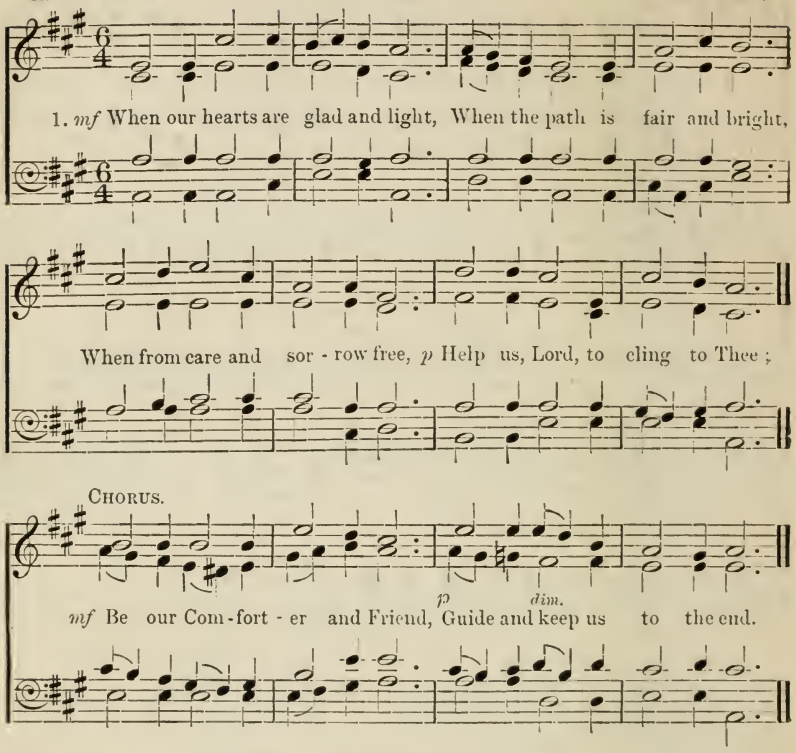
2. *mf* For Thee my heart sighs:
Nothing else can suffice,
How, Lord, can I purchase the pearl of great price?
p It cannot be bought,
And Thou know'st I have naught,
pp Not an action, or word, or a truly good thought.

3. *p* But I hear a voice say,
"Without money ye may
Receive it whoever have nothing to pay;
cr. Who on Jesus relies,
Without money or price,
mf The pearl of forgiveness and holiness buys."

4. The blessing is free!
So, Lord, let it be;
I yield, that Thy love should be given to me.
The gift I embrace,
The Giver I praise,
And ascribe my salvation to Jesus's grace. Amen.

When our Hearts are Glad and Light.

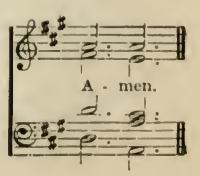
E. Bailey. T. Greenhalgh.


1. mf When our hearts are glad and light, When the path is fair and bright,
When from care and sor - row free, p Help us, Lord, to cling to Thee ;
Chorus.
p dim.
mf Be our Com - fort - er and Friend, Guide and keep us to the end.

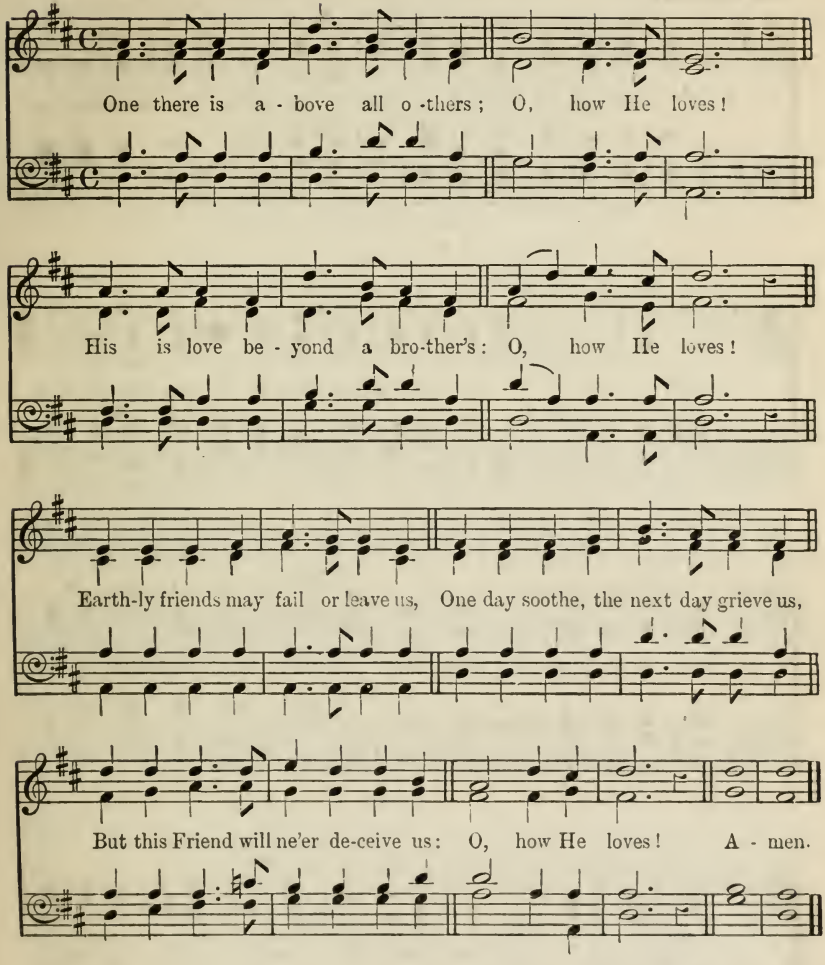
2. *p* When the way is dark and drear,
When no loving friend is near,
When we suffer pain or loss,
pp When we bow beneath the cross,
mf Be our Comforter and Friend,
p Guide and keep us to the end.

3. *mf* When we strive to do the right,
cr. When we follow, serve, or fight,
When we seek to do Thy will,
p When we hear Thee say, "Stand still,"
mf Be our Comforter and Friend,
p Guide and keep us to the end.

4. *p* When we near our endless home,
pp When the closing hour shall come,
When we cross death's chilling tide,
Lead us to the other side ;
mf Be our Comforter and Friend,
p Guide and keep us to the end.

5. *p* When we reach that other land,
pp When before the Judge we stand,
mf When the books shall opened be,
Saviour, we would cling to Thee.
mf Living, dying, be our Friend ;
p Bless us, keep us to the end.

O How He Loves.

HUBERT P. MAIN.


One there is a - bove all o - thers; O, how He loves!
His is love be - yond a bro-ther's: O, how He loves!
Earth-ly friends may fail or leave us, One day soothe, the next day grieve us,
But this Friend will ne'er de-ceive us: O, how He loves! A - men.

SOLO. *mf*

2 Blessèd Jesus! wouldst thou know
O how He loves! [Him?
Give thyself e'en this day to Him,
O how He loves!
p Best of blessings He'll provide thee,
cr Nought but good shall e'er betide thee,
f Safe to glory He will guide thee,
O how He loves!

CHORUS.

3 *f* 'Tis eternal life to know Him,
O how He loves!
Think, O think how much we owe Him,
O how He loves!
p With His precious blood He bought us,
In the wilderness He sought us,
mf To His fold He safely brought us,
f O how He loves!

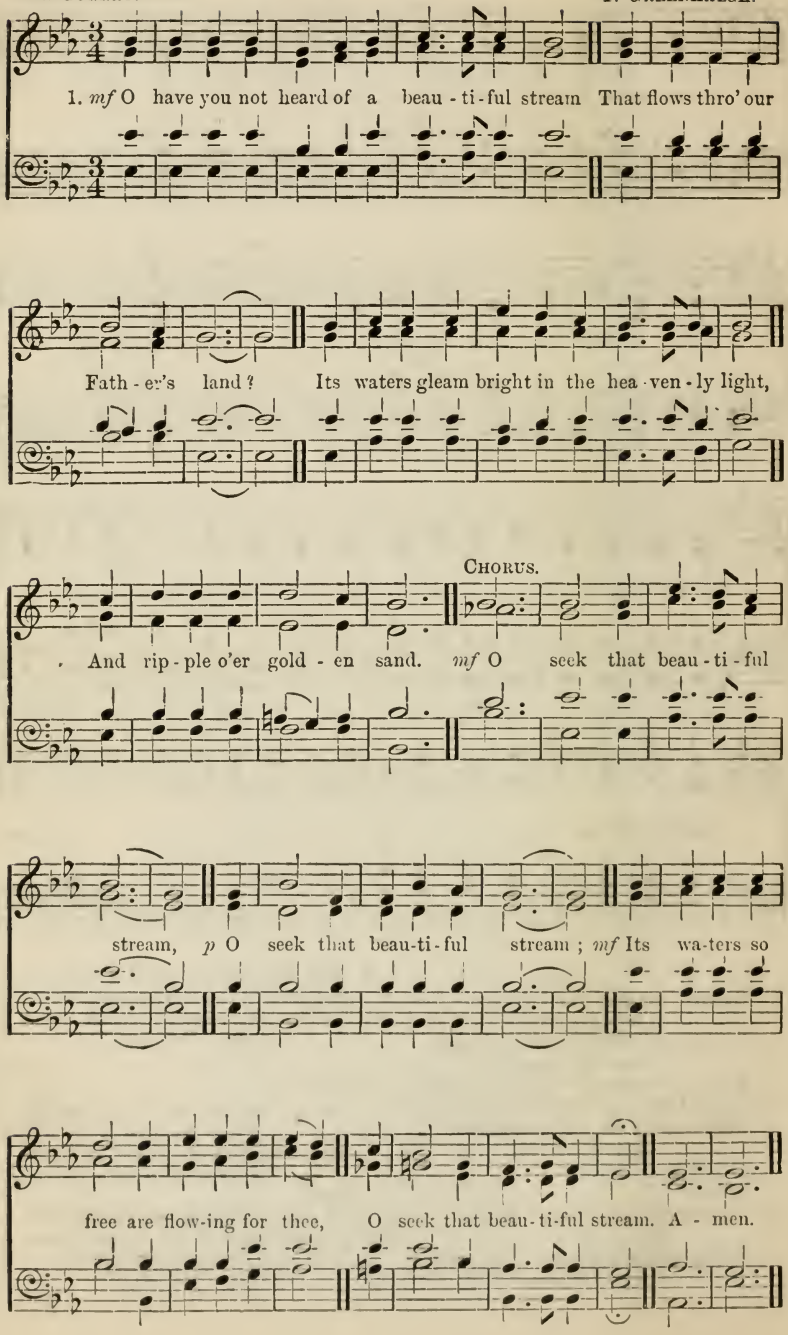
SOLO. *mf*

4 Let us then this love keep viewing,
O how He loves!
And, though faint, keep on pursuing,
O how He loves!

CHORUS.

mf He will strengthen each endeavour;
cr And when passed o'er Jordan's river,
f This shall be our theme for ever,
ff O how He loves!

The Beautiful Stream.

R. TORREY. T. GREENHALGH.

1. mf O have you not heard of a beau - ti - ful stream That flows thro' our
Fath - er's land? Its waters gleam bright in the hea - ven - ly light,
CHORUS.
And rip - ple o'er gold - en sand. mf O seek that beau - ti - ful
stream, p O seek that beau-ti-ful stream; mf Its wa-ters so
free are flow-ing for thee, O seek that beau-ti-ful stream. A - men.

The Beautiful Stream —*Continued.*

2. *p* With murmuring sound doth it wander along,
Through fields of eternal green;
Where songs of the blest, in their haven of rest,
Float soft on the air serene.

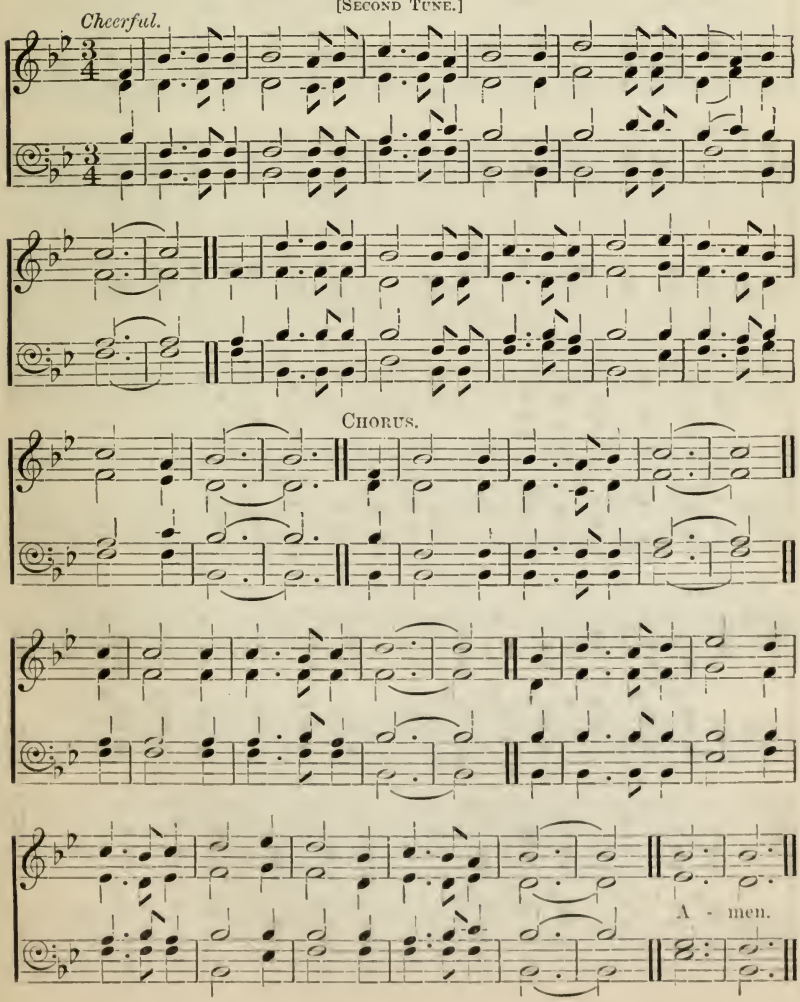
3. *mf* Its fountains are deep, and its waters are pure,
p And sweet to the weary soul;
mf It flows from the throne of Jehovah alone;
f O come where its bright waves roll!

4. *mf* This beautiful stream is the River of Life;
It flows for all nations free;
A balm for each wound in its waters is found—
p O sinner, it flows for thee!

5. *mf* Oh! will you not drink of that beautiful stream,
p And dwell on that peaceful shore?
mf The Spirit says, "Come, all ye weary ones, home,
And wander in sin no more."

The Beautiful Stream.

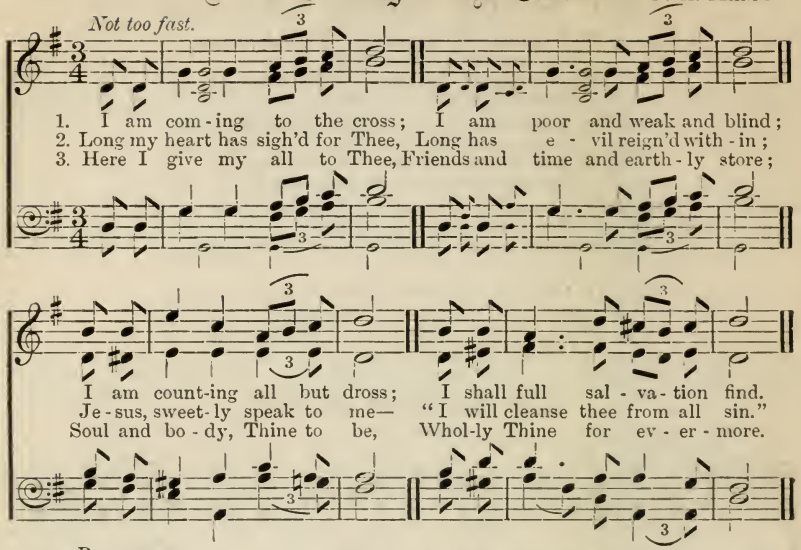
[Second Tune.]

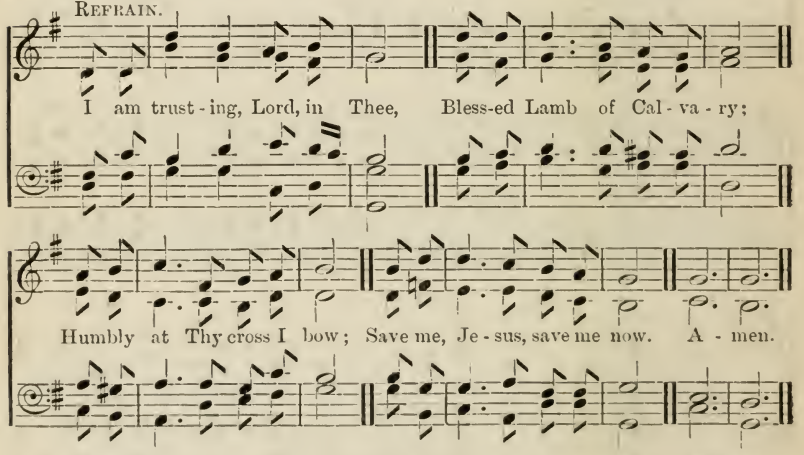


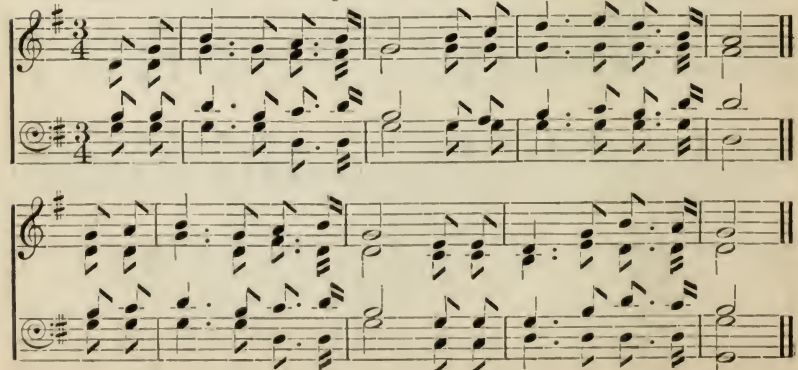
I am Coming to the Cross.

F. A. MANN.

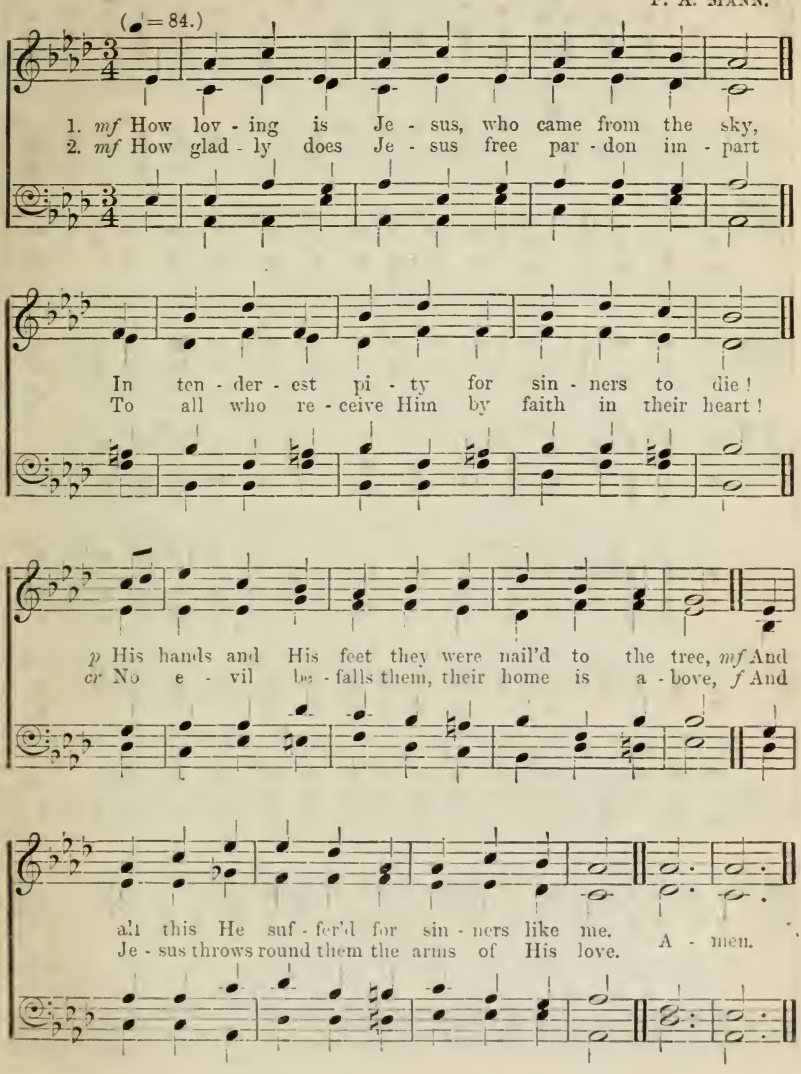
Not too fast.


1. I am com-ing to the cross; I am poor and weak and blind;
2. Long my heart has sigh'd for Thee, Long has e-vil reign'd with-in;
3. Here I give my all to Thee, Friends and time and earth-ly store;
I am count-ing all but dross; I shall full sal-va-tion find.
Je-sus, sweet-ly speak to me— "I will cleanse thee from all sin."
Soul and bo-dy, Thine to be, Whol-ly Thine for ev-er-more.

REFRAIN.

W. MACDONALD. [SECOND TUNE.] W. G. FISCHER.



How Loving is Jesus!

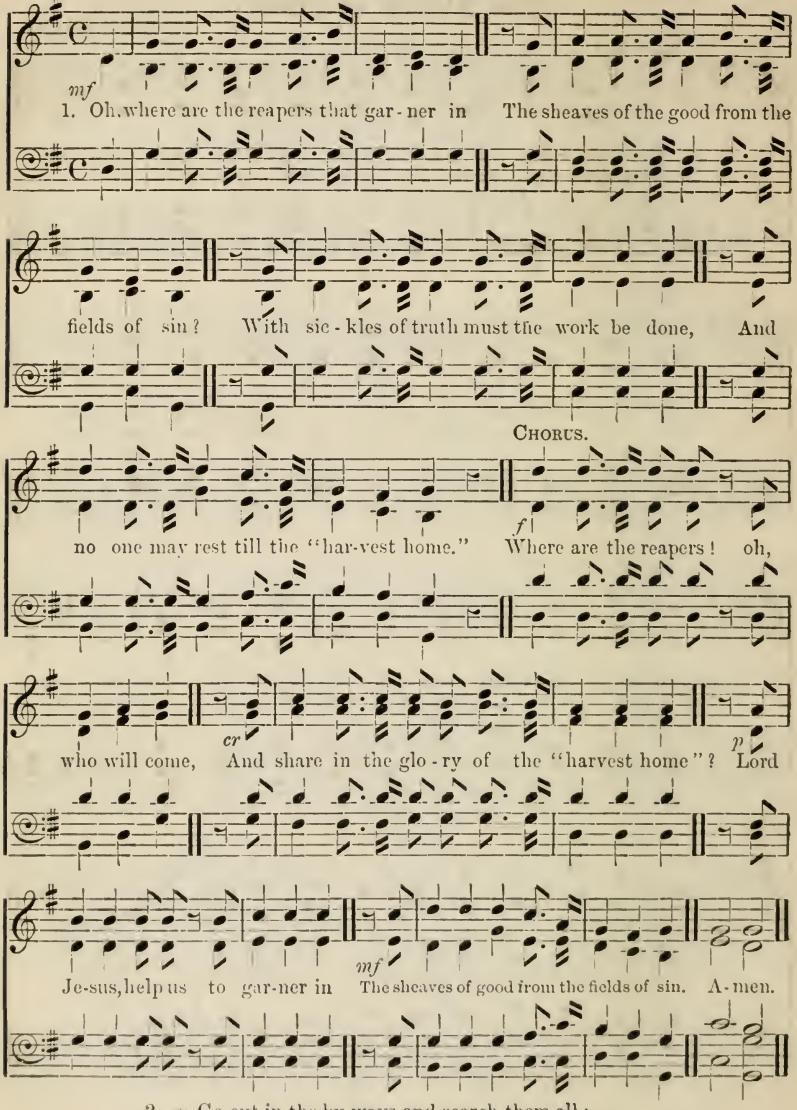
F. A. Mann.

(♩= 84.)
1. mf How lov - ing is Je - sus, who came from the sky,
2. mf How glad - ly does Je - sus free par - don im - part
In ten - der - est pi - ty for sin - ners to die!
To all who re - ceive Him by faith in their heart!
p His hands and His feet they were nail'd to the tree, mf And
cr No e - vil be - falls them, their home is a - bove, f And
all this He suf - fer'd for sin - ners like me.
Je - sus throws round them the arms of His love.
A - men.

3. *mf* How precious is Jesus to all who believe!
And out of His fulness what grace they receive!
When weak He supports them, when erring He guides,
And everything needful He kindly provides.

4. *mf* O give then to Jesus your earliest days—
They only are blessèd who walk in His ways:
cr In life and in death He will still be their friend;
f For those whom He loves He will love to the end.

Oh, where are the Reapers?

G. F. Root.


mf
1. Oh, where are the reapers that gar-ner in The sheaves of the good from the
fields of sin? With sic-kles of truth must the work be done, And
Chorus.
no one may rest till the "har-vest home." Where are the reapers! oh,
f
cr
who will come, And share in the glo-ry of the "harvest home"? Lord
p
mf
Je-sus, help us to gar-ner in The sheaves of good from the fields of sin. A-men.

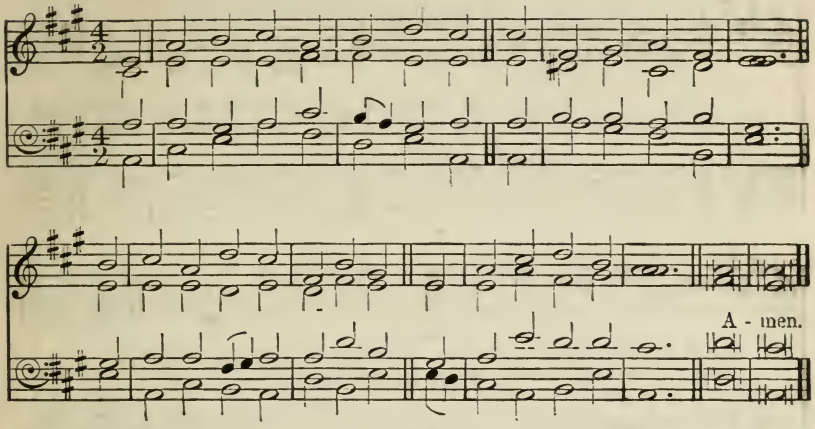
2. *p* Go out in the by-ways and search them all;
The wheat may be there, though the weeds are tall;
mf Then search in the highway, and pass none by,
But gather from all for the home on high.

3. *mf* The fields are all ripening, and far and wide
The world is now waiting the harvest-tide;
p But reapers are few, and the work is great,
And much will be lost should the harvest wait.

4. *mf* So come with your sickles, ye sons of men,
And gather together the golden grain;
f Toil on till the Lord of the harvest come,
Then share in the joy of the "harvest home." Amen.

Thou long disowned.

"ST. JAMES."



1 *mf* Thou long disowned, reviled, oppressed,
Best Friend of human kind,
p Seeking through weary years a rest
Within our hearts to find;—

2 *p* How late Thy bright and awful brow
Breaks thro' these clouds of sin:
mf Hail, truth Divine, we know Thee now,
Angel of God, come in.

3 *mf* Come, though with purifying fire,
And swift-dividing sword,
f Thou of all nations the Desire;
Earth waits Thy cleansing word.

4 *mf* Struck by the lightning of Thy glance,
Let all oppressions die:
f Before Thy cloudless countenance
Let fear and falsehood fly.

5 *p* Anoint our eyes with healing grace,
To see, as not before,
Our Maker in our brother's face,
dim Our Saviour in His poor.

6 *mf* Flood our dark life with golden day;
Convince, subdue, enthrall;
cr Now bend the peoples to Thy sway,
Let God be all in all. Amen.

---

40 Sing forth His high Eternal Name.

Tune, "ST. JAMES."

1 *mf* Sing forth His high eternal Name
Who holds all powers in thrall,
f Through endless ages still the same,—
The mighty Lord of all.

2 *mf* His goodness, strong and measureless,
Upholds us lest we fall;
f His hand is still outstretched to bless,—
The saving Lord of all.

3 *mf* His perfect law sets metes and bounds,
Our strong defence and wall;
p His providence our life surrounds,—
The loving Lord of all.

4 *p* He every thought and every deed
Doth to His judgment call:
mf O may our hearts obedient heed
The righteous Lord of all.

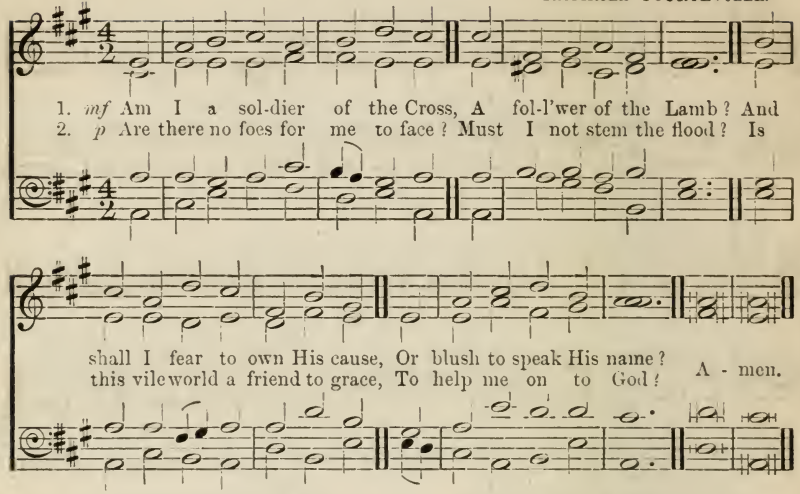
5 *p* When, turning from forbidden ways,
Low at His feet we fall,
cr His strong and tender arms upraise,—
The pardoning Lord of all.

6 *mf* Unwearied He is working still,
Unspent His blessings fall,
f Almighty, Loving, Righteous One,—
cr The only Lord of all. Amen.

LONGFELLOW.

41 Am I a Soldier of the Cross?

RAPHAEL COURTEVILLE.

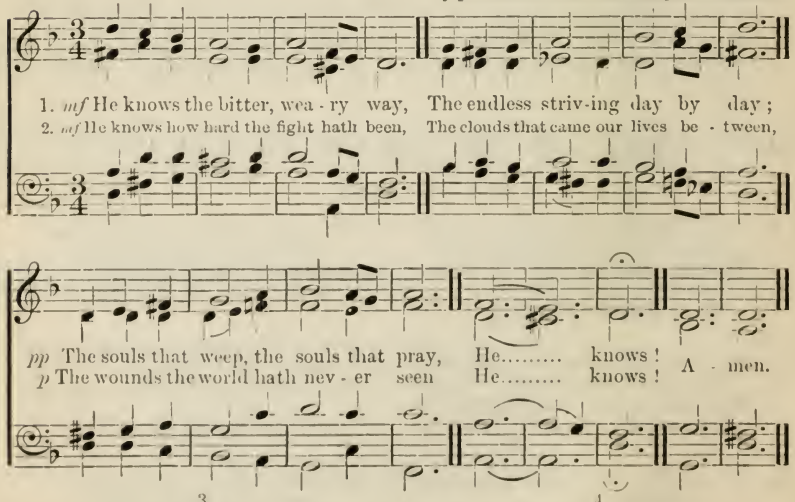

1. mf Am I a sol-dier of the Cross, A fol-l'wer of the Lamb? And
2. p Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood? Is
shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
A - men.

3. *mf* Since I must fight if I would reign,
Increase my courage, Lord;
cr I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.

4. *f* Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer though they die;
They see the triumph from afar;
By faith they bring it nigh.
Amen.

42 He knows the Bitter, Weary Way.

S. S. WESLEY.
By permission from the *European Psalmist.*


1. mf He knows the bitter, wea - ry way, The endless striv-ing day by day;
2. mf He knows how hard the fight hath been, The clouds that came our lives be - tween,
pp The souls that weep, the souls that pray, He..... knows!
p The wounds the world hath nev - er seen He..... knows!
A - men.

3.

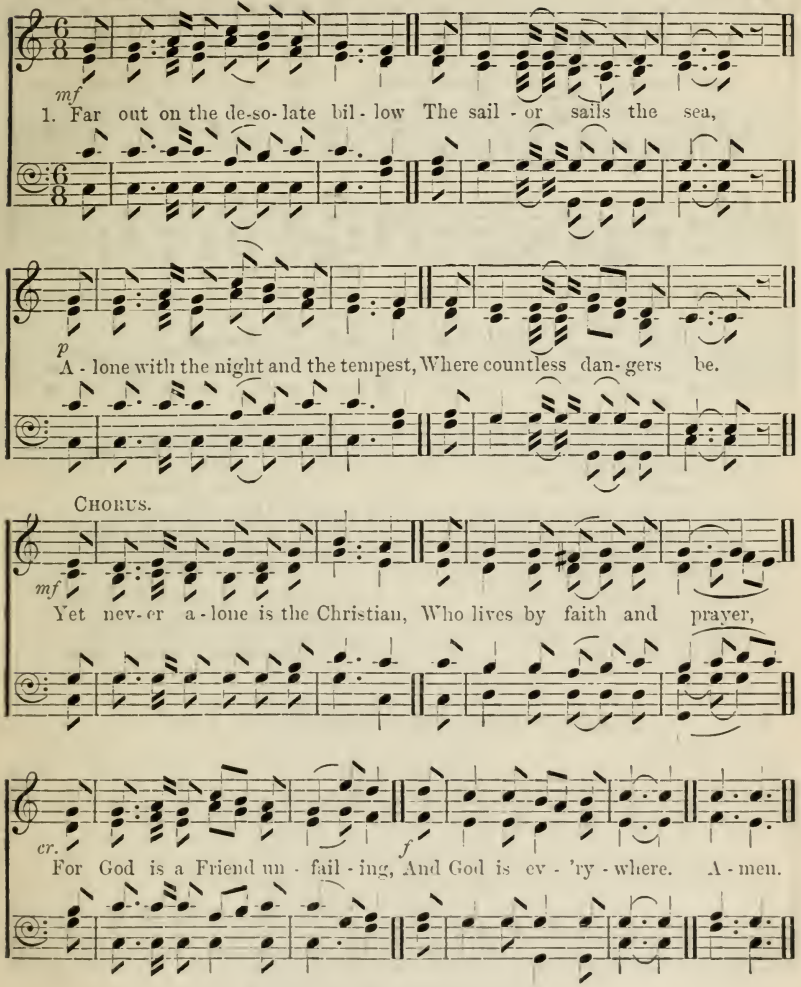
mf He knows when faint and worn we sink.
p How deep the pain, how near the brink
dim Of dark despair we pause and shrink:
He knows!

4.

mf He knows! O thought so full of bliss!
cr For though on earth our joy we miss,
f We still can bear it, feeling this,
He knows!

Never Alone.

R. W. Raymond. Folk-Song.


mf
1. Far out on the de-so-late bil-low The sail-or sails the sea,
p
A-lone with the night and the tempest, Where countless dan-gers be.
Chorus.
mf
Yet nev-er a-lone is the Christian, Who lives by faith and prayer,
cr.
f
For God is a Friend un-fail-ing, And God is ev-'ry-where. A-men.

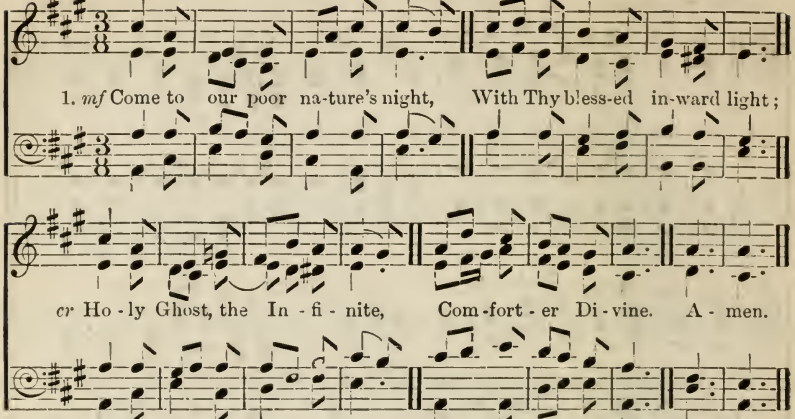
2. *mf* Far down in the earth's dark bosom
The miner mines the ore;
p Death lurks in the dark behind him,
And hides in the rock before.
mf Yet never alone, etc.

3. *mf* Forth into the dreadful battle
The steadfast soldier goes;
dim No friend when he lies dying
pp His eyes to kiss and close.
mf Yet never alone, etc.

4. *p* Lord, grant as we sail life's ocean,
Or delve in its mines of woe,
cr Or fight in its terrible conflict,
f This comfort all to know—
mf That never alone, etc.

44 Come to our Poor Nature's Night.

W. JACKSON.



2. *p* We are sinful, cleanse us, Lord;
Sick and faint, Thy strength afford;
mf Lost, until by Thee restored,
Comforter Divine.

3. *p* Like the dew Thy peace distil,
Guide, subdue our wayward will,
Things of Christ unfolding still,
Comforter Divine.

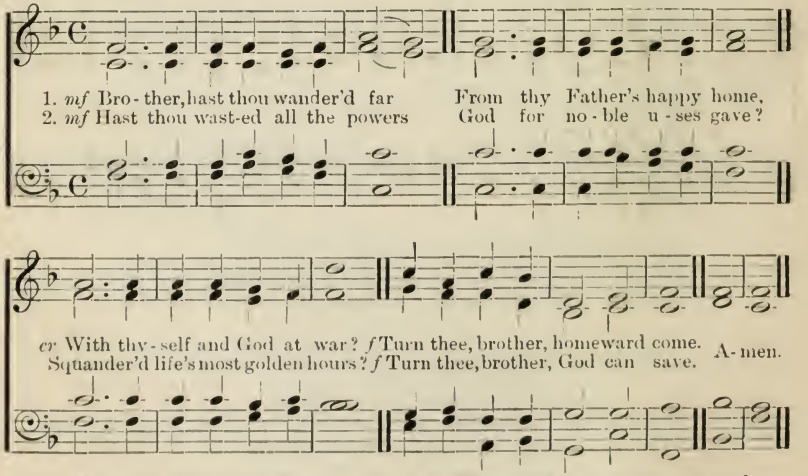
4. *mf* Gentle and inspiring Guest,
Make Thy temple in each breast;
Sanctify Thy place of rest,
Comforter Divine.

5. *p* In us—for us—intercede,
And with voiceless groanings plead
Our unutterable need,
Comforter Divine.

6. *p* In us, Abba, Father, cry,
cr Earnest of our bliss on high,
f Seal of immortality,
Comforter Divine.

7. *p* Search for us the depth of God—
cr Bear us up the heavenly road
f To the height of Thine abode,
Comforter Divine. Amen.

45 Brother, hast thou Wandered far?

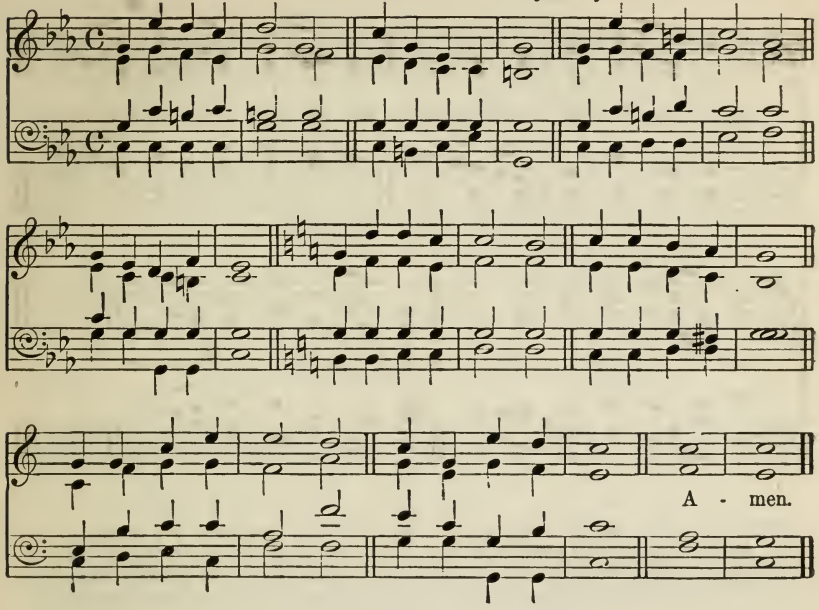
J. F. CLARKE. German.

1. mf Bro-ther, hast thou wander'd far From thy Father's happy home,
2. mf Hast thou wast-ed all the powers God for no-ble u-ses gave?
cr With thy-self and God at war? f Turn thee, brother, homeward come.
Squander'd life's most golden hours? f Turn thee, brother, God can save. A-men.

3. *mf* Is a mighty famine now
In thy heart and in thy soul?
Discontent upon thy brow? [whole.
f Turn thee, Christ will make thee

4. *p* He can heal thy bitterest wound,
He thy gentlest prayer can hear;
cr Seek Him, for He may be found;
f Call upon Him, He is near. Amen.

Christian, Dost Thou See Them?

Hymns of the Eastern Church.



1 *p* Christian! dost thou see them
On the holy ground,
How the powers of darkness
Compass thee around?
Christian! up and smite them,
Counting gain but loss;
Smite them by the merit
Of the Saviour's Cross.

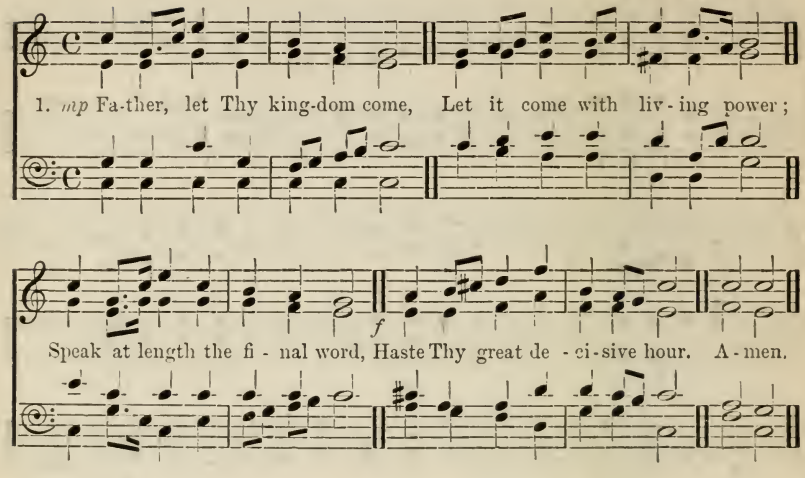
2 *p* Christian! dost thou feel them,
How they work within,
Striving, tempting, luring,
Goading into sin?
f Christian! never tremble;
Never be downcast:
Gird thee for the conflict,
p Watch and pray and fast.

3 *mf* Christian! dost thou hear them,
How they speak thee fair?
'Always fast and vigil?
Always watch and prayer?'
f Christian! say but boldly,
'While I breathe I pray;'
p Peace shall follow battle,
Night shall end in day.

4 *p* 'Well I know thy trouble,
O My servant true;
pp Thou art very weary,—
I was weary too:
cr But that toil shall make thee
Some day all Mine own;
ff And the end of sorrow
Shall be near My throne.'

47 Father, let Thy Kingdom come.

DR. RIMBAULT.


1. mp Fa-ther, let Thy king-dom come, Let it come with liv-ing power;
f
Speak at length the fi-nal word, Haste Thy great de-ci-sive hour. A-men.

2.

mf Tyrant thrones and idol shrines,
Let them from their place be hurled;
cr Enter on Thy glorious reign,
f Take the crown of this poor world.

3.

p O what long, sad years have gone
Since Thy Church was taught this prayer!
pp O what eyes have watched and wept
For Thy kingdom everywhere!

4.

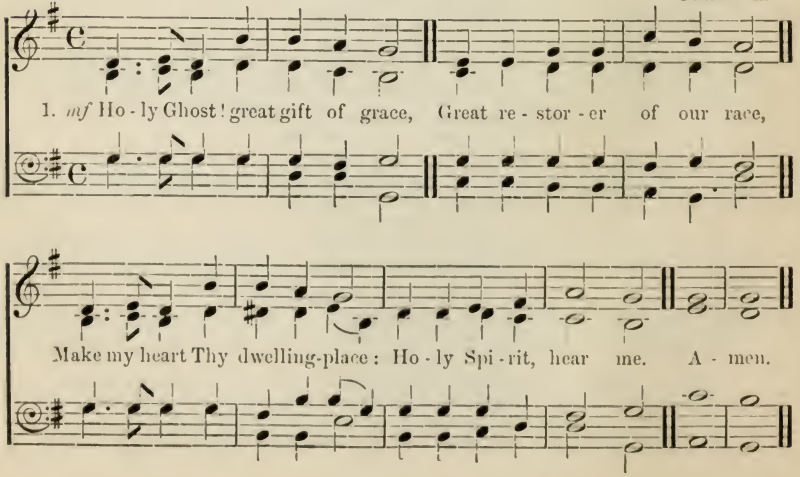
mf Break, triumphant day of God,
Break at last, our hearts to cheer;
p Throbbing souls and holy songs
f Wait to hail Thy dawning here.

5.

mf Empires, temples, sceptres, thrones.
May they all for God be won;
cr And, in every human heart,
f Father, let Thy kingdom come.
Amen.

48 Holy Ghost! great Gift of Grace.

Unknown.



Holy Ghost! great Gift of Grace.—*Continued.*

2. *p* Be my guide from day to day,
Lest when tempted I should stray
From the holy, narrow way:
Holy Spirit, warn me.

3. *pp* Light of heaven! softly shine
Into this poor heart of mine;
f Make and keep me always Thine:
Holy Spirit, lead me.

4. *p* When my frequent falls distress,
And I seem to love Thee less,
Raise me from my sinfulness:
Holy Spirit, save me.

5. *mf* Quicken what the world would kill;
Gently bend my stubborn will,
And Thy purposes fulfil:
Holy Spirit, guide me.

6. *p* Come, blest Spirit, heavenly Dove,
Richest pledge of Jesu's love,
cr Fix my trust on Him above:
Holy Spirit, help me.

7. *p* Keep me humble, that in me
Thou my guide and strength may'st be;
mf Give me light and purity:
Holy Spirit, keep me.

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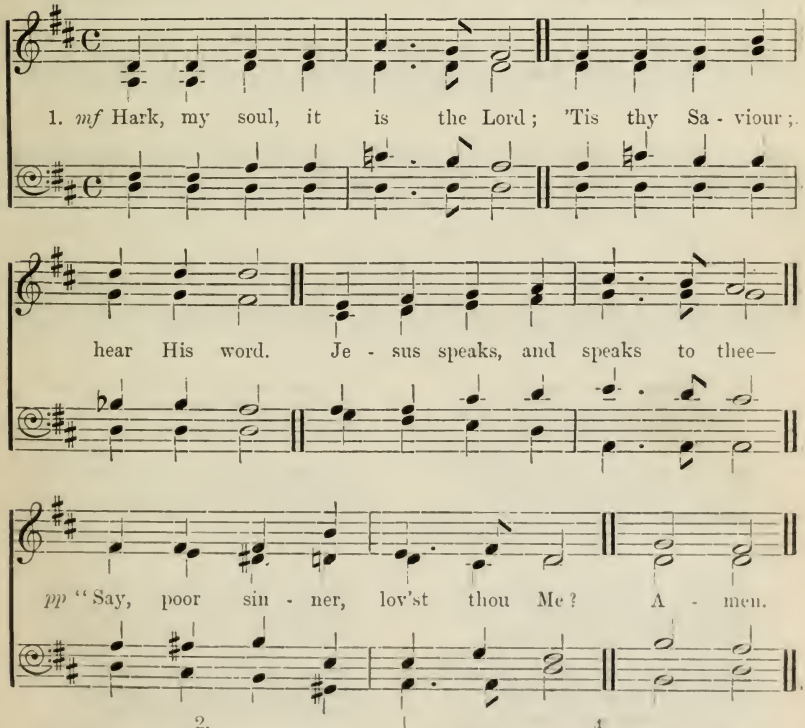
49 Hark, my Soul, it is the Lord.

From MENDELSSOHN.


1. mf Hark, my soul, it is the Lord; 'Tis thy Sa - viour;
hear His word. Je - sus speaks, and speaks to thee—
pp "Say, poor sin - ner, lov'st thou Me? A - men.

2.

mf "I delivered thee when bound,
And, when bleeding, healed thy wound:
cr Sought thee wandering, set thee right;
f Turned thy darkness into light.

3.

mf "Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be—
Yet will I remember thee.

4.

mf "Mine is an unchanging love,
cr Higher than the heights above;
Deeper than the depths beneath;
f Free and faithful, strong as death.

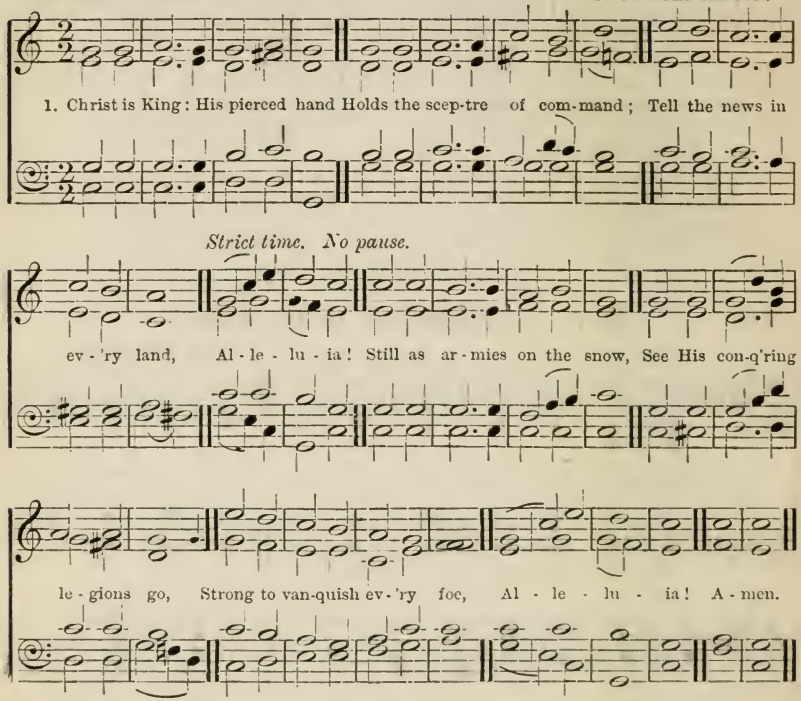
5.

mf "Thou shalt see My glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of My throne shalt be:
pp Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?"

Amen.

A Song of the Kingdom.

DR. R. P. DOWNES. T. B. STEPHENSON.


1. Christ is King: His pierced hand Holds the scep-tre of com-mand; Tell the news in
Strict time. No pause.
ev-'ry land, Al-le-lu-ia! Still as ar-mies on the snow, See His con-q'ring
le-gions go, Strong to van-quish ev-'ry foe, Al-le-lu-ia! A-men.

2.

He will smite the sword to dust,
Shield and battle-axe shall rust,
For His reign is kind and just,
Alleluia!
He will flood the Pagan's night
With the rush of living light,
Make the old dark world grow bright,
Alleluia!

3.

Widow's wail and orphan's cry,
Pleading in their misery,
At His gentle feet shall die,
Alleluia!
Ragged babes no more shall weep,
Pitying love no longer sleep,
But perpetual vigil keep,
Alleluia!

4.

Human hearts no more shall bleed,
Torn by selfishness and greed;
Drink's poor bondmen shall be freed,
Alleluia!
Serpent lust His power shall feel,
And beneath His mighty heel
Back into the darkness reel,
Alleluia!

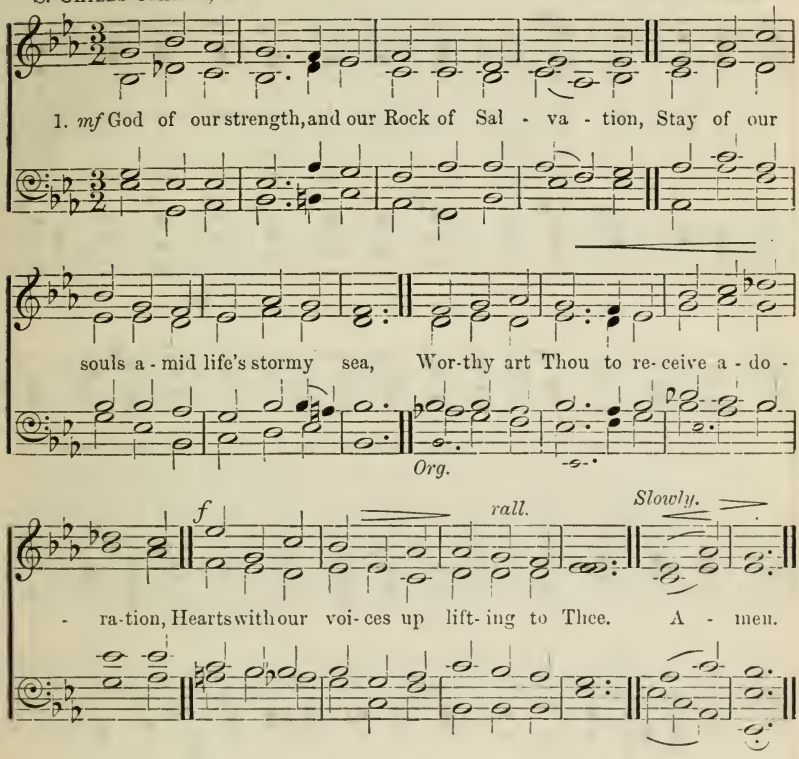
5.

East and west shall feel His care,
Slaves shall lose their deep despair,
Lift unfettered hands in prayer,
Alleluia!
Demons of unrest and doubt,
At His word shall be cast out,
Hellish passions put to rout,
Alleluia!

6.

Master of his life and fate,
Nobly pure and truly great,
Man shall reach his best estate,
Alleluia
Rescued by His love and might,
We shall walk with Him in white,
We shall reign with Him in light,
Alleluia! Amen.

God of our Strength!

S. Childs-Clarke, M.A. F. A. Mann.

1. mf God of our strength, and our Rock of Sal - va - tion, Stay of our
souls a - mid life's stormy sea, Wor-thy art Thou to re-ceive a - do -
Org.
f
rall.
Slowly.
- ra-tion, Hearts with our voi-ces up lift-ing to Thee. A - men.

2.*

mf Here would we offer Thee, Father forgiving,
Fruit of our lips on this festival day,
Sojourning yet in the land of the living,
p Wending, as pilgrims, on life's weary way.

3.

mf Thou art the changeless One ever abiding, [of life;
'Mid all the changes and chances
Under Thy wing all Thy chosen ones hiding, [daily strife.
f Safe in Thy keeping from earth's

4.

pp Thou through the deep gloom our pathway canst brighten,
Thou in all sorrows our spirit canst cheer,
Thou all our manifold burdens dost lighten, [here.
cr Guiding our feet in our pilgrimage

5.

p Feeble and faint all our songs of devotion,
Earth-worn our hearts—yet shall hope's kindly ray
cr Kindle within us each holy emotion,
As in Thy temple our homage we pay.

6.

mf Be now and ever our "Strong Habitation," [release;
From sin's dominion O grant us
Thou art, Lord Jesu, our soul's aspiration, [is peace.
pp From Thee is pardon and in Thee

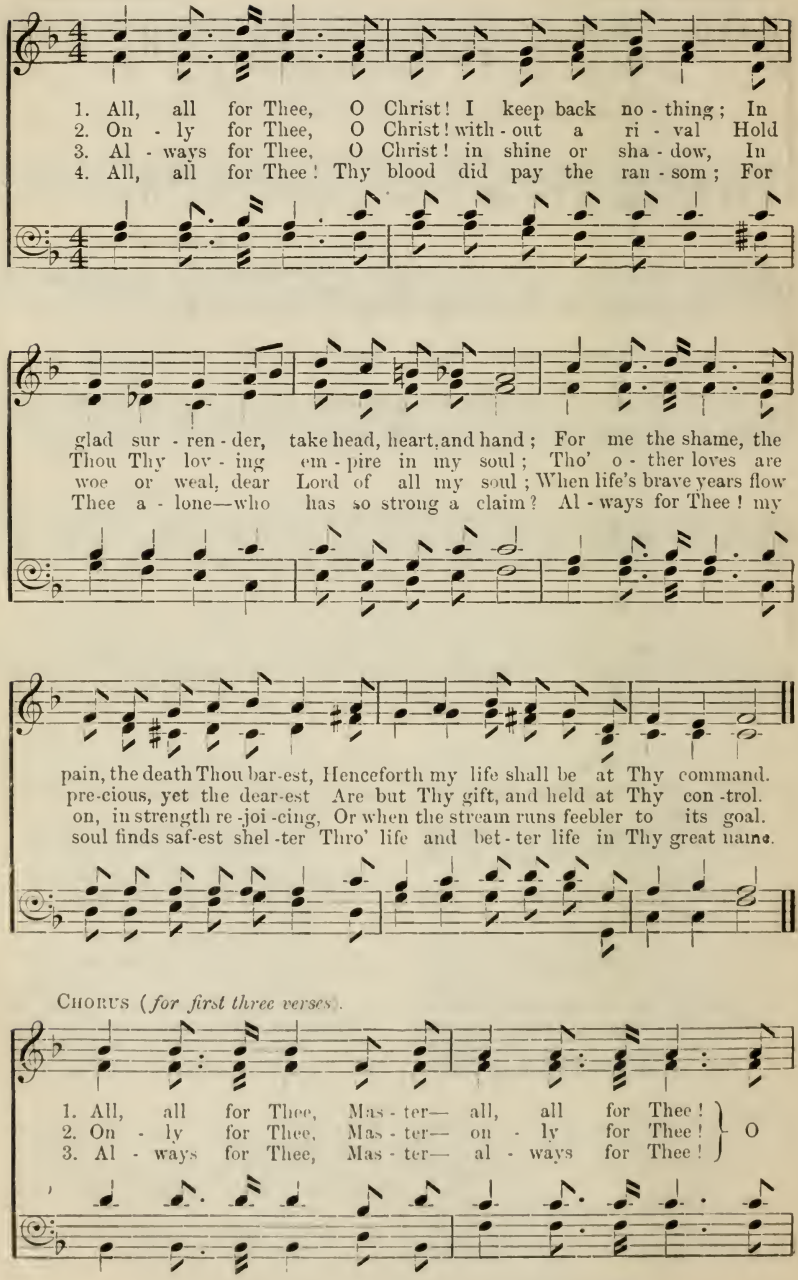
7.

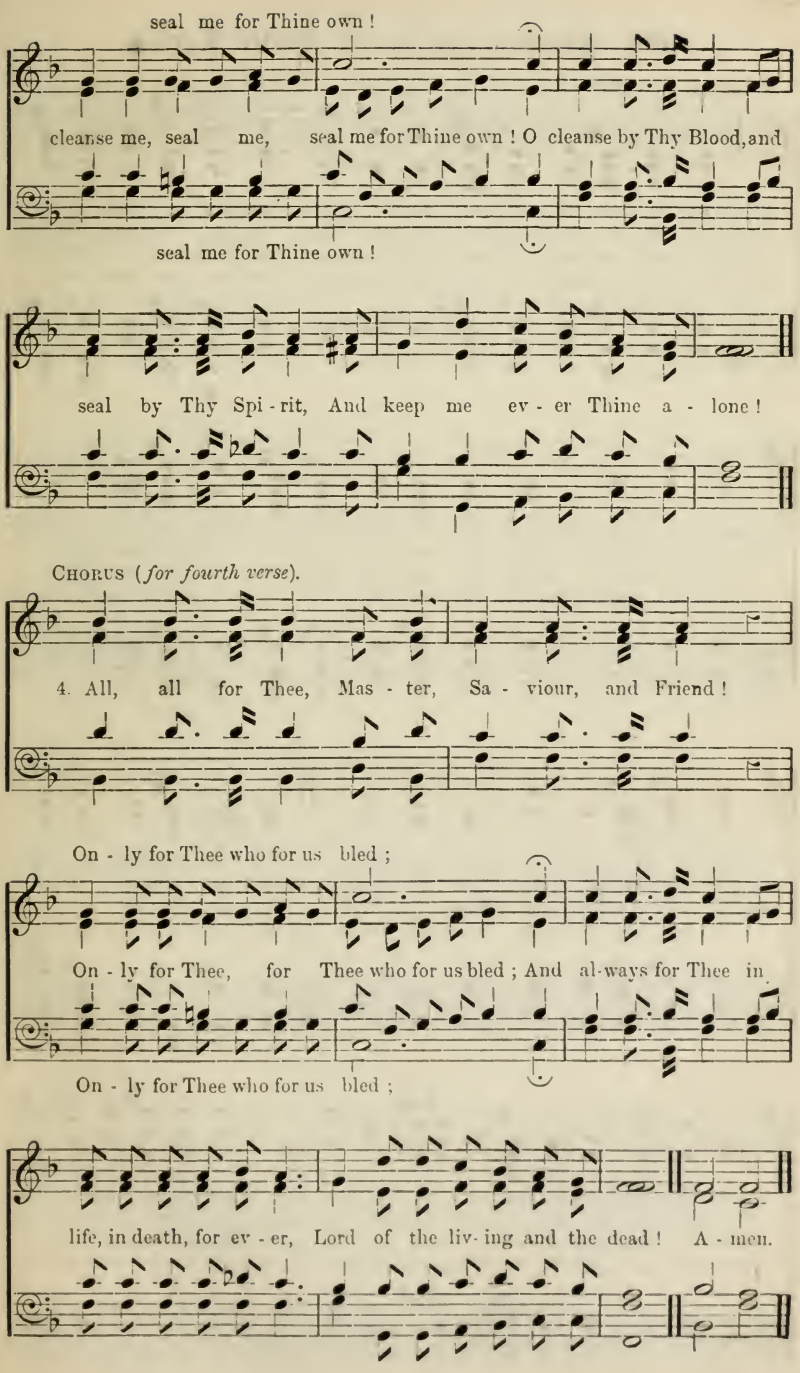
p Father, on Thee Thy frail children depending, [alone;
We faint and fail when we wander
cr Grant us sweet foretaste of bliss never ending,
f Shared by the ransomed encircling Thy throne. Amen.

* Verse 2 can be omitted if the hymn be required for general use.

All, Only, Always!

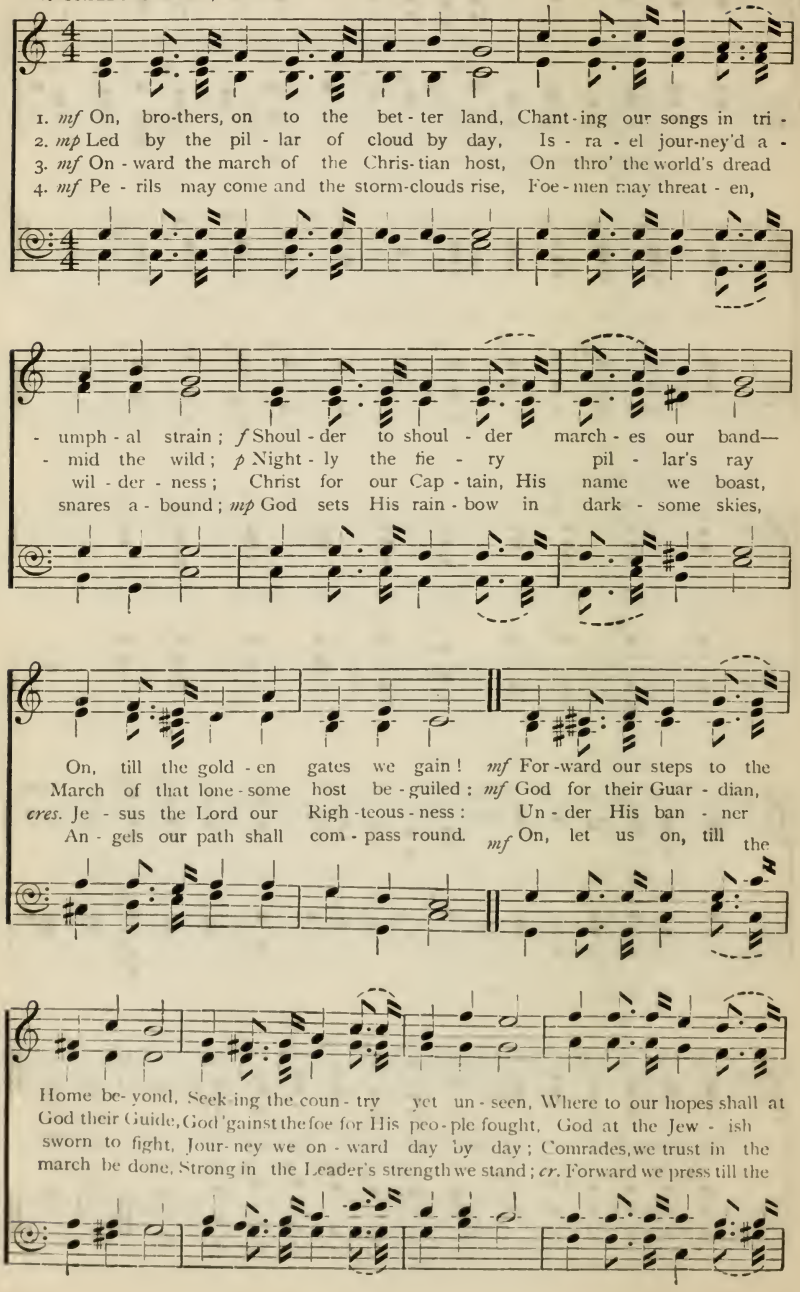
T. B. Stephenson. T. M. Duncan.

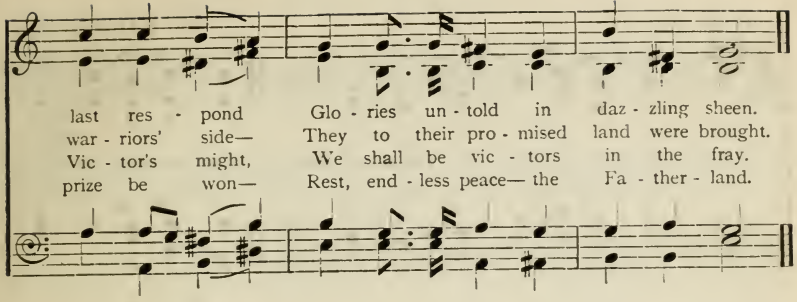

1. All, all for Thee, O Christ! I keep back no - thing; In
2. On - ly for Thee, O Christ! with - out a ri - val Hold
3. Al - ways for Thee, O Christ! in shine or sha - dow, In
4. All, all for Thee! Thy blood did pay the ran - som; For
glad sur - ren - der, take head, heart, and hand; For me the shame, the
Thou Thy lov - ing em - pire in my soul; Tho' o - ther loves are
woe or weal, dear Lord of all my soul; When life's brave years flow
Thee a - lone—who has so strong a claim? Al - ways for Thee! my
pain, the death Thou bar-est, Henceforth my life shall be at Thy command.
pre-cious, yet the dear-est Are but Thy gift, and held at Thy con-trol.
on, in strength re-joi-cing, Or when the stream runs feebler to its goal.
soul finds saf-est shel-ter Thro' life and bet-ter life in Thy great name.

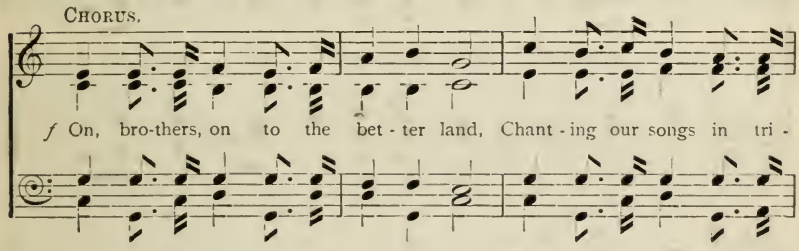
Chorus (*for first three verses*).

seal me for Thine own !
cleanse me, seal me, seal me for Thine own ! O cleanse by Thy Blood, and
seal me for Thine own !
seal by Thy Spi - rit, And keep me ev - er Thine a - lone !
Chorus (*for fourth verse*).
4. All, all for Thee, Mas - ter, Sa - viour, and Friend !
On - ly for Thee who for us bled ;
On - ly for Thee, for Thee who for us bled ; And al-ways for Thee in
On - ly for Thee who for us bled ;
life, in death, for ev - er, Lord of the liv - ing and the dead ! A - men.

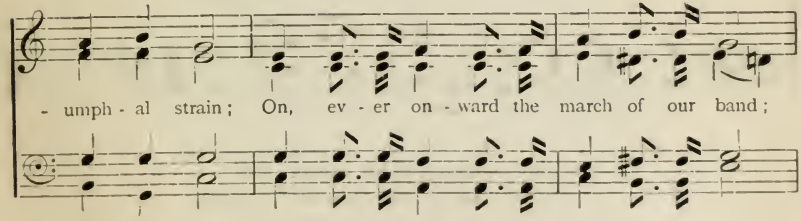
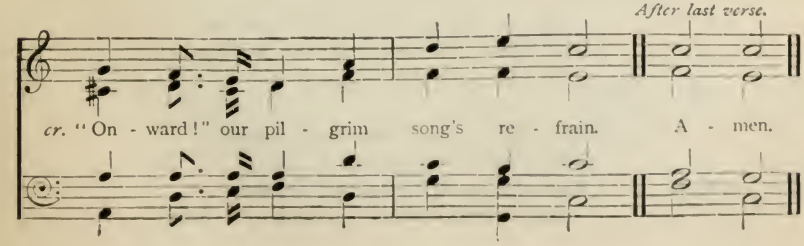
On, Brothers, on to the Better Land!

S. Childs Clarke, M.A.


1. mf On, bro-thers, on to the bet-ter land, Chant-ing our songs in tri-
2. mp Led by the pil-lar of cloud by day, Is-ra-el jour-ney'd a-
3. mf On-ward the march of the Chris-tian host, On thro' the world's dread
4. mf Pe-rils may come and the storm-clouds rise, Foe-men may threat-en,
-umph-al strain; f Shoul-der to shoul-der march-es our band—
-mid the wild; p Night-ly the fie-ry pil-lar's ray
wil-der-ness; Christ for our Cap-tain, His name we boast,
snares a-bound; mp God sets His rain-bow in dark-some skies,
On, till the gold-en gates we gain! mf For-ward our steps to the
March of that lone-some host be-guiled: mf God for their Guar-dian,
cres. Je-sus the Lord our Righ-teous-ness: Un-der His ban-ner
An-gels our path shall com-pass round. mf On, let us on, till the
Home be-yond, Seek-ing the coun-try yet un-seen, Where to our hopes shall at
God their Guide, God 'gainst the foe for His peo-ple fought, God at the Jew-ish
sworn to fight, Jour-ney we on-ward day by day; Comrades, we trust in the
march be done, Strong in the Leader's strength we stand; cr. Forward we press till the

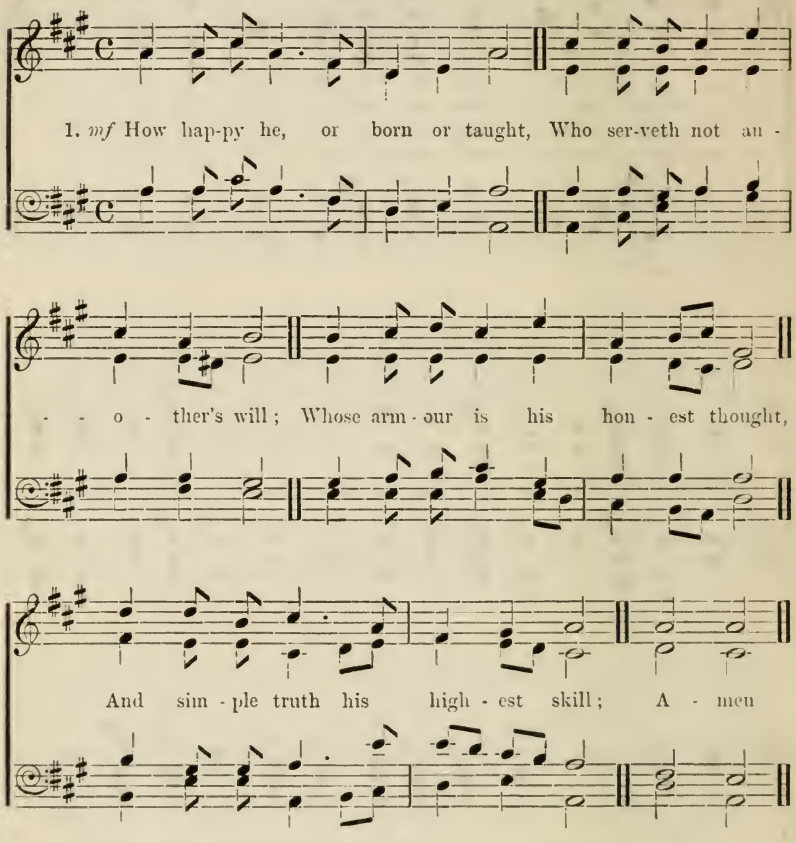

last res - pond Glo - ries un - told in daz - zling sheen.
war - riors' side— They to their pro - mised land were brought.
Vic - tor's might, We shall be vic - tors in the fray.
prize be won— Rest, end - less peace— the Fa - ther - land.


Chorus.
f On, bro-thers, on to the bet - ter land, Chant - ing our songs in tri -


- umph - al strain; On, ev - er on - ward the march of our band;

After last verse.
cr. "On - ward!" our pil - grim song's re - frain. A - men.

How Happy he, or Born or Taught.

SIR H. WOTTON. DR. WAINWRIGHT.

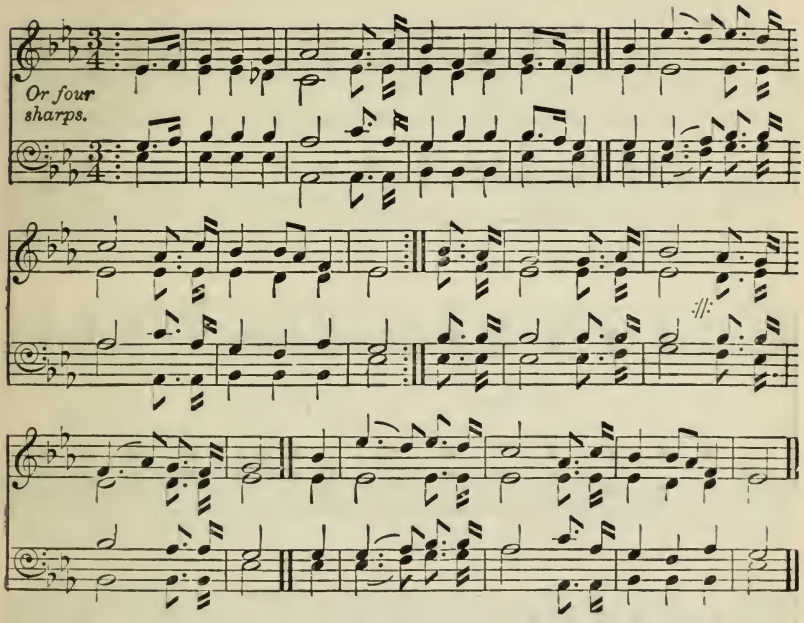

1. mf How hap-py he, or born or taught, Who ser-veth not an -
- - o - ther's will; Whose arm - our is his hon - est thought,
And sim - ple truth his high - est skill; A - men

2. Whose passions not his masters are;
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Not tied unto the world with care
Of prince's ear or vulgar breath;

3. *mf* Who God doth late and early pray
More of His grace than goods to lend;
p And walks with man, from day to day,
As with a brother and a friend.

4. *mf* This man is freed from servile bands,
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;
f Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And having nothing, yet hath all. Amen.

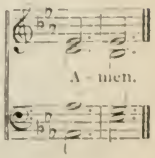
Will you go?



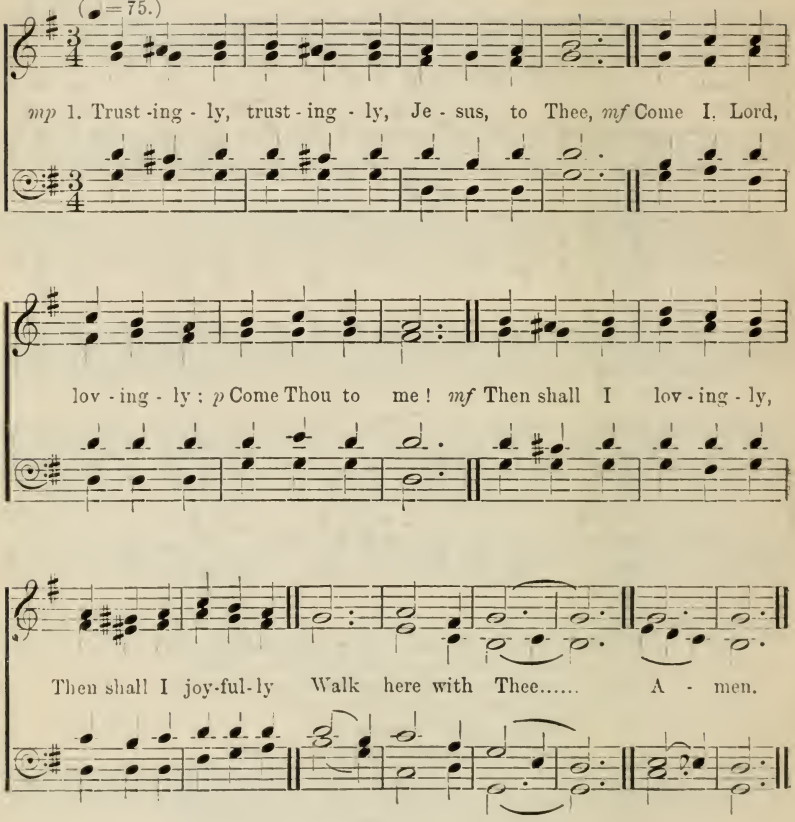
1 We're bound for the land of the pure and the holy,
The home of the happy, the kingdom of love;
Ye wanderers from God in the broad road of folly,
O say, will you go to the Eden above?
Will you go? Will you go?
O say, will you go to the Eden above?

2 In that blesséd land, neither sighing nor anguish
Can breathe in the fields where the glorified rove;
Ye heart-burdened ones who in misery languish,
O say, will ye go to the Eden above?
Will you go? Will you go?
O say, will you go to the Eden above?

3 No poverty there! no, the saints are all wealthy,
The heirs of His glory, Whose nature is love;
No sickness can reach them, that country is healthy:
O say, will you go to the Eden above?
Will you go? Will you go?
O say, will you go to the Eden above?

4 March on, happy pilgrims; the land is before you,
And soon its ten thousand delights we shall prove;
Yes, soon we shall walk o'er the hills of bright glory,
And drink the pure joys of the Eden above.
We will go, we will go;
O yes, we will go to the Eden above!

My Pilgrimage.

HORATIUS BONAR. JOHN THOM.

(♩=75.)

mp 1. Trust-ing - ly, trust - ing - ly, Je - sus, to Thee, mf Come I. Lord,
lov - ing - ly; p Come Thou to me! mf Then shall I lov - ing - ly,
Then shall I joy-ful-ly Walk here with Thee..... A - men.

2.

p Peacefully, peacefully,
Walk I with Thee;
cres. Jesus, my Lord, Thou art
f All, all to me:
mf Peace Thou hast left us,
Thy peace Thou hast given us—
p So let it be.

3.

mf Whom but Thyself, O Lord,
Have I above?
What have I left on earth?
Only Thy love?
p Come, then, O Saviour, come!
mf Come then, O Spirit, come,
p Heavenly Dove!

4.

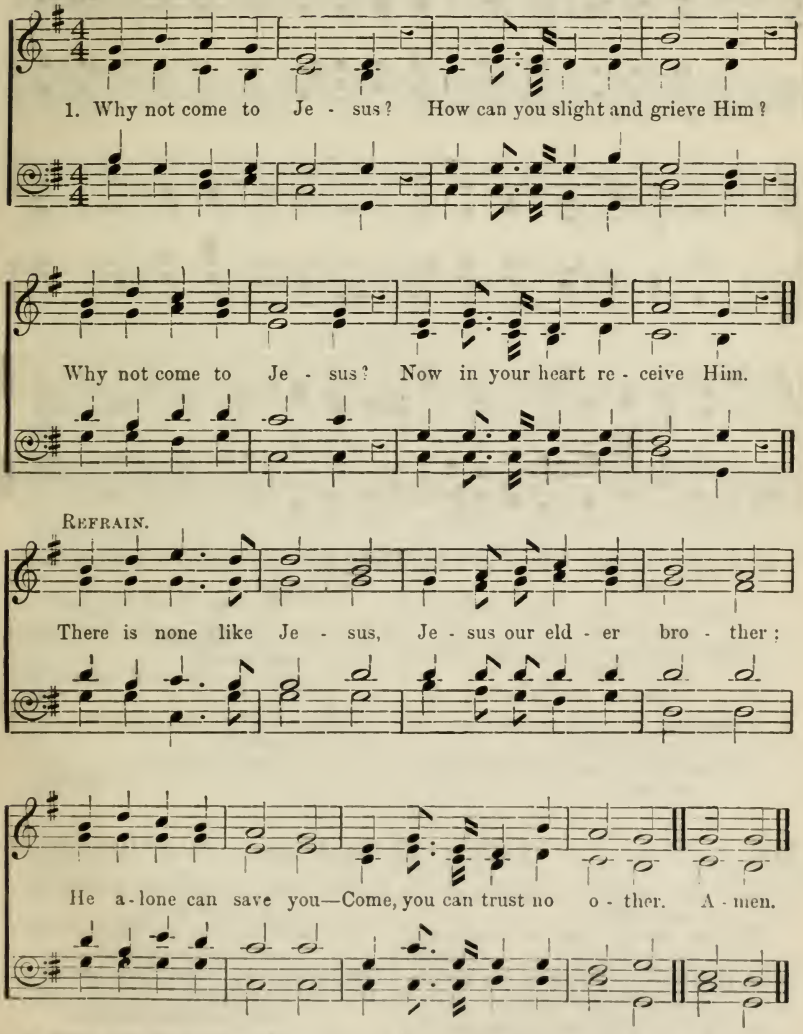
mf Happily, happily,
Pass I along.
Eager to work for Thee,
f Earnest and strong:
mf Life is for service true,
cres. Life is for battle too,
f Life is for song.

5.

mf Hopefully, hopefully,
Onward I go;
Cheerfully, cheerfully,
Meet I the foe;
Crowns are awaiting us,
cres. Glory prepared for us,
f rall. Joys overflow. Amen.

Why not Come to Jesus?

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.


1. Why not come to Je - sus? How can you slight and grieve Him?
Why not come to Je - sus? Now in your heart re - ceive Him.
REFRAIN.
There is none like Je - sus, Je - sus our eld - er bro - ther;
He a-lone can save you—Come, you can trust no o - ther. A - men.

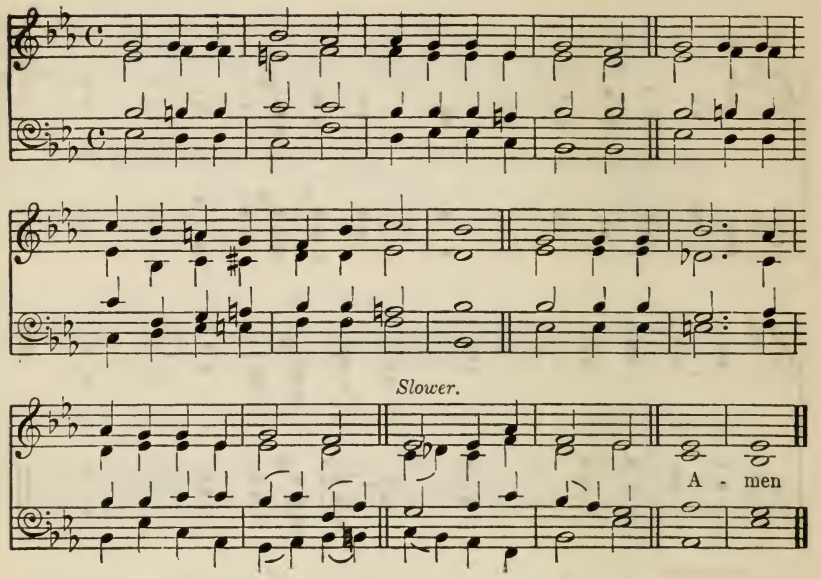
2. Why not come to Jesus?
What is the world's vain pleasure?
Take His cross and bear it,
Seek for a heavenly treasure.
There is none, etc.

3. Why not come to Jesus?
Why are ye still delaying?
From the gentle Shepherd
Farther and farther straying.
There is none, etc.

4. Why not come to Jesus?
Think of His love so tender;
Now before Him kneeling,
All to His love surrender.
There is none, etc.

Father, Almighty.

"ALVERSTOKE."



1 *mf* Father Almighty, bless us with Thy blessing,
Answer in love Thy children's supplication;
Hear Thou our prayers, the spoken and unspoken:
p Hear us, our Father.

2 *p* Shepherd of souls, who bringest all who seek Thee
To pastures green, beside the peaceful waters;
mf Tenderest Guide, in ways of cheerful duty,
Lead us, Good Shepherd.

3 *mf* Spirit of mercy, from Thy watch and keeping
f No place can part, nor hour of time remove us;
p Give us Thy good, and save us from our evil;
f Infinite Spirit.
Amen.

---

59 Father, O hear us. *Tune, "ALVERSTOKE."*

1 *p* Father, O hear us, seeking now to praise Thee,
cr Thou art our hope, our confidence, our Saviour; [tions,
mf Thou art the refuge of the generaLord God Almighty.

2 *mf* Maker of all things, loving all Thy creatures,
God of all goodness, infinite in mercy, [wisest,
Changeless, eternal, holiest, and
p Hear Thou Thy children.

3 *mf* We are Thy children, asking Thee to bless us,
Banded together for a full obedience,
Mutual help and mutual refreshing,
Lord, in Thy service.

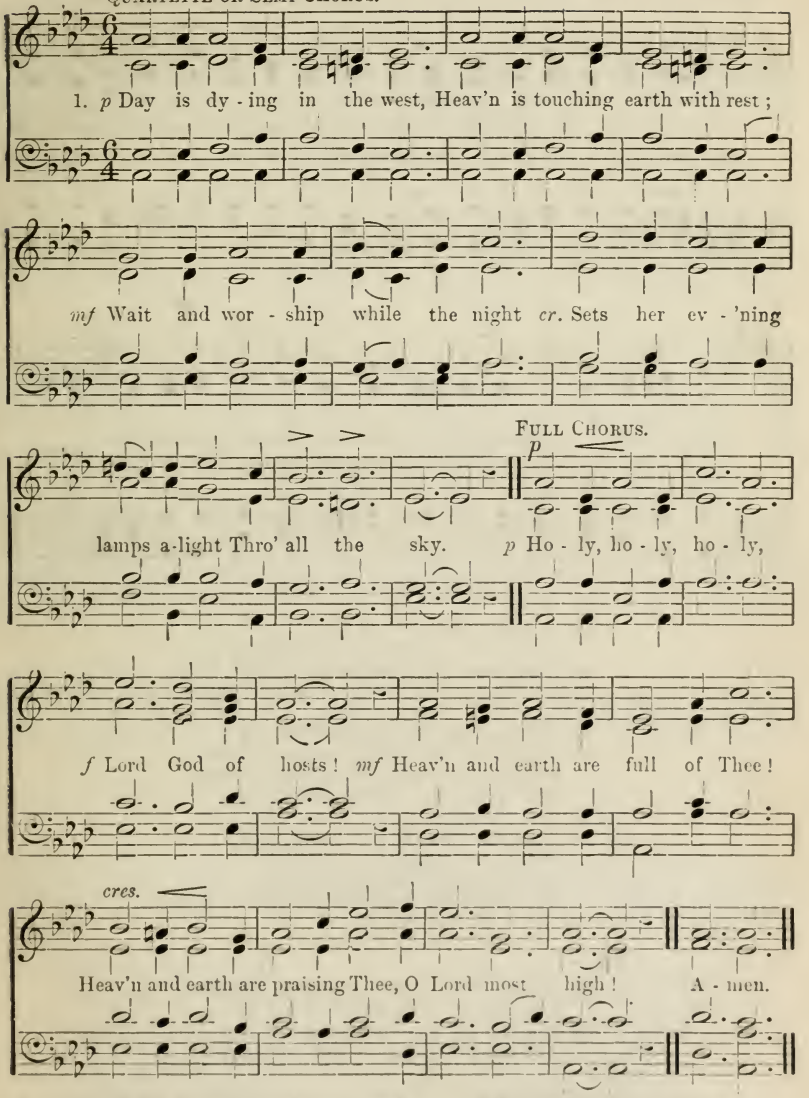
4 *mf* Childhood shall learn to know Thee and revere Thee;
f Manhood shall serve Thee, strong in power and knowledge;
dim Old age shall trust Thee, having felt Thy mercy,
E'en 'mid the shadows.

5 *p* Bless Thou our purpose, consecrate our labours, [truest,
mf Keep us still faithful to the best and
Guide us, protect us, make us not Learners of Jesus. [unworthy

6 *mf* Glory and honour, thanks and adoration, [and angels,
Still will we bring, O God of men
f To Thee, the holy, merciful, and
Father, our Father. [mighty,
Amen.

Evening Praise.

MARY A. LATHBURY. WM. F. SHERWIN.

QUARTETTE OR SEMI-CHORUS.

1. p Day is dy - ing in the west, Heav'n is touching earth with rest;
mf Wait and wor - ship while the night cr. Sets her ev - 'ning
FULL CHORUS.
p
lamps a-light Thro' all the sky. p Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,
f Lord God of hosts! mf Heav'n and earth are full of Thee!
cres.
Heav'n and earth are praising Thee, O Lord most high! A - men.

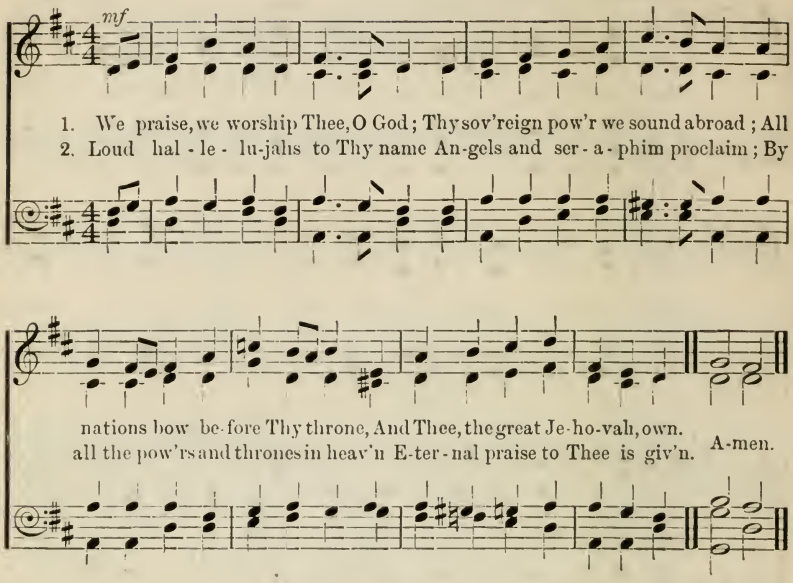
2. *p* Lord of life, beneath the dome
Of the universe, Thy home,
Gather us, who seek Thy face,
To the fold of Thy embrace,
For Thou art nigh.
p Holy, holy, holy, etc.

3. *p* While the deepening shadows fall,
Heart of love, enfolding all,
mf Through the glory and the grace
Of the stars that veil Thy face,
Our hearts ascend.
p Holy, holy, holy, etc.

4. *p* When for ever from our sight
Pass the stars, the day, the night,
f Lord of angels, on our eyes
Let eternal morn arise,
And shadows end.
p Holy, holy, holy, etc.
Amen.

We praise, we worship Thee.

AMBROSE. CHAS. DARNTON.


mf
1. We praise, we worship Thee, O God; Thy sov'reign pow'r we sound abroad; All
2. Loud hal - le - lu-jahs to Thy name An-gels and ser - a - phim proclaim; By
nations bow be-fore Thy throne, And Thee, the great Je-ho-vah, own.
all the pow'rs and thrones in heav'n E-ter - nal praise to Thee is giv'n.
A-men.

3. *p* O Holy, Holy, Holy Lord,
Thou God of hosts, by all adored;
cr. Earth and the heavens are full of Thee,
f Thy light, Thy power, Thy majesty.

4. *mf* Apostles join the glorious throng,
cr. And swell the loud triumphant song;
Prophets and martyrs hear the sound,
And spread the hallelujah round.

5. *f* Glory to Thee, O God most high!
Father, we praise Thy majesty;
The Son, the Spirit, we adore;
One Godhead, blest for evermore. Amen.

B

1. *p* O God, Thy world is sweet with prayer;
The breath of Christ is in the air;
mf We rise on Thy free Spirit's wings,
And every thought within us sings.

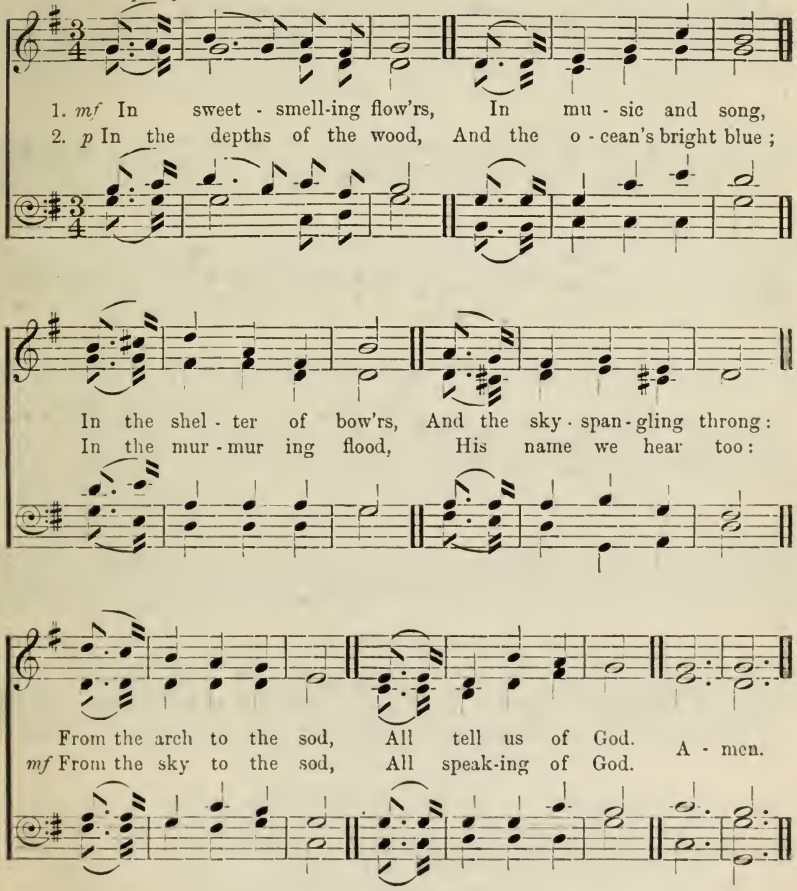
2. *f* Thou art our Morning and our Sun!
Our work is glad, in Thee begun;
mf Our foot-worn path is fresh with dew,
For Thou createst all things new.

3. *mf* O God, within us and above,
Close to us in the Christ we love!
f Through Him, our only Guide and Way,
May heavenly life be ours to-day! Amen.

Lucy Larcom.

In Sweet-smelling Flowers.

Words adapted from the Italian. REV. J. CONDER NATTRASS.


1. mf In sweet - smell-ing flow'rs, In mu - sic and song,
2. p In the depths of the wood, And the o - cean's bright blue ;
In the shel - ter of bow'rs, And the sky - span - gling throng :
In the mur - mur ing flood, His name we hear too :
From the arch to the sod, All tell us of God.
mf From the sky to the sod, All speak-ing of God. A - men.

3. *p* The cloud and the moon,
With our dear mother tongue ;
The placid lagoon,
And the polestar high hung :
mf In our souls they aloud
Sing praises to God.

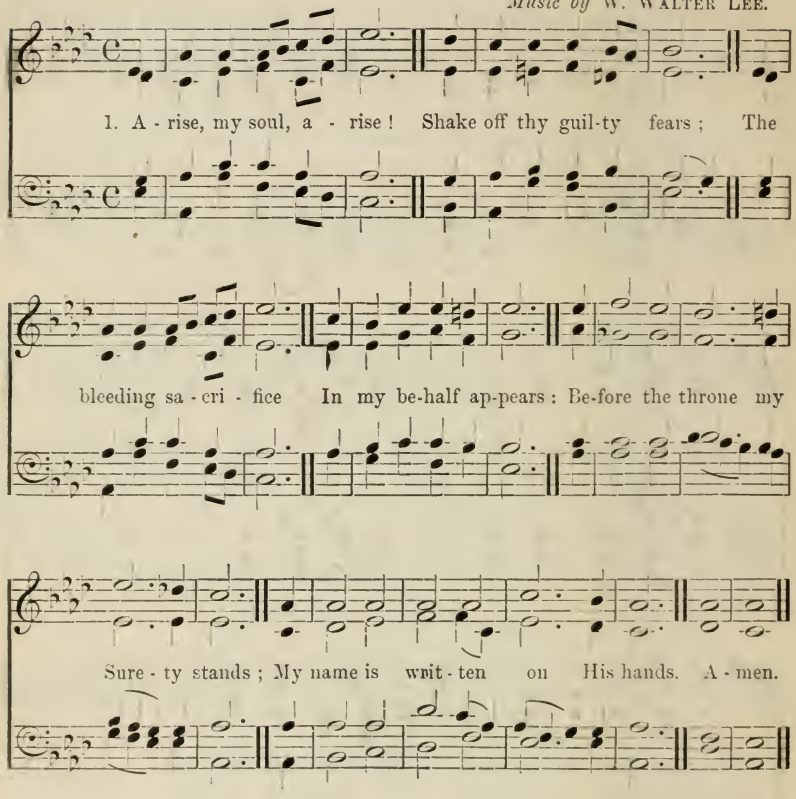
4. *f* The waterfall's froth,
And the castle-crowned lord ;
mf The liveried moth,
With the beast and the bird :
They to all men abroad
Bear witness of God.

5. *mf* Both the sweet scented rose,
And the white lily fair,
cr. Nay, whatsoe'er grows
Forbideth despair :
Let us bow to the rod
As the children of God.

6. *p* From the birth to the tomb,
At the foot of the Cross,
Death publisheth doom
To every man's loss :
mf Yet, on the sad sod,
f Writeth, Trust thou in God.
Amen.

Arise, my Soul, Arise!

By permission

Music by W. Walter Lee.

1. A - rise, my soul, a - rise! Shake off thy guil-ty fears; The
bleeding sa - cri - fice In my be-half ap-pears: Be-fore the throne my
Sure - ty stands; My name is writ - ten on His hands. A - men.

2. He ever lives above,
For me to intercede,
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead:
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3. My God is reconciled,
His pardoning voice I hear;
He owns me for His child—
I can no longer fear;
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba, Father, cry!
Amen.

B

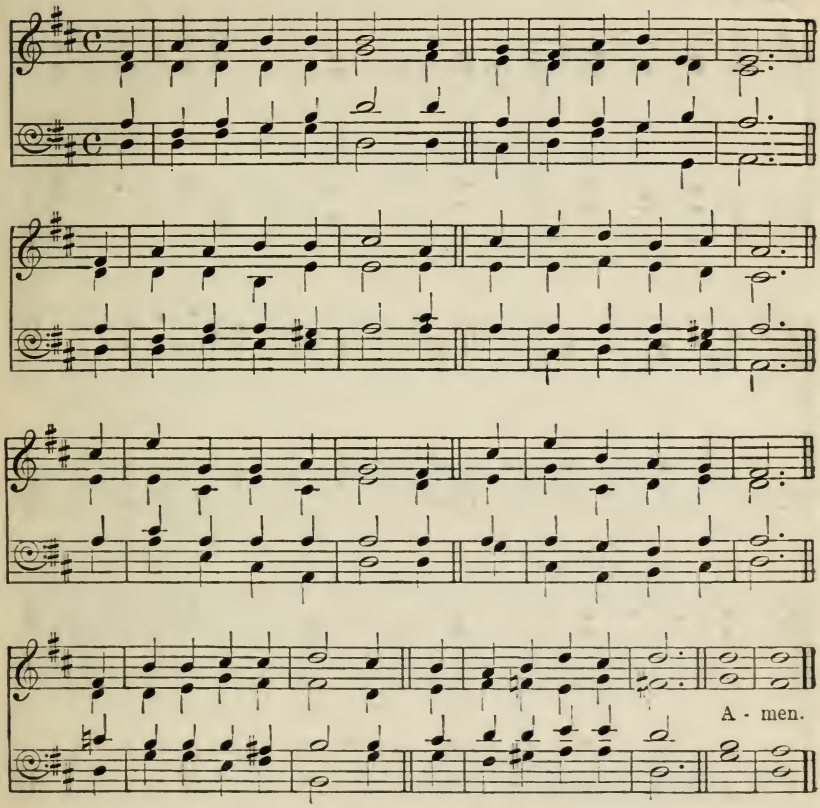
1. *f* All from the sun's uprise
Unto his setting rays,
Resound in jubilees
The great Jehovah's praise.
mf Him serve alone;
In triumph bring
Your gifts, and sing
Before His throne.

2. Man drew from man his birth;
But God his noble frame
Built of the ruddy earth,
Filled with celestial flame
p His sons we are,
Sheep by Him led,
Preserved and fed
With tender care.

3. *f* Oh, to His portals press
In your divine resorts;
With thanks His power profess,
And praise Him in His courts!
mf How good! how pure!
His mercies last!
f His promise passed
For ever sure. Amen.

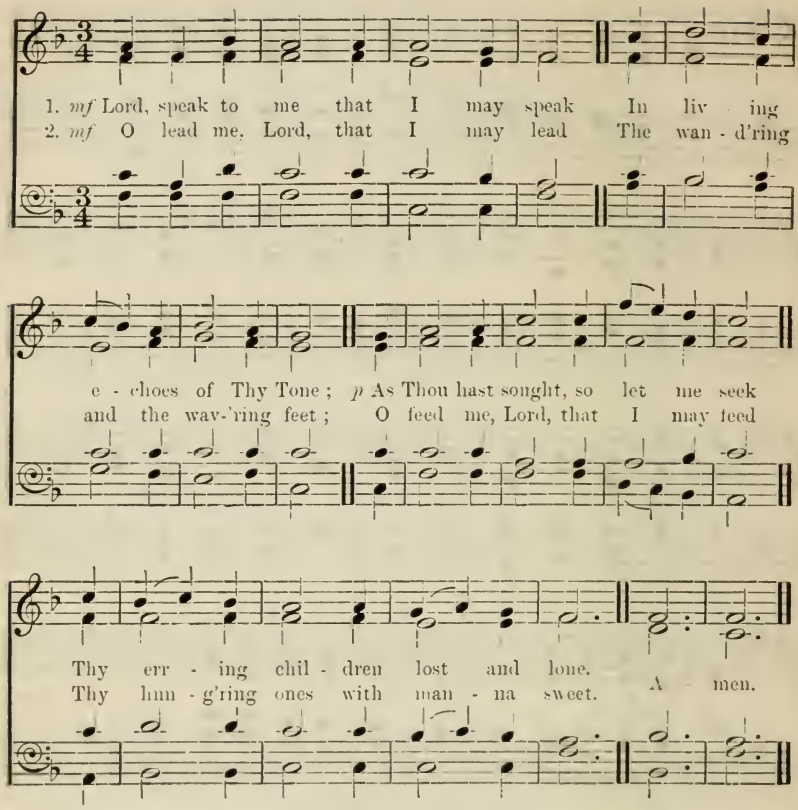
G. Sandys.

O Jesu, Thou art Standing.

F. A. Mann.

1 *p* O Jesu, Thou art standing
Outside the fast-closed door,
In lowly patience waiting
To pass the threshold o'er!
f Shame on us, O my brothers,
His name and sign who bear!
O shame—thrice shame upon us,
p To keep Him standing there!

2 *p* O Jesu, Thou art knocking;
And lo! that hand is scarred,
pp And thorns Thy brow encircle,
And tears Thy face have marred.
f O love that passeth knowledge,
So patiently to wait!
p O sin that hath no equal,
So fast to bar the gate!

3 *p* O Jesu, Thou art pleading,
In accents meek and low—
'I died for you, My brethren,
And will ye treat Me so?'
mf O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door:
f Dear Saviour, enter; enter
And leave us nevermore! Amen.

Lord, Speak to me.

1. mf Lord, speak to me that I may speak In liv - ing
2. mf O lead me, Lord, that I may lead The wan - d'ring
e - choes of Thy Tone; p As Thou hast sought, so let me seek
and the wav-'ring feet; O feed me, Lord, that I may feed
Thy err - ing chil - dren lost and lone.
Thy hun - g'ring ones with man - na sweet.
A - men.

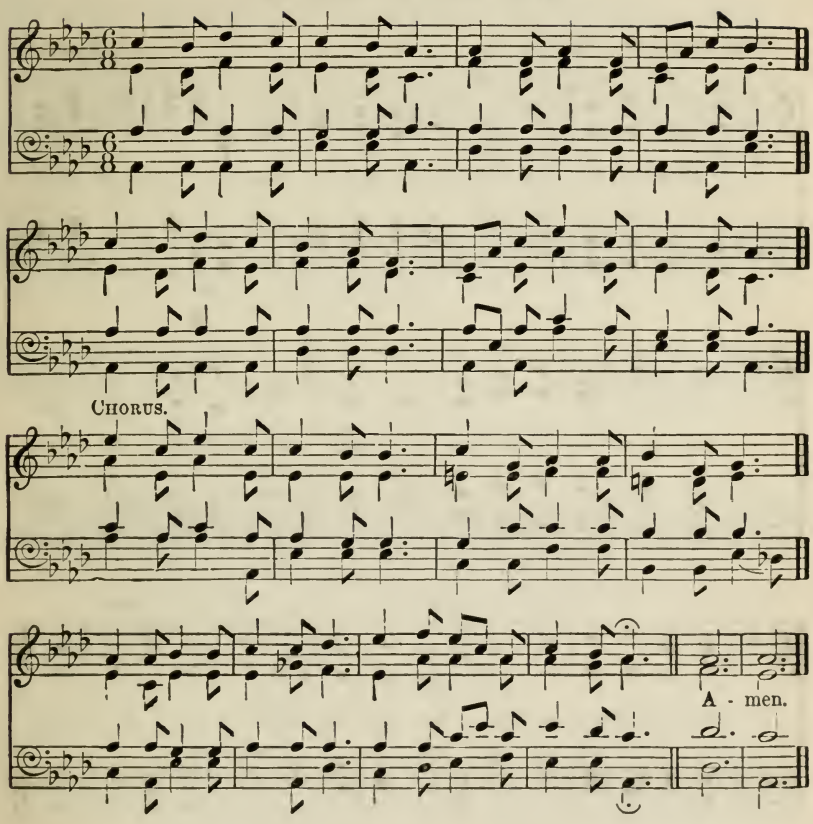
3. *mf* O strengthen me, that while I stand
Firm on the rock, and strong in Thee,
I may stretch out a loving hand
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.

4. *p* O teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things Thou dost impart;
mf And wing my words, that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a heart.

5. *mf* O give Thine own sweet rest to me,
That I may speak with soothing power
A word in season as from Thee,
To weary ones in needful hour.

6. O fill me with Thy fulness, Lord,
Until my very heart o'erflow
In kindling thought and glowing word,
Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.

7. *mf* O use me, Lord, use even me,
Just as Thou wilt, and when, and where,
cr Until Thy blessèd face I see,
Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share.

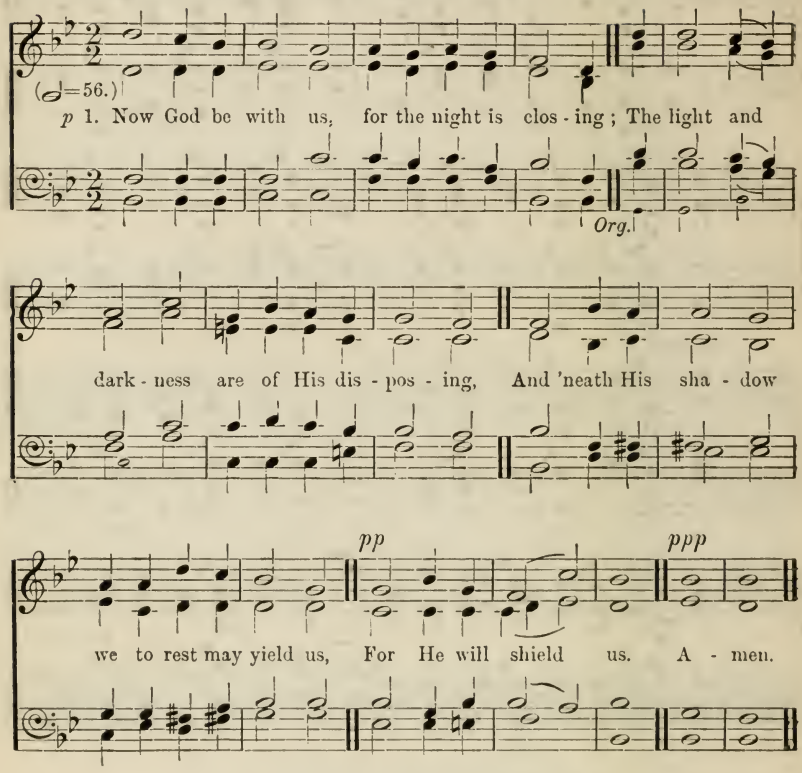
Simply Trusting.

1 *mf* Simply trusting every day,
Trusting through a stormy way;
Even when my faith is small,
Trusting Jesus, that is all.
f Trusting as the moments fly,
mf Trusting as the days go by;
cr Trusting Him whate'er befall,
f Trusting Jesus, that is all.

2 *mf* Brightly doth His Spirit shine
Into this poor heart of mine:
cr While He leads I cannot fall;
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

3 *mf* Singing, if my way be clear;
p Praying, if my path be drear;
cr If in danger, for Him call;
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

4 *p* Trusting Him while life shall last,
Trusting Him till earth be past,
cr Till within the jasper wall;
f Trusting Jesus, that is all.

Now God be with us.

PETER HERBERT (16th century). F. A. MANN.

(♩=56.)
p 1. Now God be with us, for the night is clos - ing; The light and
Org.
dark - ness are of His dis - pos - ing, And 'neath His sha - dow
pp
ppp
we to rest may yield us, For He will shield us. A - men.

mf 2. Let evil thoughts and spirits flee before us;
Till morning cometh watch, O Father, o'er us;
In soul and body Thou from harm defend us:
Thine angels send us.

p 3. Let holy thoughts be ours when sleep o'ertakes us;
cr Our earliest thoughts be Thine when morning wakes us;
f All day serve Thee: in all that we are doing
Thy praise pursuing.

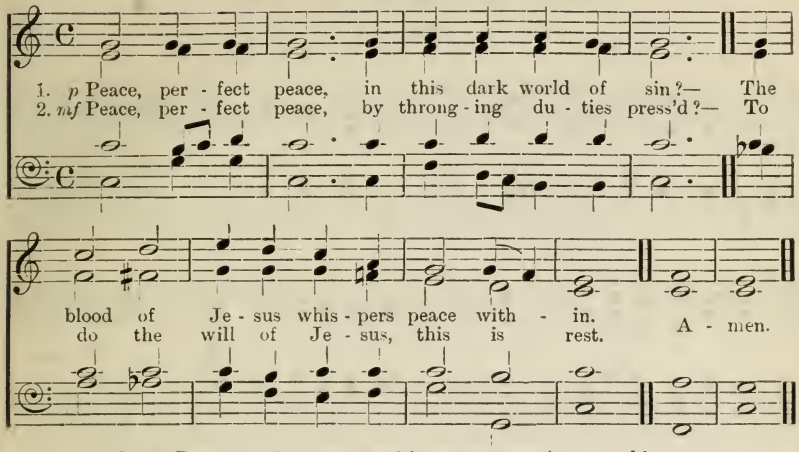
p 4. We have no refuge, none on earth to aid us,
cr Save Thee, O Father, who Thine own hast made us!
But Thy dear presence will not leave them lonely,
Who seek Thee only.

f (*unis*) 5. Father, Thy name be praised, Thy kingdom given,
Thy will be done on earth as 'tis in heaven;
harm Keep us in life, forgive our sins, deliver
Us now and ever. Amen.

68

Peace, Perfect Peace.

G. T. Caldbeck.


1. p Peace, per - fect peace, in this dark world of sin?— The
2. mf Peace, per - fect peace, by throng - ing du - ties press'd?— To
blood of Je - sus whis - pers peace with - in.
do the will of Je - sus, this is rest.
A - men.

3. *p* Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging round?—
On Jesu's bosom nought but calm is found.

4. *pp* Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away?—
mf In Jesu's keeping we are safe and they.

5. *mf* Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown?—
f Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.

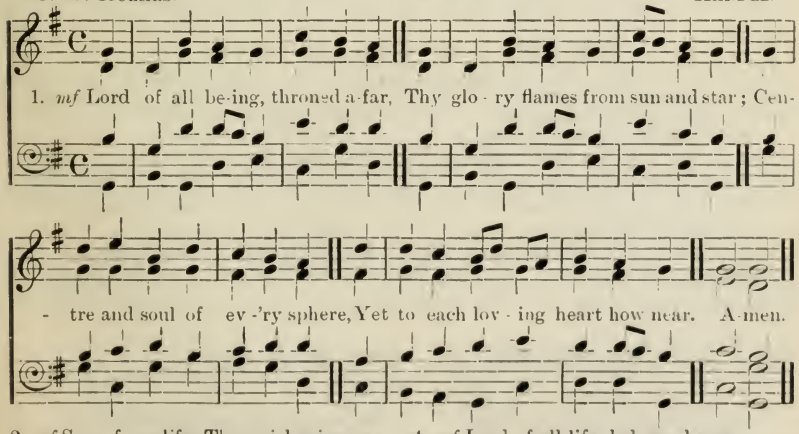
6. *p* Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours?—
f Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.

7. *mf* It is enough: earth's struggles soon shall cease,
f And Jesus call us to heaven's perfect peace.

69

Lord of all Being.

O. W. Holmes. Handel.


1. mf Lord of all be-ing, throned a-far, Thy glo - ry flames from sun and star; Cen-
- tre and soul of ev -'ry sphere, Yet to each lov - ing heart how near. A-men.

2. *mf* Sun of our life, Thy quickening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day:
p Star of our hope, Thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.

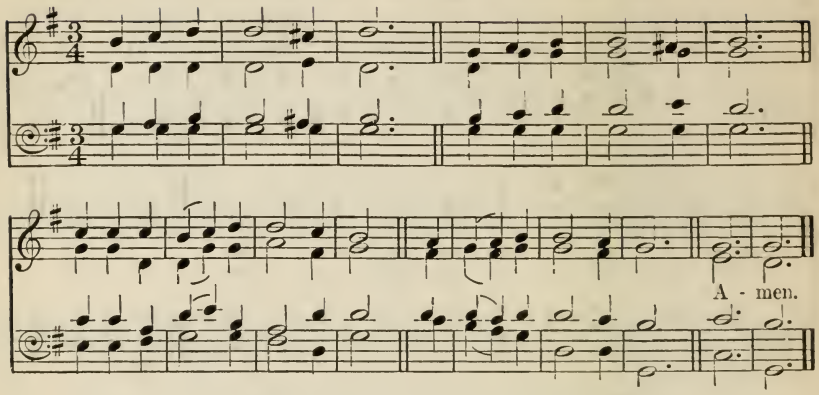
3. *p* Our midnight is Thy smile withdrawn;
Our noontide is Thy gracious dawn;
cr Our rainbow arch Thy mercy's sign:
f All, save the clouds of sin, are Thine.

4. *mf* Lord of all life, below, above,
Whose light is Truth, whose warmth is Love,
Before Thy ever-blazing throne
We ask no lustre of our own.

5. *mf* Grant us Thy truth to make us free,
cr And kindling hearts that burn for Thee,
f Till all Thy living altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame.
Amen.

Only one Heart to Give.

"SATOR."



1 'Only' one heart to give,
p 'Only' one voice to use,
'Only' one little life to live,
And 'only' one to lose.

2 *p* Poor is my best, and small;
How could I dare divide?
f Surely my Lord shall have it all,
He shall not be denied.

3 *mf* All! for far more I owe
Than all I have to bring;
p All! for my Saviour loves me so!
f All! for I love my King!

4 *p* All! for it is His own,
He gave the tiny store;
All! for it must be His alone;
All! for I have no more.

5 *p* All! for the last and least
He stoopeth to uplift:
f The altar of my great High Priest
Shall sanctify my gift.

71 Help me, my God, to speak.

Tune, "SATOR."

1 *mf* Help me, my God, to speak
True words to Thee each day;
f True let my voice be when I praise,
mf And trustful when I pray.

2 Thy words are true to me,
Let mine to Thee be true,
The speech of my whole heart and soul,
However low and few.

3 *p* True words of grief for sin,
Of longing to be free,
Of groaning for deliverance,
mf And likeness, Lord, to Thee.

4 True words of faith and hope,
Of godly joy and grief;
Lord, I believe, O hear my cry,
Help Thou my unbelief! Amen.

H. BONAR.

72 Breathe on me, Breath of God.

Tune, "SATOR."

1 *p* Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Fill me with life anew,
mf That I may love what Thou dost love
And do what Thou wouldst do.

2 *p* Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Until my heart is pure,
mf Until with Thee I will one will,
To do or to endure.

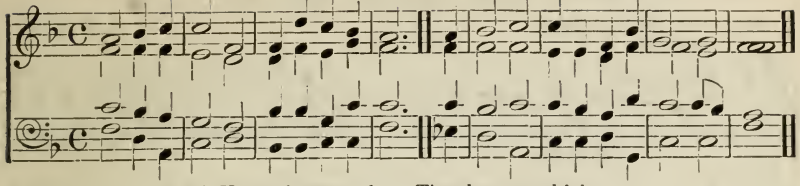
3 *mf* Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Till I am wholly Thine,
f Till all this earthly part of me
Glows with Thy fire divine.

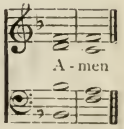
4 *mf* Breathe on me, Breath of God,
So shall I never die,
cr But live with Thee the perfect life
Of Thine Eternity. Amen.

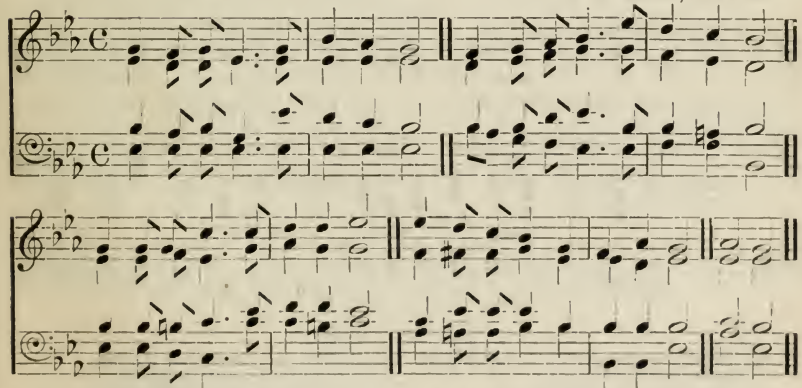
E. HATCH.

73 O King of Mercy.

T. R. Birks. T. B. Stephenson.

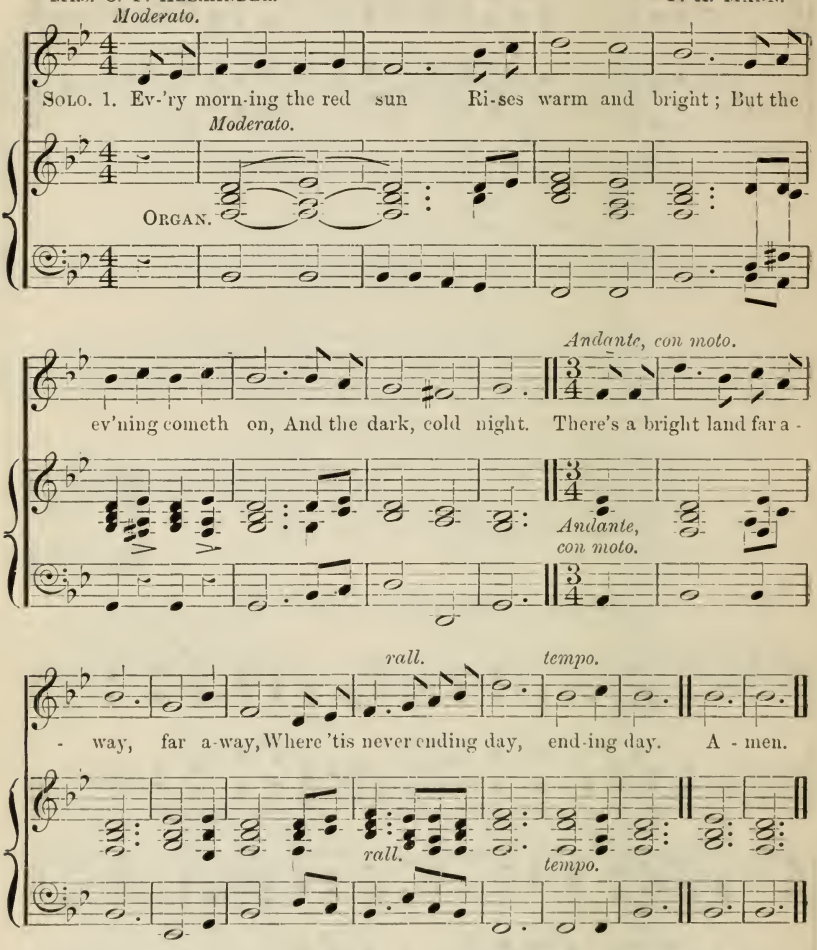


1. *mf* O King of mercy, from Thy throne on high,
   Look down in love, and hear our humble cry.
2. *p* Thou tender Shepherd of the blood-bought sheep,
   Thy feeble, wandering flock in safety keep.
3. *mf* O gentle Saviour, by Thy death we live;
   To contrite sinners life eternal give.
4. Thou art the Bread of heaven, on Thee we feed;
   Be near to help our souls in time of need.
5. *p* Thou art the mourner's stay, the sinner's Friend,
   Sweet fount of joy and blessings without end.
6. *mf* O come and cheer us with Thy heavenly grace;
   Reveal the brightness of Thy glorious face!
7. *cr* In cooling cloud by day, in fire by night,
   Be near our steps, and make our darkness light.
8. *f* Go where we go, abide where we abide;
   In life, in death, our Comfort, Strength, and Guide.
9. *mf* O lead us daily with Thine eye of love,
   p And bring us safely to our home above.

74 Jesus! and shall it ever be?

A. H. Mann, Mus. Bac.

1. *mf* Jesus! and shall it ever be,
   A mortal man ashamed of Thee!
   f Ashamed of Thee, Whom angels praise,
   Whose glories shine through endless days.
2. *mf* Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
   Let evening blush to own a star;
   He sheds the beams of light divine
   O'er this benighted soul of mine.
3. *mf* Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
   Let midnight be ashamed of noon;
   cr 'Tis midnight with my soul till He,
   Bright Morning Star, bids darkness flee.
4. *mf* Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend
   On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
   p No! when I blush, be this my shame,
   That I no more revere His name.
5. *p* Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
   When I've no guilt to wash away;
   No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
   No fears to quell, no soul to save.
6. *mf* Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
   Till then I boast a Saviour slain!
   f And oh! may this my glory be,
   That Christ is not ashamed of me.

Amen.

Every Morning the Red Sun.*

MRS. C. F. ALEXANDER. F. A. MANN.

Moderato.
SOLO. 1. Ev-'ry morn-ing the red sun Ri-ses warm and bright; But the
Moderato.
ORGAN.
Andante, con moto.
ev'ning cometh on, And the dark, cold night. There's a bright land far a -
Andante, con moto.
rall.
tempo.
- way, far a-way, Where 'tis never ending day, end-ing day. A - men.
rall.
tempo.

SOLO.

2. Every spring the sweet young flowers
Open fresh and gay,
Till the chilly autumn hours
Wither them away.

CHO. There's a land we have not seen,
Where the trees are always green.

SOLO.

3. Little birds sing songs of praise
All the summer long;
But in colder, shorter days
They forget their song.
There's a place where angels sing
Ceaseless praises to their King.

SOLO.

4. Christ our Lord is ever near
Those who follow Him;
But we cannot see Him here,
For our eyes are dim.

CHO. There's a most happy place,
Where men always see His face.

CHO.

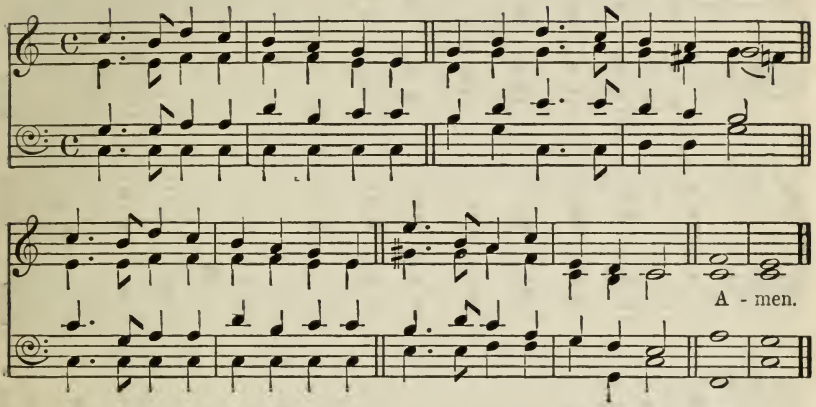
5. Who shall go to that fair land?
All who love the right;
Holy children there shall stand
In their robes of white.
For that heaven, so bright and blest,
Is our everlasting rest. Amen.

* Originally written for Soprani in key Db.

76

Souls of Men, Why will ye Scatter.

"CORTON."

F. A. MANN.

1 *mf* SOULS of men! why will ye scatter
Like a crowd of frightened sheep?
Foolish hearts! why will ye wander
From a love so true and deep?

2 *p* Was there ever kindest shepherd
Half so gentle, half so sweet,
As the Saviour, Who would have us
Come and gather round His feet?

3 *p* There is no place where earth's sorrows
Are more felt than up in Heaven;
There is no place where earth's failings
Have such kindly judgment given.

4 *mf* There is welcome for the sinner,
There are graces for the good;
There is mercy with the Saviour;
There is healing in His blood.

5 *f* For the love of God is broader
Than the measures of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

6 *mf* Pining souls! come nearer Jesus,
And O, come not doubting thus!
f But with faith that trusts more bravely
His huge tenderness for us.

Amen. F. W. FABER.

77

Courage, Brother, do not Stumble.

Tune, "CORTON."

1 *mf* COURAGE, brother! do not stumble,
Though thy path be dark as night.
There's a star to guide the humble:
f "Trust in God, and do the right."

2 *p* Though the road be long and dreary;
And its ending out of sight:
mf Foot it bravely—strong or weary:
f "Trust in God, and do the right."

3 *mf* Trust no party, church, or faction,
Trust no leaders in the fight,
But in every word and action
"Trust in God, and do the right."

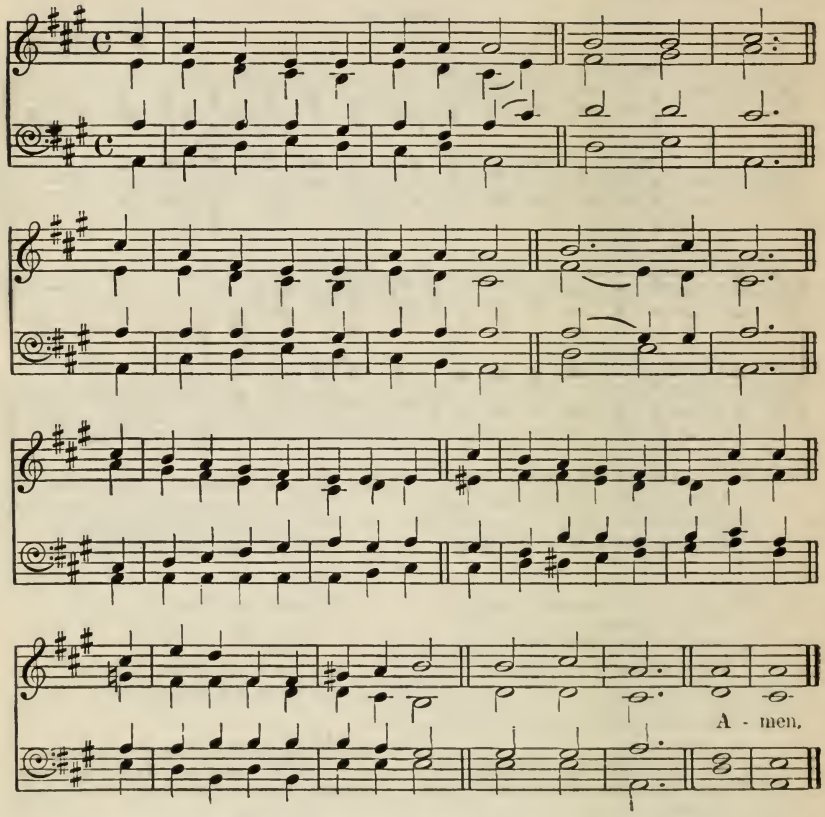
4 *mf* Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
Some will flatter, some will slight:
Cease from man, and look above thee;
f "Trust in God, and do the right."

5 *mf* Trust no forms of guilty passion—
Fiends can look like angels bright;
Trust no custom, school, or fashion,
f "Trust in God, and do the right."

6 *mf* Simple rule and safest guiding,
p Inward peace and inward light,
mf Star upon our path abiding,
f "Trust in God, and do the right."

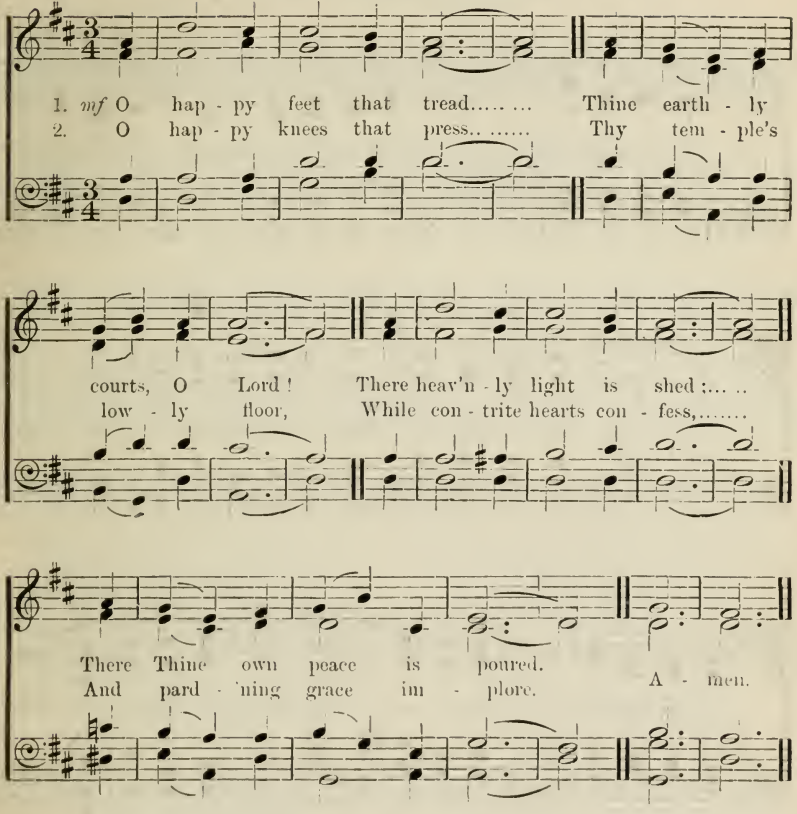
Amen. N. MACLEOD.

My Heart is Fixed.

T. B. Stephenson.

1 *mf* My heart is fixed, eternal God,
Fixed on Thee;
And my immortal choice is made,
Christ for me.
cr He is my Prophet, Priest, and King,
Who did for me salvation bring;
f And while I've breath I mean to sing,
Christ for me.

2 *mf* Let others boast of heaps of gold,
Christ for me;
f His riches never can be told,
Christ for me.
p Your gold will waste and wear away,
Your honours perish in a day;
f My portion never can decay,
Christ for me.

3 *p* In pining sickness, or in health,
Christ for me;
In deepest poverty, or wealth,
Christ for me;
pp And in that all-important day,
When I the summons must obey,
And pass from this dark world away,
Christ for me. Amen.

O Happy Feet that Tread.

1. mf O hap - py feet that tread..... ... Thine earth - ly
2. O hap - py knees that press.. ..... Thy tem - ple's
courts, O Lord! There heav'n - ly light is shed ;... ..
low - ly floor, While con - trite hearts con - fess,.....
There Thine own peace is poured.
And pard - 'ning grace im - plore.
A - men.

3. *mf* O happy ears that hear
With glad and simple faith
cr The message ringing clear—
"Thy sins God pardoneth!"

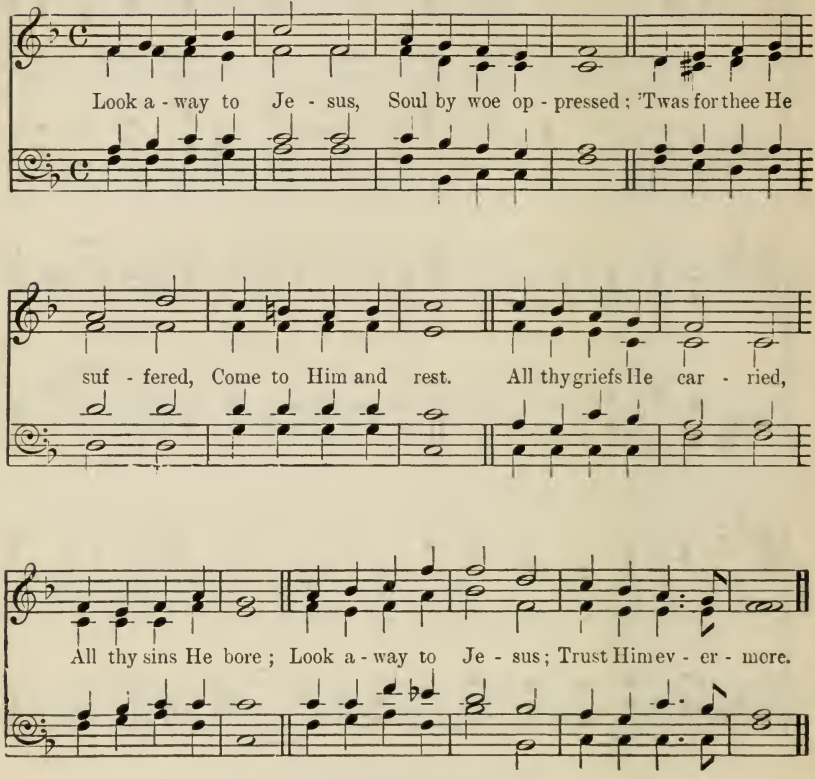
4. *mf* O happy tongues that sing
With glowing praise on fire,
p Here faintly echoing
The bright celestial choir!

5. *mf* O happy eyes that light
With brave and holy pride
The one faith to recite,
For which the martyrs died.

6. O happier still who low
At Thy blest banquet kneel,
p With trembling rapture glow,
And there Thy presence feel!

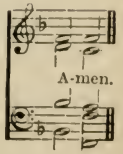
7. *mf* But happiest, happiest far,
To Heaven's fair courts to soar,
f And, where all glories are,
To praise Thee evermore! Amen.

Look away to Jesus.

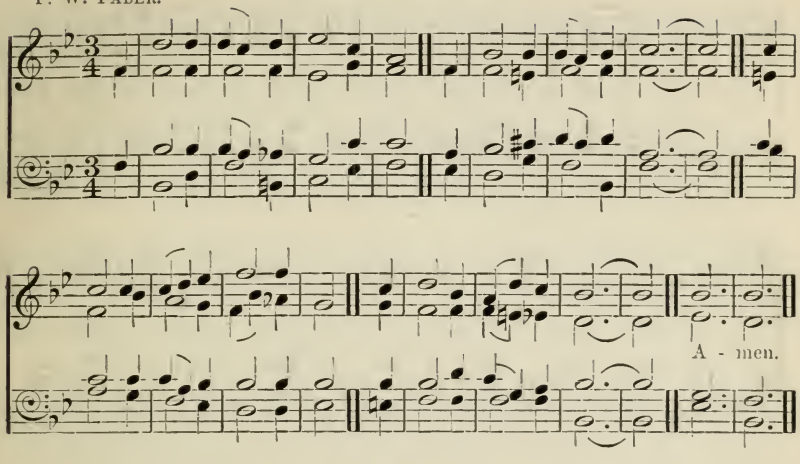
P. P. Bliss.

Look a - way to Je - sus, Soul by woe op - pressed; 'Twas for thee He
suf - fered, Come to Him and rest. All thy griefs He car - ried,
All thy sins He bore; Look a - way to Je - sus; Trust Him ev - er - more.

2 *p* Look away to Jesus, soldier in the fight,
When the battle thickens, keep thine armour bright;
cr Though thy foes be many, though thy strength be small,
Look away to Jesus, He shall conquer all.

3 *mf* Look away to Jesus, when the skies are fair;
p Calm seas have their dangers; mariners, beware!
mf Earthly joys are fleeting, going as they came:
Look away to Jesus, evermore the same.

4 *mf* Look away to Jesus, 'mid the toil and heat,
p Soon will come the resting at the Master's feet,
f For the guests are bidden, and the feast is spread:
Look away to Jesus, in His footsteps tread.

Oh, it is Hard to Work for God.

F. W. Faber. *Tune*—"Lætitia."



Part I.

1.

p Oh, it is hard to work for God,
To rise and take His part
mf Upon this battle-field of earth,
And not sometimes lose heart!

2.

p He hides Himself so wondrously,
As though there were no God;
He is least seen when all the powers
Of ill are most abroad.

3.

mf Ill masters good; good seems to change
To ill with greatest ease;
And, worst of all, the good with good
Is at cross purposes.

4.

It is not so, but so it looks,
And we lose courage then;
And doubts will come if God hath kept
His promises to men.

5.

Ah! God is other than we think—
His ways are far above;
Far beyond reason's height, and reached
Only by child-like love.

Part II.

6.

mf Workman of God, oh lose not heart,
But learn what God is like,
And in the darkest battle-field
f Thou shalt know where to strike.

7.

mf Thrice blest is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell,
That God is on the field when He
Is most invisible.

8.

Blest too is he who can divine
Where real truth doth lie,
And dares to take the side that seems
Wrong to man's blindfold eye.

9.

Then learn to scorn the praise of man,
And learn to lose with God;
p For Jesus won the world thro' shame,
And beckons thee His road.

10.

God's glory is a wondrous thing,
Most strange in all its ways,
And of all things in earth least like
What men agree to praise.

11.

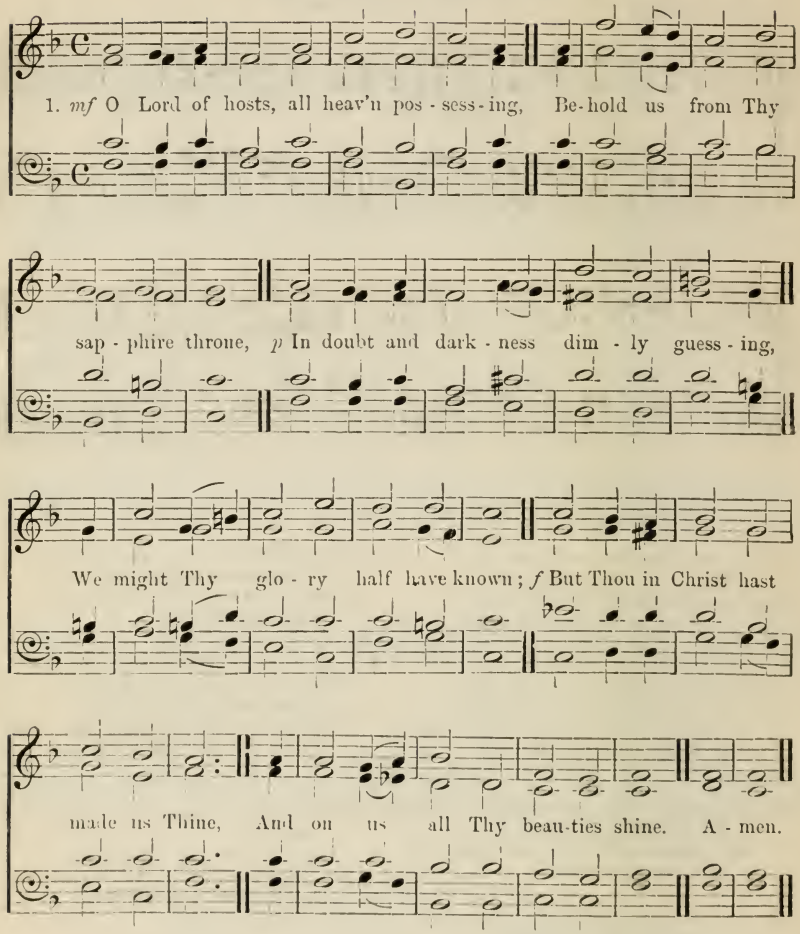
p Muse on His justice, downcast soul!
mf Muse, and take better heart;
Back with thine angel to the field,
f And bravely do thy part!

12.

For right is right, since God is God,
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty.
To falter would be sin. Amen.

O Lord of Hosts!

J. Conder Nattrass.


1. mf O Lord of hosts, all heav'n pos - sess - ing, Be-hold us from Thy
sap - phire throne, p In doubt and dark - ness dim - ly guess - ing,
We might Thy glo - ry half have known; f But Thou in Christ hast
made us Thine, And on us all Thy beau-ties shine. A - men.

2.

mf Illumine all disciples, teachers,
Thy law's deep wonders to unfold;
With reverent hand let wisdom's preachers [old;
Bring forth their treasures new and
cr. Let oldest, youngest, find in Thee
Of truth and love the boundless sea.

3.

mf Let faith still light the lamp of science,
And knowledge pass from truth to truth,
p And wisdom, in its full reliance,
Renew the primal awe of youth;
So holier, wiser, may we grow,
As time's swift currents onward flow.

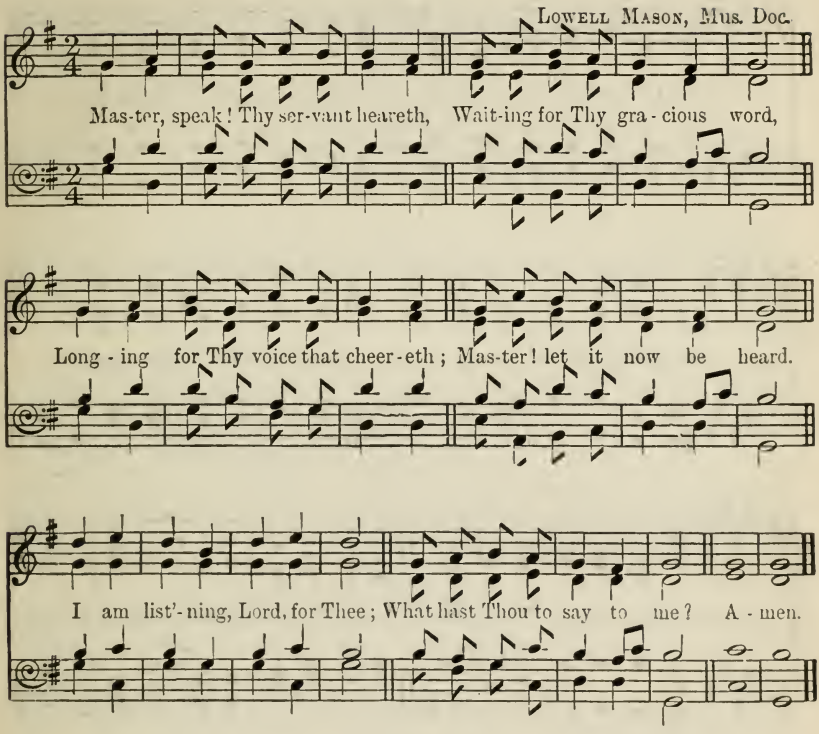
4.

p Grant us, O Lord, in patience gleaning,
Thy truths in memory's shrine to store;
Reveal to us each secret meaning
Of Thy word's divinest lore;
When round us mists of evening rise,
Shine Thou upon our wistful eyes.

5.

mf Bind Thou our life in fullest union
With all Thy saints from sin set free;
f Uphold us in that blest communion
Of all Thy saints on earth with Thee:
Keep Thou our souls, or here, or there,
In perfect love that casts out fear.
Amen.

Master, speak! Thy servant heareth.

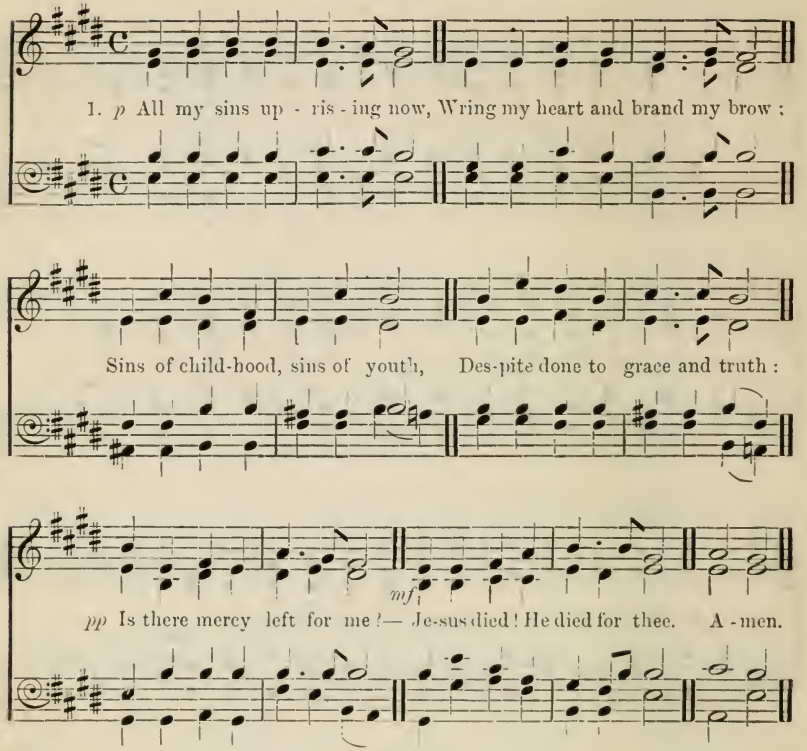

Lowell Mason, Mus. Doc.
Mas-ter, speak! Thy ser-vant heareth, Wait-ing for Thy gra-cious word,
Long-ing for Thy voice that cheer-eth; Mas-ter! let it now be heard.
I am list'-ning, Lord, for Thee; What hast Thou to say to me? A-men.

2 *p* Speak to me by name, O Master,
Let me know it is to me;
mf Speak that I may follow faster,
With a step more firm and free,
Where the Shepherd leads the flock,
In the shadow of the Rock.

3 *p* Master, speak! tho' least and lowest,
Let me not unheard depart;
Master, speak! for O, Thou knowest
All the yearnings of my heart;
mf Knowest all its truest need;
Speak! and make me blest indeed.

4 *p* Master, speak! and make me ready,
When Thy voice is truly heard,
mf With obedience glad and steady
Still to follow every word.
I am listening, Lord, for Thee;
Master, speak, O speak to me!

All my Sins uprising now.


1. p All my sins up - ris - ing now, Wring my heart and brand my brow :
Sins of child-hood, sins of youth, Des-pite done to grace and truth :
mf
pp Is there mercy left for me ?— Je-sus died ! He died for thee. A - men.

2. *p* Deeds and words and fancies vain,
Darker, deadlier made the stain
On the record kept on high,
dim On my soul condemned to die :
Is there cleansing left for me ?
mf Jesus bled ! He bled for thee.

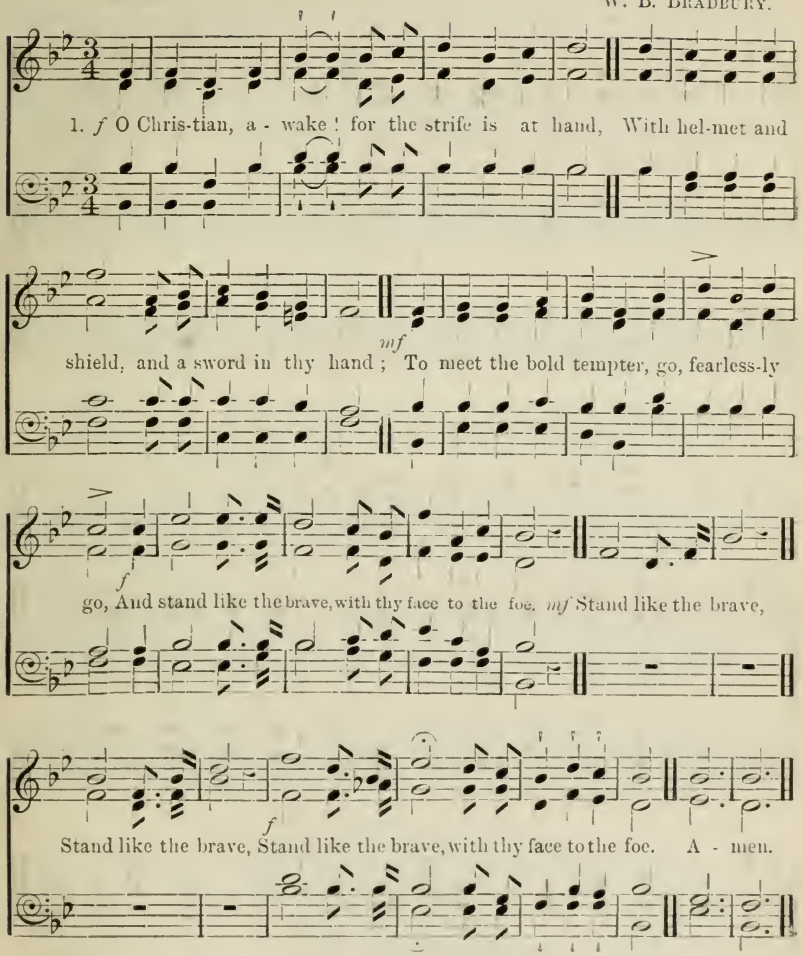
3. *pp* Ah, my heart is hard within,
Callous through repeated sin :
When I fain would kneel and pray,
Satan steals the power away :
cr Say, what hope remains for me ?
mf Jesus prayed ! He prays for thee.

4. *mf* Once, far back in earlier years,
I bedewed my couch with tears ;
dim Now no gracious drops will flow
From the deeper fount of woe :
pp Death and judgment wait for me !—
p Jesus wept ! He wept for thee !

5. *p* Jesus died,—to make thee whole :
pp Jesus bled,—to wash thy soul :
cr Jesus prayed,—and thou hast part
Jesus wept,—to break thy heart :
mf Jesus waits : poor sinner, see ;
f Rise, look up, He calleth thee. Amen.

O Christian, Awake!

W. B. Bradbury.

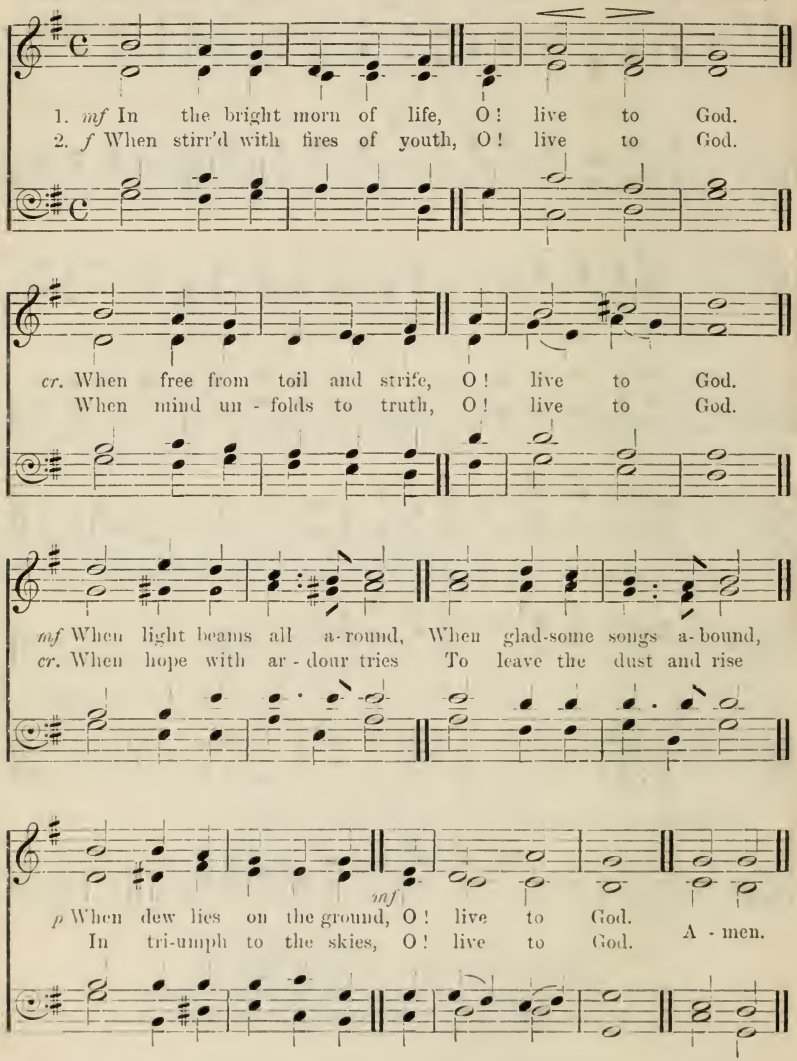

1. f O Chris-tian, a - wake! for the strife is at hand, With hel-met and
mf
shield, and a sword in thy hand; To meet the bold tempter, go, fearless-ly
f
go, And stand like the brave, with thy face to the foe. mf Stand like the brave,
f
Stand like the brave, Stand like the brave, with thy face to the foe. A - men.

2. *mf* Whatever thy danger, take heed and beware,
And turn not thy back, for no armour is there;
cr. The legions of darkness if thou wouldst o'erthrow,
f Then stand like the brave, with thy face to the foe.
Stand like the brave, etc.

3. *mf* The cause of thy Master with vigour defend;
Be watchful, be zealous, and fight to the end;
cr. Wherever He leads thee, go valiantly, go,
f And stand like the brave, with thy face to the foe.
Stand like the brave, etc.

4. *mf* Press on, never doubting, thy Captain is near,
With grace to supply and with comfort to cheer!
p His love like a stream in the desert will flow—
f Then stand like the brave, with thy face to the foe.
Stand like the brave, etc.

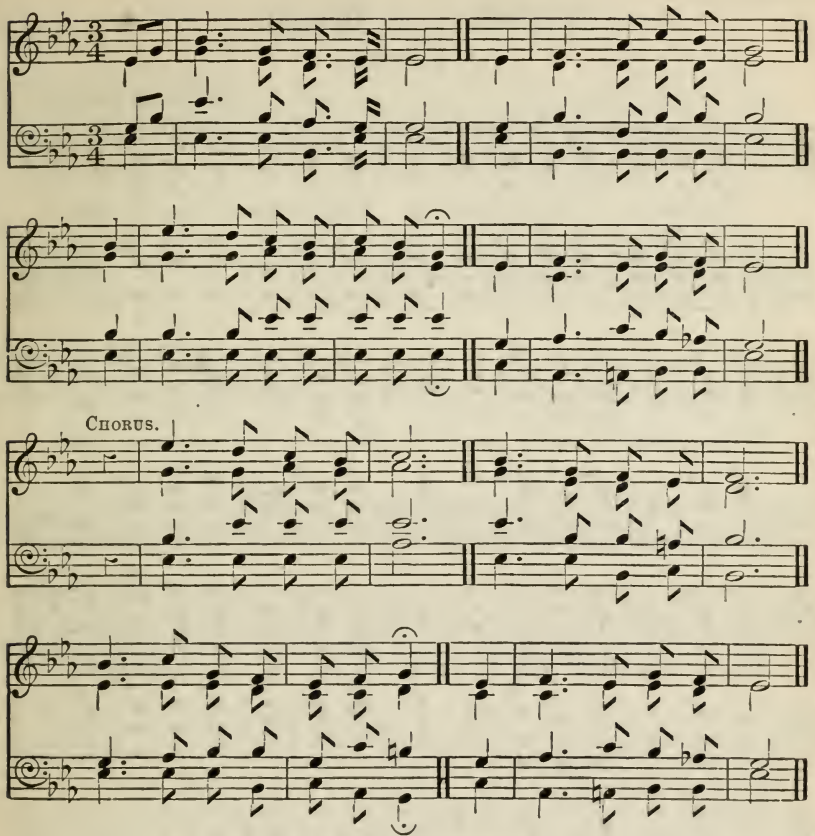
O! Live to God.

Rev. John Hugh Morgan. Rev. J. Conder Nattrass.

1. mf In the bright morn of life, O! live to God.
2. f When stirr'd with fires of youth, O! live to God.
cr. When free from toil and strife, O! live to God.
When mind un - folds to truth, O! live to God.
mf When light beams all a-round, When glad-some songs a-bound,
cr. When hope with ar - dour tries To leave the dust and rise
mf
p When dew lies on the ground, O! live to God.
In tri-umph to the skies, O! live to God.
A - men.

3. *mf* Serve Him in manhood's prime,
O! live to God.
With talent, toil, and time,
O! live to God.
cr. Give Him thy manhood's crown,
Put rebel passions down,
f Extol His just renown,
O! live to God.

4. *p* When evening shadows spread,
O! live to God.
pp When droops thy weary head,
O! live to God.
mf When pleasures lose their zest,
When sorrows banish rest,
Still bow to His behest;
f O! live to God. Amen.

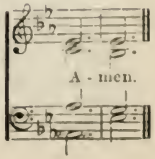
I hear Thy Welcome Voice.

L. Hartsough.

1 *p* I hear Thy welcome voice,
That calls me, Lord, to Thee,
For cleansing in Thy precious blood
That flowed on Calvary.
mf I am coming, Lord,
Coming now to Thee;
Wash me, cleanse me, in the blood
p That flowed on Calvary.

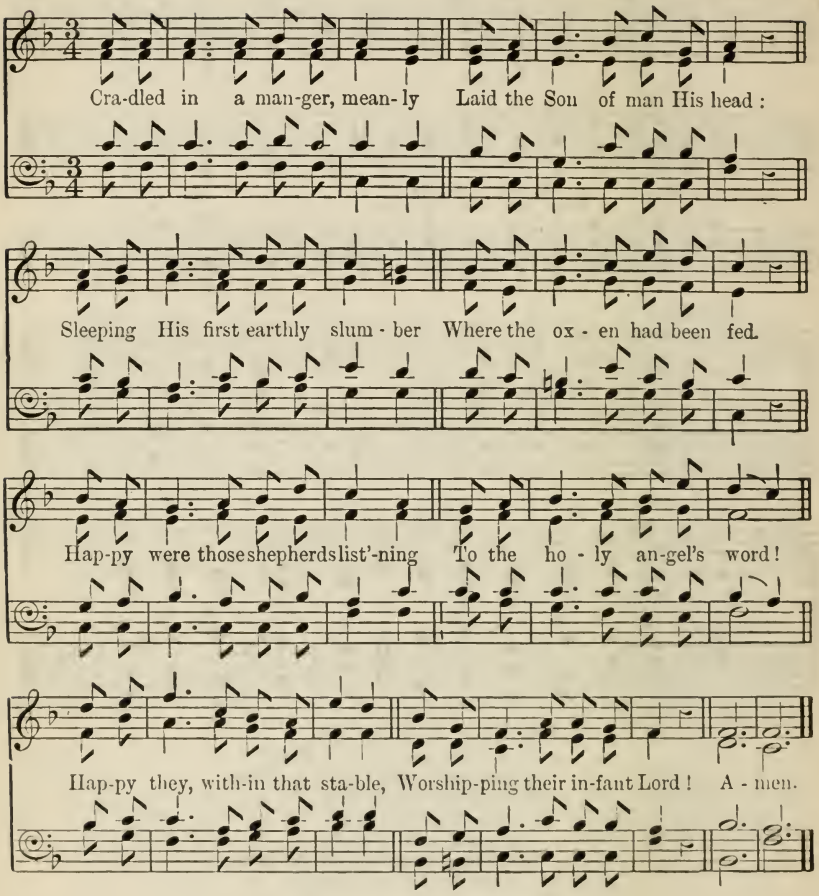
2 Though coming weak and vile,
Thou dost my strength assure;
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,
Till spotless all and pure.

3 *mf* 'Tis Jesus who confirms
The blessed work within,
By adding grace to welcomed grace,
Where reigned the power of sin.

4 And He the witness gives
To loyal hearts and free,
f That every promise is fulfilled,
If faith but brings the plea.

5 *f* All hail, atoning blood!
All hail, redeeming grace!
ff All hail, the gift of Christ our Lord,
Our Strength and Righteousness.

Cradled in a Manger.

"ST. WINIFRED."

Rev. S. J. P. Dunman.

Cra-dled in a man-ger, mean-ly Laid the Son of man His head:
Sleeping His first earthly slum-ber Where the ox-en had been fed.
Hap-py were those shepherds list'-ning To the ho-ly an-gel's word!
Hap-py they, with-in that sta-ble, Worship-ping their in-fant Lord! A-men.

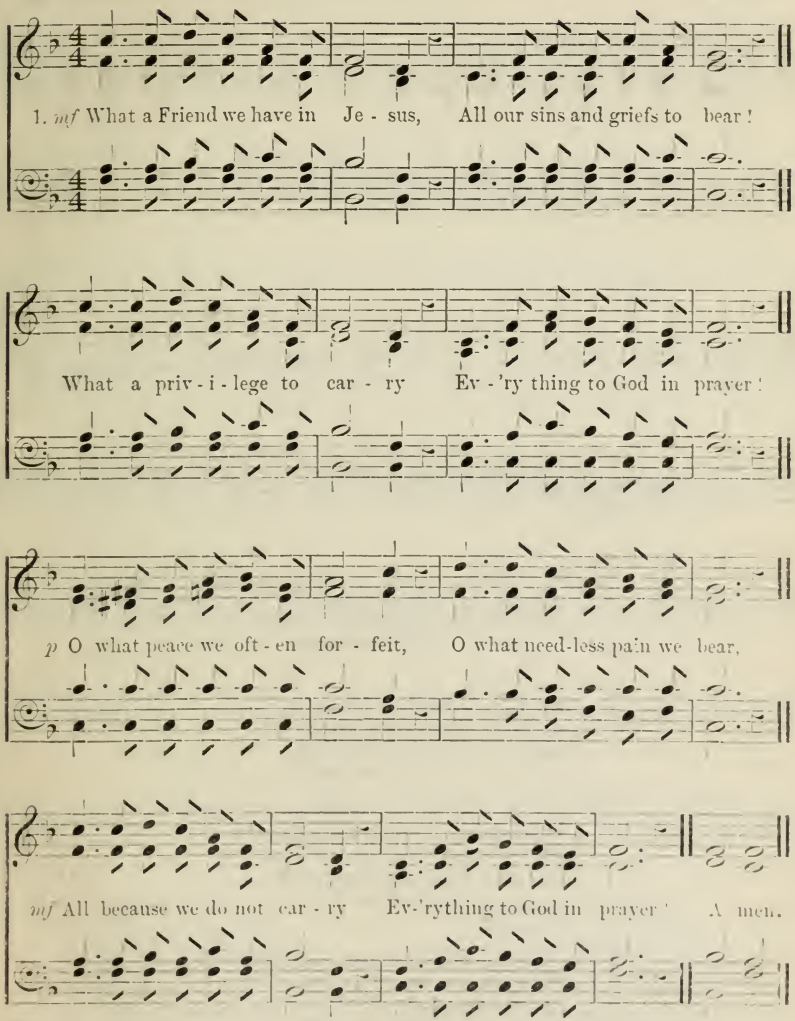
2 *mf* Happy all who hear the message
Of His coming from above!
f Happier still who hail His coming,
And with praises greet His love!
p Blesséd Saviour, Christ most holy!
In a manger Thou didst rest:
pp Canst Thou stoop again, yet lower,
And abide within my breast?

3 *p* Evil things are there before Thee;
In the heart, where they have fed:
Wilt Thou pitifully enter,
Son of Man, and lay Thy head?
cr Enter then, O Christ most holy;
Make a Christmas in my heart;
f Make a heaven of my manger;
It is heaven where Thou art.

4 *p* And to those who never listened
To the message of Thy birth,
Who have winter, but no Christmas
Bringing them Thy "peace on earth,"
cr Send to these the joyful tidings:
f By all people, in each home,
Be there heard the Christmas anthem,
ff "Praise to God, the Christ has come!"

What a Friend we have in Jesus!

J. Scriven. C. C. Converse.


1. mf What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry thing to God in prayer!
p O what peace we oft - en for - feit, O what need-less pain we bear,
mf All because we do not car - ry Ev-'rything to God in prayer! A men.

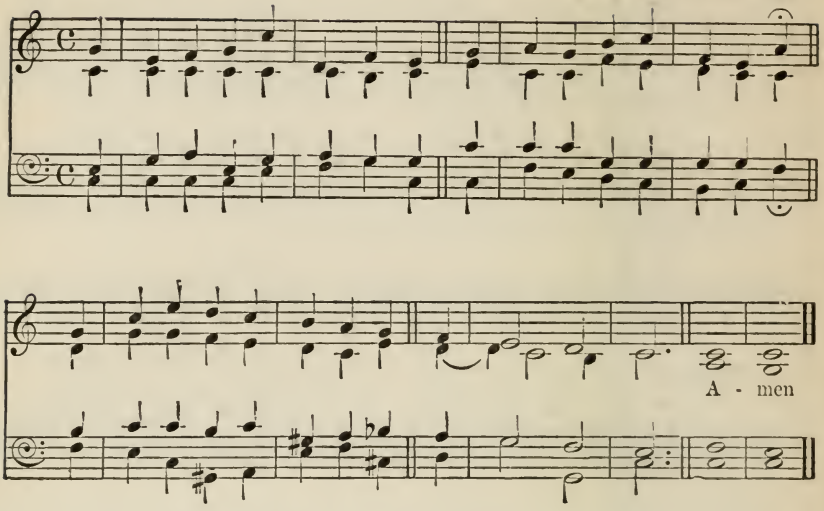
2. *mf* Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged:
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a Friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness:
Take it to the Lord in prayer!

3. *p* Are you weak and heavy-laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
mf Precious Saviour, still our refuge!
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer!
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there. Amen.

This Hymn may be sung to "St. Winifred," No. 88.

By Christ Redeemed.

Dr. Bullinger.



1 *mf* By Christ redeemed, in Christ restored,
We keep the memory adored,
f And show the death of our dear Lord,
Until He come!

2 *mf* His body, broken in our stead,
Is shown in this memorial bread;
And so our feeble faith is fed,
Until He come!

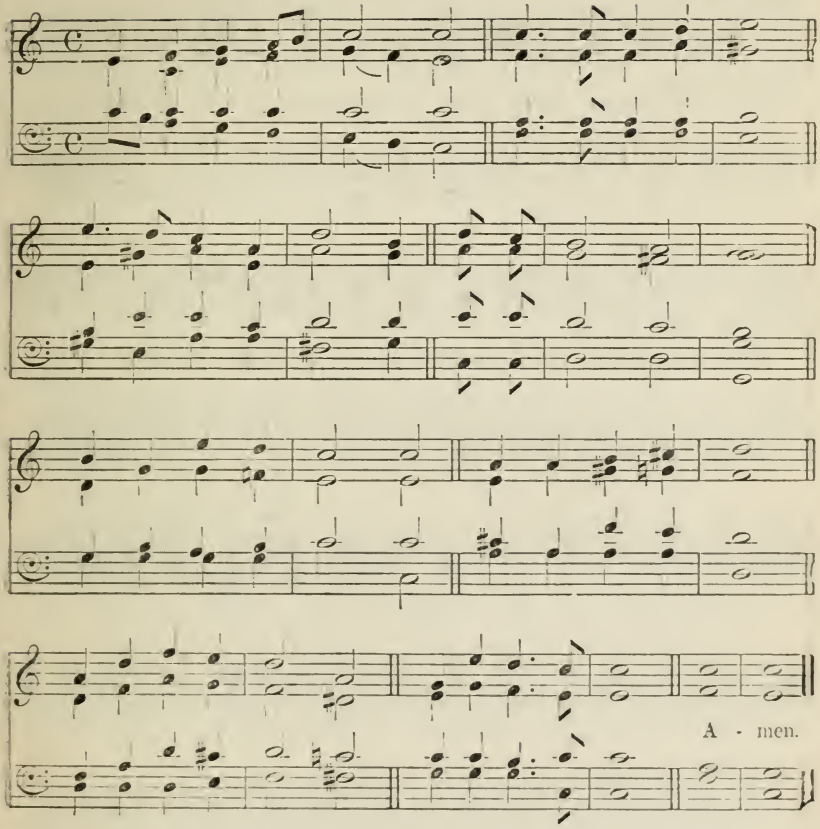
3 *p* The streams of His dread agony,
His life-blood shed for us we see;
The wine shall tell the mystery,
Until He come!

4 *p* And thus that dark betrayal-night,
With the last advent we unite,
cr By one blest chain of loving rite,
Until He come!

5 *mf* Until the trump of God be heard,
Until the ancient graves be stirred,
f And with the great commanding word
The Lord shall come!

6 *mf* O blessèd hope! with this elate,
Let not our hearts be desolate
f But, strong in faith, in patience wait,
Until He come!

Lift the Gospel Banner.

F. A. Mann.

1 *mf* Lift the Gospel banner,
Wave it far and wide,
f Through the crowded city,
Over ocean's tide:
p Sound the proclamation,
Peace to all mankind,
cr Jesus and salvation
All the world may find.

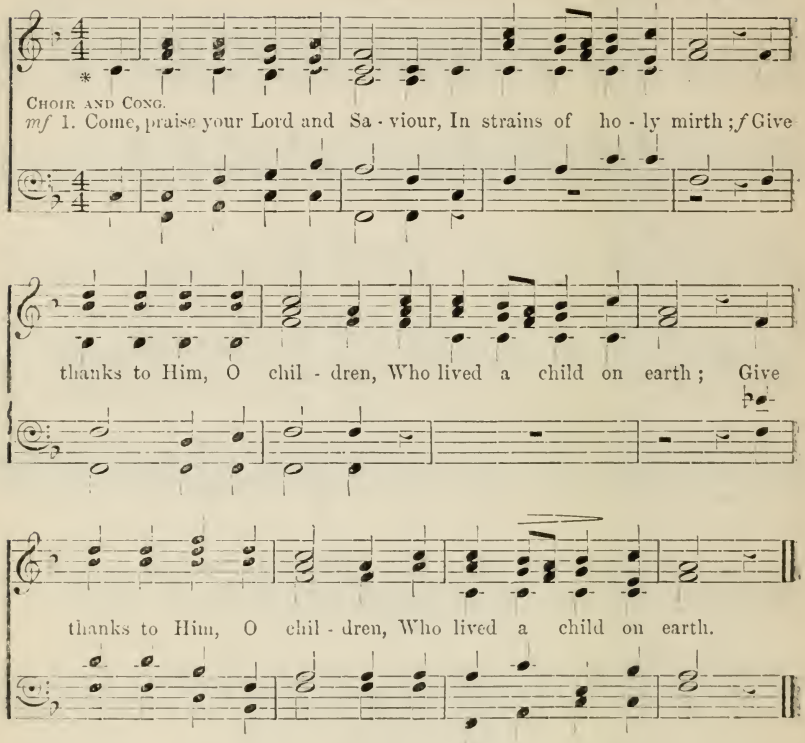
2 *mf* Let us raise the fallen,
Lend the oppressed a hand,
Teach the Christly lesson
All may understand;
Go, where hardening vices
Have their strongest hold,
p Like a sweet dove, gentle,
f Like a lion, bold.

3 *mf* Lift the gospel standard,
Spread the gospel light,
cr Let the blessèd radiance
Flame o'er heathen night;
p Love is God's own sunshine,
Such as angels prove:
cr Conquer men by kindness,
God Himself is Love.

4 *mf* Let us rise to action,
Work with one design,
Work with Christ, and triumph
In the work divine;
cr Victory's palm awaits us,
Let us then work on
Till we hear the welcome,
"Faithful ones, well done!"

Come, Praise your Lord and Saviour.

BISHOP HOW. *Arranged from the German by* EDITH E. MANN.


CHOIR AND CONG.
mf 1. Come, praise your Lord and Sa - viour, In strains of ho - ly mirth; f Give
thanks to Him, O chil - dren, Who lived a child on earth; Give
thanks to Him, O chil - dren, Who lived a child on earth.

CHOIR OR SOLO. 2.

He loved the little children,
And called them to His side;
His loving arms embraced them,
And for their sake He died.

BOYS 3.

mf O Jesu, we would praise Thee
With songs of holy joy;
dim. For Thou on earth didst sojourn,
A pure and spotless boy.

CHOIR AND CONG. 4.

mf Make us like Thee, obedient;
cr. Like Thee, from sin-stains free;
dim. Like Thee, in God's own temple;
p In lowly home, like Thee.

GIRLS. 5.

mf O Jesu, we too praise Thee,
The lowly maiden's Son;
p In Thee all gentlest graces
mf Are gathered into one.

GIRLS. 6.

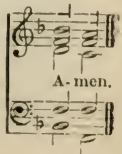
p O give that best adornment
cr. That Christian maid can wear;
p The meek and quiet spirit
mf Which shone in Thee so fair.

BOYS AND GIRLS. 7.

mf O Lord, with voices blended,
f We sing our songs of praise;
dim. Be Thou the light and pattern
mf Of all our childhood's days.

CHOIR AND CONG. 8.

mf And lead us ever onward,
That while we stay below
cr. We may like Thee, O Jesu,
f In grace and wisdom grow.

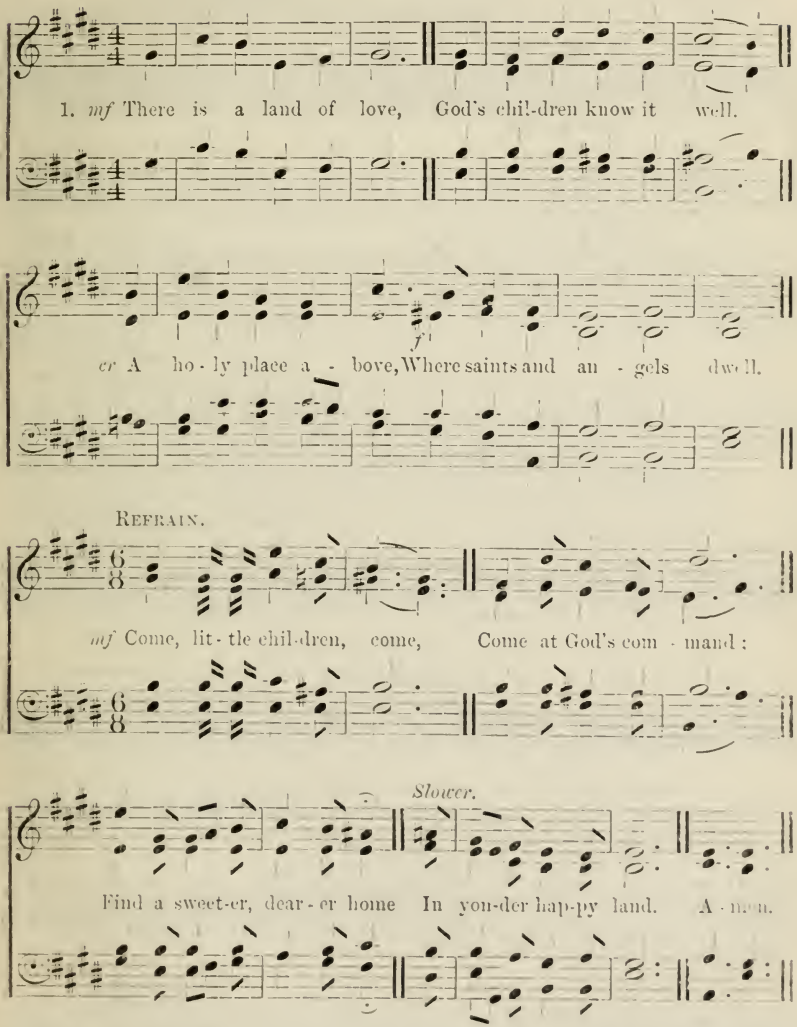


* The three-part harmony is complete for equal voices.

Come, Little Children, Come.

[Second Tune.]

T. Wallhead.


1. mf There is a land of love, God's chil-dren know it well.
cr A ho-ly place a-bove, Where saints and an-gels dwell.
f
Refrain.
mf Come, lit-tle chil-dren, come, Come at God's com-mand:
Slower.
Find a sweet-er, dear-er home In yon-der hap-py land. A-men.

2. *p* No vexing thoughts are there,
No sorrow and no pains;
mf Eternal blessings where
Your dear Redeemer reigns.

3. *mf* And hallowed songs are sung
By loving hearts and true;
cr And golden harps are strung
f To strains for ever new.

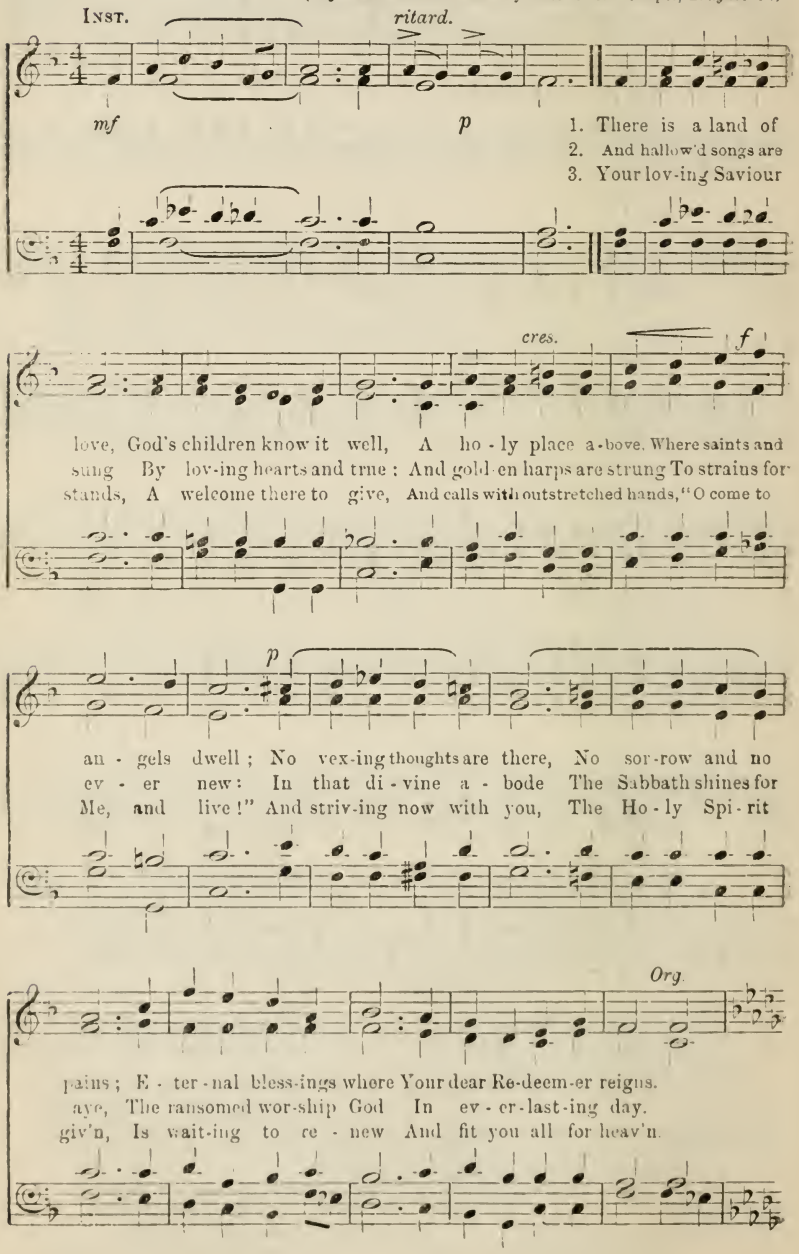
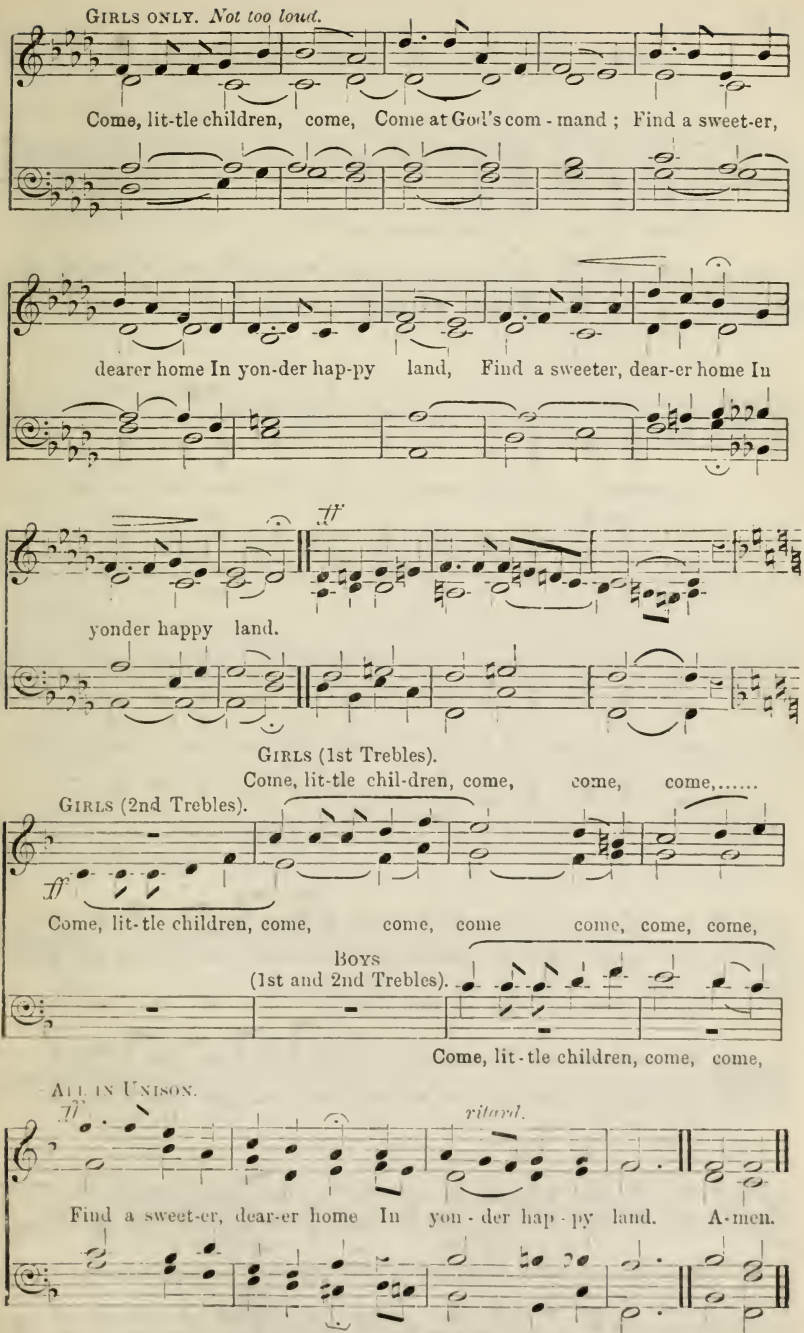
4. *p* In that divine abode
The Sabbath shines for aye,
mf The ransomed worship God
In everlasting day.

5. *mf* Your loving Saviour stands,
A welcome there to give;
cr And calls, with outstretch'd hands,
f "O come to Me, and live!"

6. *p* And striving now with you,
The Holy Spirit given,
mf Is waiting to renew
And fit you all for heaven.

Amen.

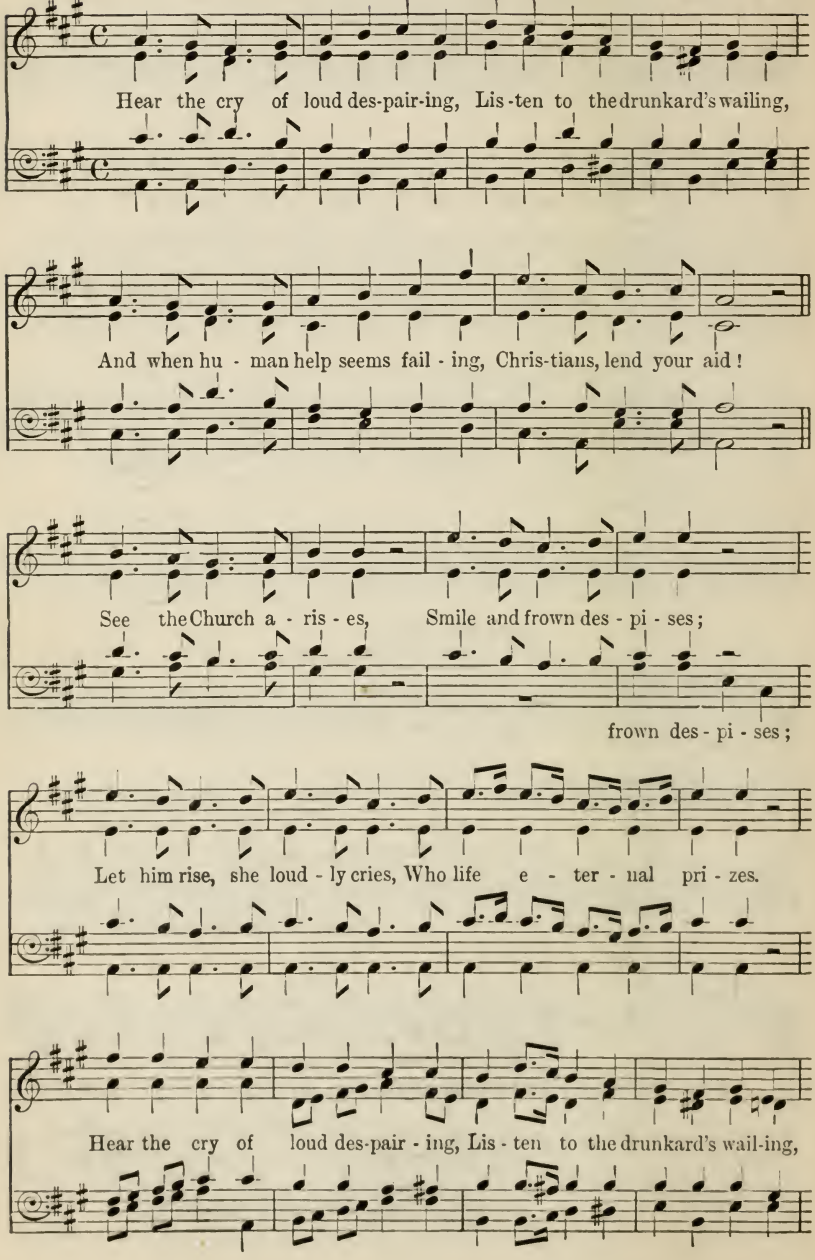
Come, Little Children, Come.

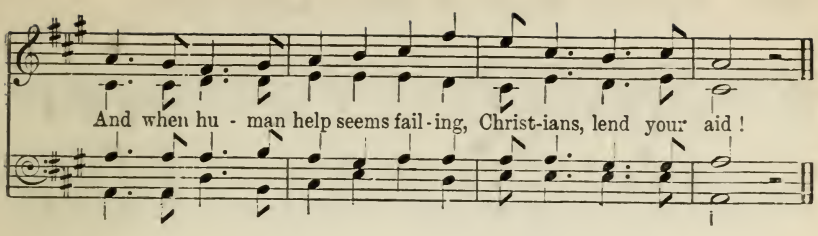
W. PALTRIDGE, L. Mus.
(Organist and Choirmaster of Leicester Rd. Chapel, Loughboro'.)

INST.
ritard.
mf
p
1. There is a land of
2. And hallow'd songs are
3. Your lov-ing Saviour
cres.
f
love, God's children know it well, A ho - ly place a-bove. Where saints and
sung By lov-ing hearts and true: And gold-en harps are strung To strains for
stands, A welcome there to give, And calls with outstretched hands, "O come to
p
an - gels dwell; No vex-ing thoughts are there, No sor-row and no
ev - er new: In that di - vine a - bode The Sabbath shines for
Me, and live!" And striv-ing now with you, The Ho - ly Spi - rit
Org.
pains; E - ter - nal bless-ings where Your dear Re-deem-er reigns.
aye, The ransomed wor-ship God In ev - er-last-ing day.
giv'n, Is wait-ing to re - new And fit you all for heav'n.

GIRLS ONLY. *Not too loud.*
Come, lit-tle children, come, Come at God's com - mand ; Find a sweet-er,
dearer home In yon-der hap-py land, Find a sweeter, dear-er home In
ff
yonder happy land.
GIRLS (1st Trebles).
Come, lit-tle chil-dren, come, come, come,.....
GIRLS (2nd Trebles).
ff
Come, lit-tle children, come, come, come come, come, come,
BOYS
(1st and 2nd Trebles).
Come, lit-tle children, come, come,
ALL IN UNISON.
ff
ritard.
Find a sweet-er, dear-er home In yon - der hap - py land. A-men.

Play Introduction between verses.

Hear the Cry of Loud Despairing.

Welsh Air.


Hear the cry of loud des-pair-ing, Lis-ten to the drunkard's wailing,
And when hu - man help seems fail - ing, Chris-tians, lend your aid!
See the Church a - ris - es, Smile and frown des - pi - ses;
frown des - pi - ses;
Let him rise, she loud - ly cries, Who life e - ter - nal pri - zes.
Hear the cry of loud des-pair - ing, Lis - ten to the drunkard's wail-ing,



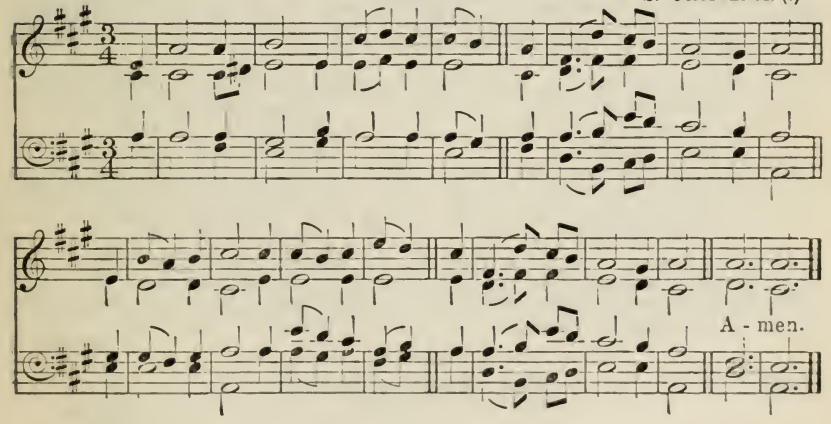
2 *mf* Men of God your help now lend us;
From the frown and sneer defend us;
Loving hearts and prayers, O send us,
In this great distress!
or Join the good and holy,
Better days come slowly;
f Dare to stand a noble band
To aid the weak and lowly!

3 *mf* Help us, pastors! help us, teachers!
Harvests rich await the reapers;
There's no room for drones and sleepers,
God the work will bless!
p Shall the drunkard perish,
While our ease we cherish,
mf And the foe, unchecked below,
Destroy our best and bravest?

95

I long for Household Voices.

S. Grosvenor (?)



1 *p* I long for household voices gone,
For vanished smiles I long;
mf But God hath led my dear ones on,
And He can do no wrong.

2 *mf* I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
f Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

3 *p* And if my heart and flesh are weak
To bear an untried pain,
The bruisèd reed He will not break,
But strengthen and sustain.

4 No offering of my own I have,
Nor works my faith to prove;
mf I can but give the gifts He gave,
And plead His love for love.

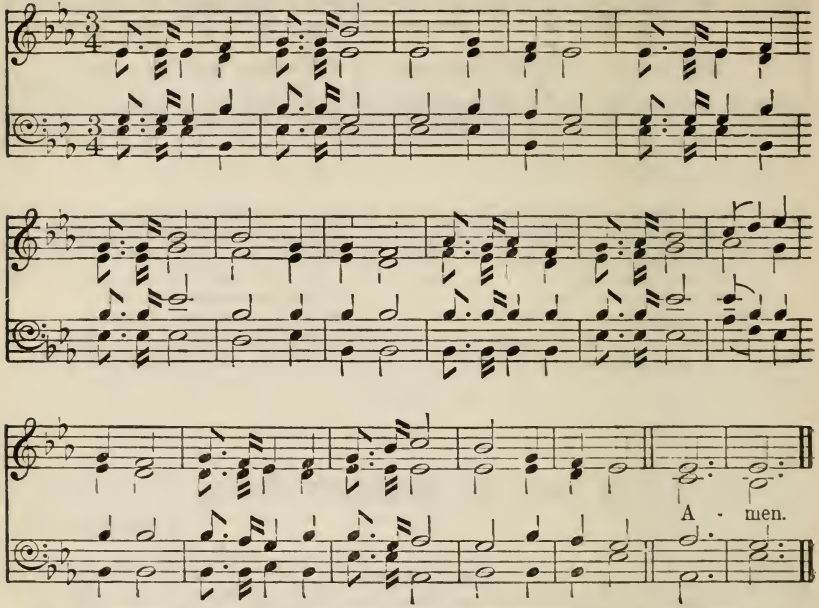
5 *p* And so beside the Silent Sea
I wait the muffled oar,
mf No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

6 *p* I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
mf I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.

Whittier.

96 Children Stand on Life's Rough Way.

W. Lowry.



1 *mf* Children stand on life's rough way;
Father, guide them;
O we know not what of harm
May betide them;
p 'Neath the shadow of Thy wing,
Father, hide them;
mf Waking, sleeping, Lord, we pray,
Go beside them.

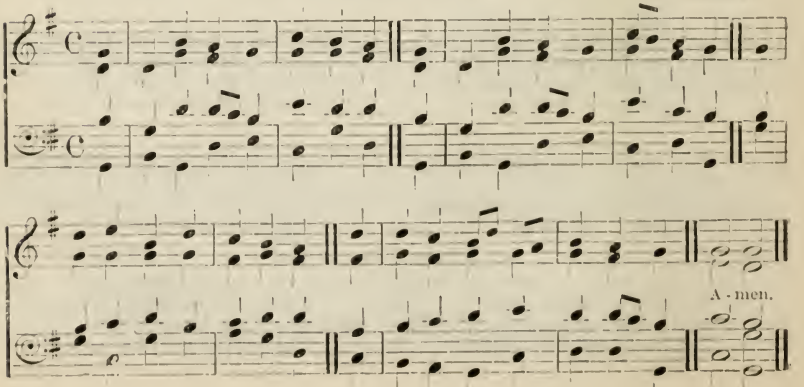
2 *p* When in prayer they cry to Thee,
Thou wilt hear them:
From the stains of sin and shame
Do Thou clear them;—
mf 'Mid the quicksands and the rocks,
Thou wilt steer them;
In temptation, trial, grief,
Be Thou near them.

3 *mf* Unto Thee we give them up,
Lord, receive them;
p In the world we know must be
Much to grieve them,
mf Many striving oft and strong
To deceive them;
cr Trustful, in Thy hands of love,
f Lord, we leave them.

W. C. Bryant.

97 One Lord there is.

Handel.



One Lord there is.—*Continued.*

1 *mf* One Lord there is, all lords above,—
His name is Truth, His name is Love,
His name is Beauty, it is Light,
His will is Everlasting Right.

2 *mf* But ah, to wrong what is His name?
This Lord is a consuming Flame
f To every wrong beneath the sun;
He is one Lord, the Holy One.

3 *mf* Lord of the Everlasting Name,
Truth, Beauty, Light, Consuming Flame,
p Shall not I lift my heart to Thee,
And ask Thee, Lord, to rule in me?

4 *p* If I be ruled in other wise,
My lot is cast with all that dies,
With things that harm, and things that hate,
And roam by night and miss the Gate—

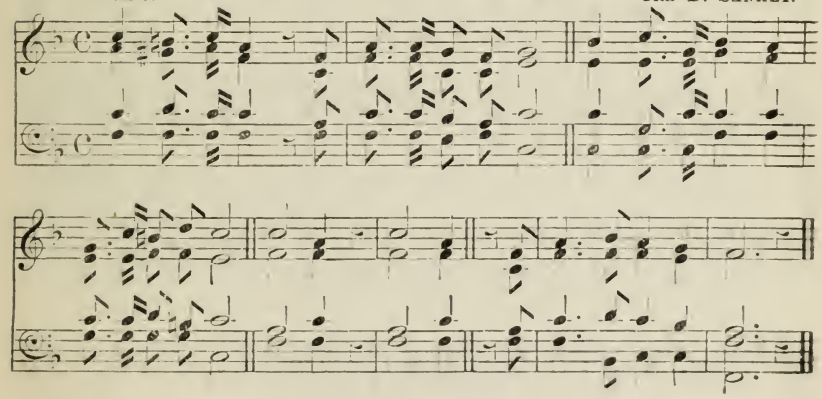
5 *mf* Thy happy Gate, which leads us where
Love is like sunshine in the air,
f And Love and Law are both the same,
cr Named with the Everlasting Name.
Amen.

W. B. RANDS.

98

Yet there is Room.

Slow. IRA D. SANKEY.



1 *f* "Yet there is room!" The Lamb's bright hall of song,
With its fair glory, beckons thee along,
Room, room, still room!
O enter, enter now!

2 *p* Day is declining, and the sun is low;
The shadows lengthen, light makes haste to go.

3 *mf* The bridal hall is filling for the feast,
Pass in! pass in! and be the Bridegroom's guest.

4 *f* Yet there is room! Still open stands the gate,
The gate of love: it is not yet too late.

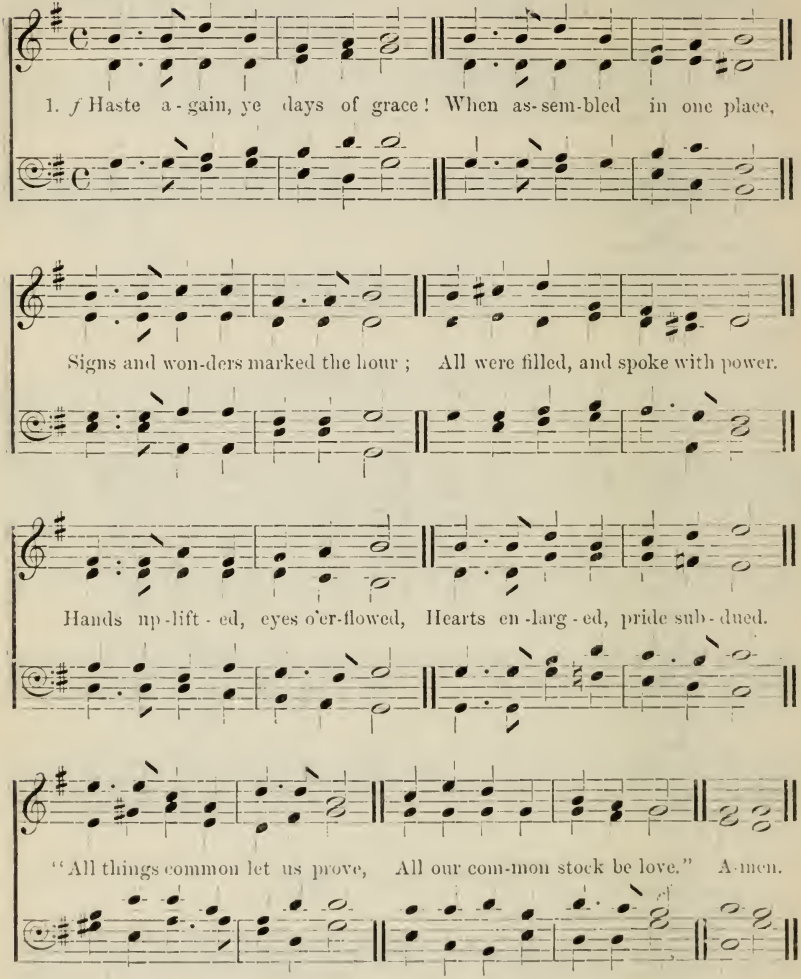
5 *mf* Pass in! pass in! That banquet is for thee;
That cup of everlasting love is free.

6 All heaven is there: all joy! Go in! go in!
The angels beckon thee the prize to win.

7 Ere night that gate may close, and seal thy doom:
Then the last low, long cry, "No room!" "no room!"
No room! no room!
O woeful cry!—"No room!"

BONAR.

Haste again, ye Days of Grace!

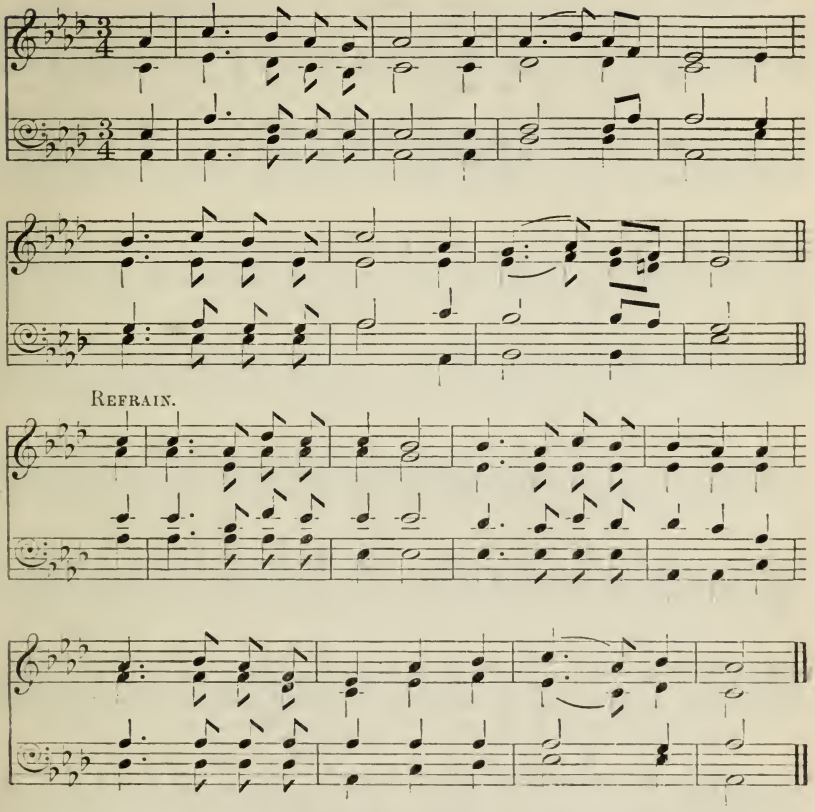
SIR G. J. ELVEY.

1. f Haste a-gain, ye days of grace! When as-sem-bled in one place,
Signs and won-ders marked the hour; All were filled, and spoke with power.
Hands up-lift-ed, eyes o'er-flowed, Hearts en-larg-ed, pride sub-dued.
"All things common let us prove, All our com-mon stock be love." A-men.

2. *f* Jesus now His work revives,
Now the quickening Spirit strives;
Oh, let preachers, people, all
Listen to the glorious call,
Join the simple, lively throng,
cr Catch the fire, and swell the song,
Heart in heart, and hand in hand,
ff Spread the life through all the land,

3. *mf* Lord, let each one now prevail,
Act the faith which cannot fail;
f Fire our hearts with holy zeal,
Glowing still for Zion's weal;
p May we die to self and sin,
Nothing feel but love within
f Let our faith in works abound,
Spread and shine to all around.

4. *p* Pilgrims, soon the journey's done;
Warriors, soon the battle's won:
f See! the glittering crown appears!
Where are now your doubts and fears?
mf Jesus calls, He calls for thee,
"Faithful servant, come to Me!"
f And the joyful angels cry—
ff "Welcome, welcome to the sky!"
Amen.

I need Thee every hour.

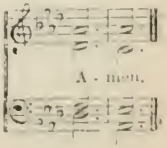
R. LOWRY.

1 *p* I NEED Thee every hour,
Most gracious Lord!
No tender voice like Thine
Can peace afford.
pp I need Thee, O I need Thee
Every hour I need Thee!
O bless me now, my Saviour,
I come to Thee.

2 *p* I need Thee every hour,
Stay Thou near by;
mf Temptations lose their power
When Thou art nigh.

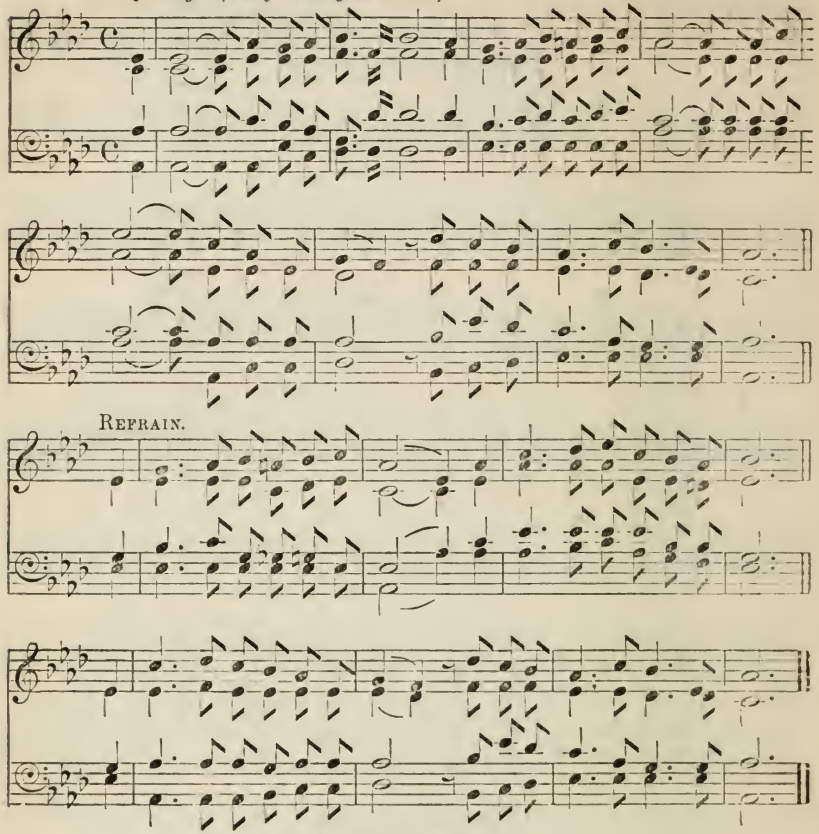
3 *p* I need Thee every hour,
In joy or pain;
mf Come quickly and abide,
pp Or life is vain.

4 *p* I need Thee every hour,
Teach me Thy will;
mf And Thy rich promises
In me fulfil.

ANNIE S. HAWKES.

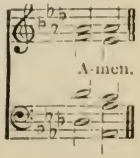


Behold Me standing at the Door.

With feeling. *(May be sung as a solo.)* Mrs. J. F. Knapp.

1 *mf* Behold Me standing at the door,
And hear Me pleading evermore,
p With gentle voice: O heart of sin,
mf May I come in? may I come in?
'Tis Jesus standing at the door,
He standeth pleading evermore;
My weary heart, oppressed with sin
Replies, "Come in! O Lord, come in?"

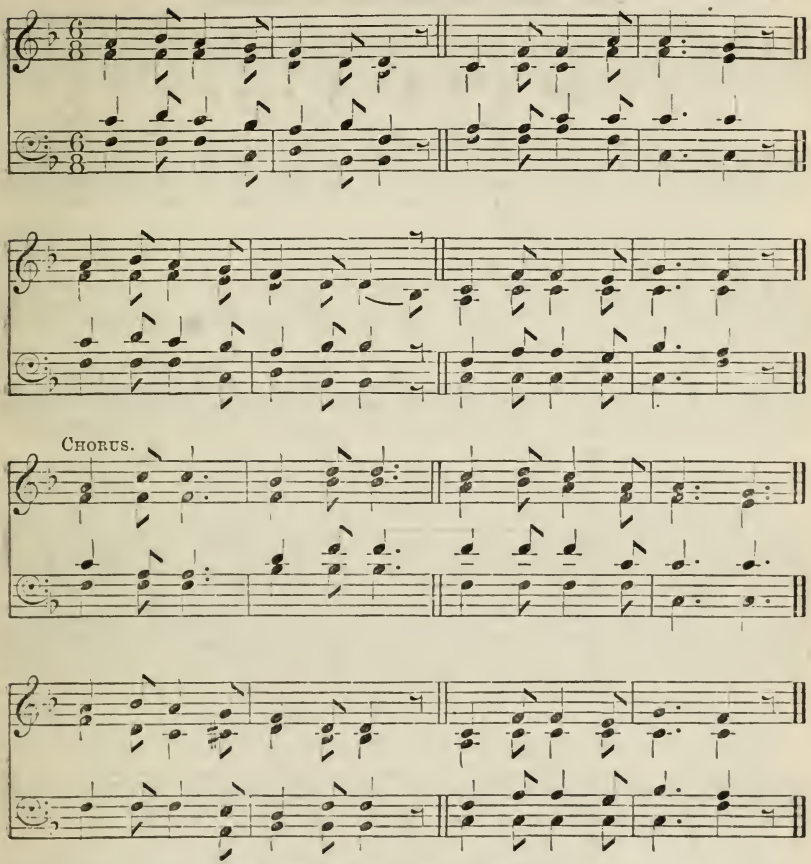
2 *p* I bore the cruel thorns for thee,
I waited long and patiently:
mf Say, weary heart, oppressed with sin,
May I come in? may I come in?

3 *mf* I would nor plead with thee in vain:
Remember all My grief and pain!
p I died to ransom thee from sin:
May I come in? may I come in?

4 *mf* I bring thee joy from heaven above;
I bring thee pardon, peace, and love;
f Say weary heart, oppressed with sin,
May I come in? may I come in?

FANNY J. CROSBY.

Jesus, keep me near the Cross.

W. H. Doane.

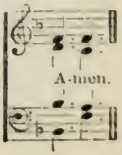


1 *p* Jesus, keep me near the cross;
There a precious fountain,
Free to all, a healing stream,
Flows from Calvary's mountain.
mf In the cross, in the cross,
Be my glory ever,
Till my raptured soul shall find
Rest beyond the river.

2 *p* Near the cross, a trembling soul,
Love and mercy found me;
mf There the bright and morning star
Shed its beams around me.

3 *p* Near the cross, O Lamb of God!
Bring its scenes before me;
Let me walk from day to day
With its shadow o'er me.

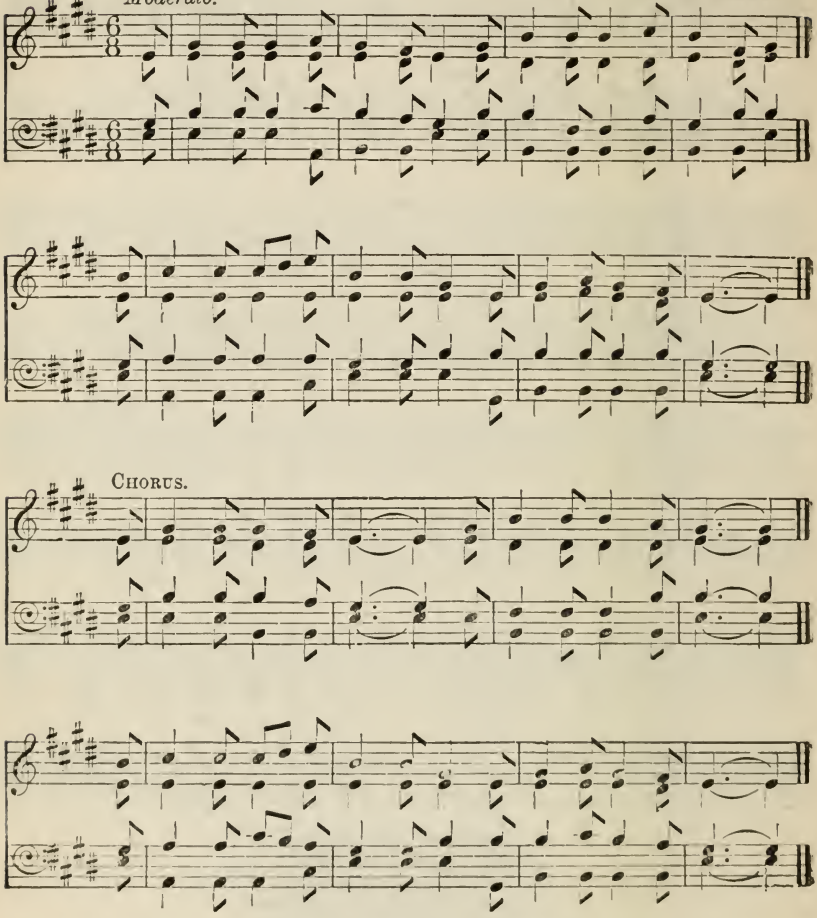
4 *mf* Near the cross I'll watch and wait,
Hoping, trusting ever,
f Till I reach the golden strand,
Just beyond the river.

Fanny J. Crosby.

Jesus, my Lord, to Thee I cry.

From "Sacred Songs and Solos," by permission.

IRA D. SANKEY.

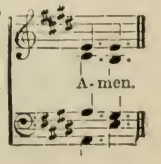
Moderato.



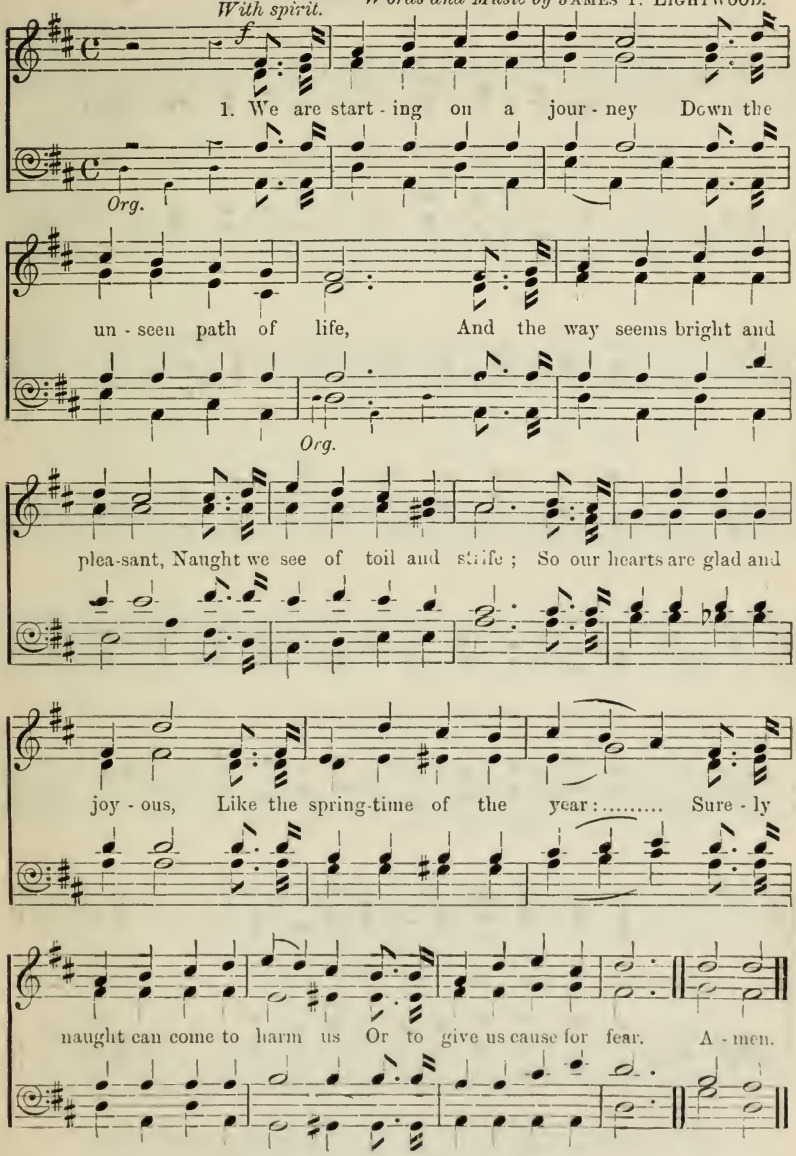
1 *mf* JESUS, my Lord, to Thee I cry:
Unless Thou help me, I must die:
cr O bring Thy free salvation nigh,
And take me as I am!
mf And take me as I am!
And take me as I am!
My only plea—Christ died for me!
O take me as I am!

2 *p* Helpless I am, and full of guilt;
But yet for me Thy blood was spilt,
mf And Thou canst make me what Thou wilt,
And take me as I am!

3 *mf* No preparation can I make,
My best resolves I only break;
Yet save me for Thine own Name's sake,
And take me as I am.

4 *mf* Behold me Saviour, at Thy feet,
Deal with me as Thou seest meet:
cr Thy work begin, Thy work complete:
But take me as I am!

The Journey of Life.

Words and Music by JAMES T. LIGHTWOOD.

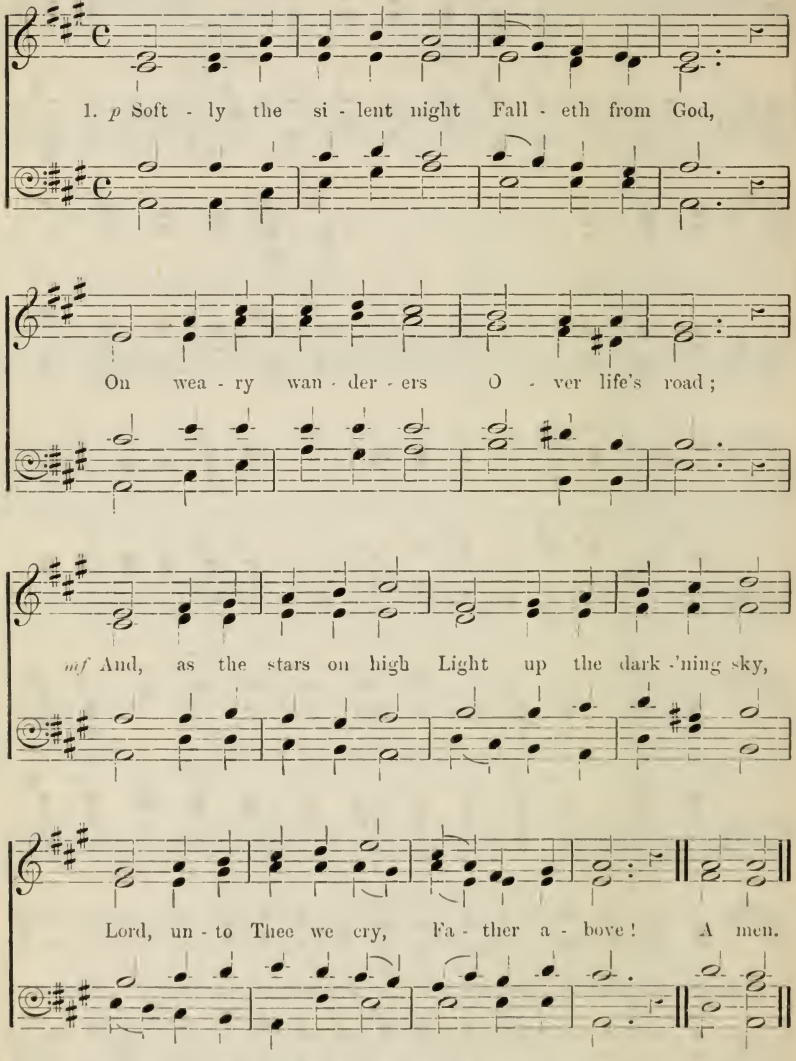

With spirit.
f
1. We are start - ing on a jour - ney Down the
Org.
un - seen path of life, And the way seems bright and
Org.
plea-sant, Naught we see of toil and strife ; So our hearts are glad and
joy - ous, Like the spring-time of the year :..... Sure - ly
naught can come to harm us Or to give us cause for fear. A - men.

2 *mf* But before us in our journey
Lies a mist upon the ground,
p And we seek dark phantoms hovering
On the far horizon's bound.
mf We must surely have protection
As we pass along our way ;
cr For to fight them and to conquer
f Is our duty, come what may.

3 *mf* To the conflict, then, advancing,
We will trust in Jesu's name ;
cr And the powers of darkness round us
Shall be quickly put to shame.
mf With our Captain in the vanguard
We will pierce the gloom of night
f Till at last we come victorious
To the realms of glorious light.

Silent Night.

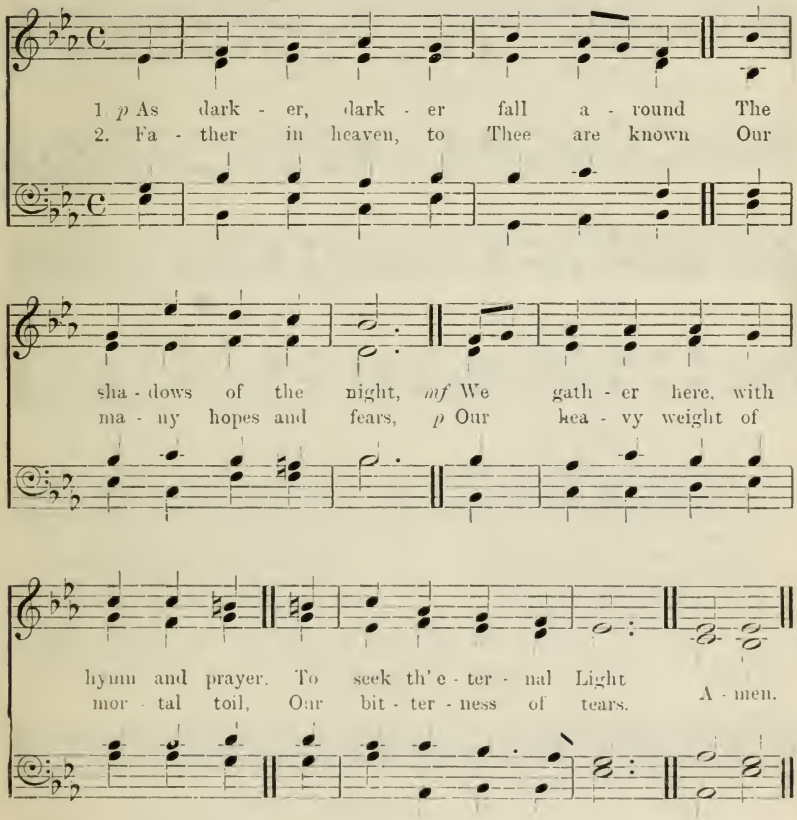
A. N. Blatchford. T. B. Stephenson.


1. p Soft - ly the si - lent night Fall - eth from God,
On wea - ry wan - der - ers O - ver life's road;
mf And, as the stars on high Light up the dark -'ning sky,
Lord, un - to Thee we cry, Fa - ther a - bove! A men.

2. Softly on failing wings
Daylight has passed;
Sleep, like an angel kind,
Folds us at last.
mf Peace be our lot this night,
Safe be our slumber light,
Watched by Thine angels bright,
Father above!

3. And when the gleam of morn
Touches our eyes,
f And the returning day
Bids us arise,
mf Happy beneath Thy will,
Steadfast in joy or ill,
Lord, may we serve Thee still,
Father above! Amen.

As Darker, Darker fall around.

DR. HORSLEY.

1. p As dark - er, dark - er fall a - round The
2. Fa - ther in heaven, to Thee are known Our
sha - dows of the night, mf We gath - er here, with
ma - ny hopes and fears, p Our hea - vy weight of
hymn and prayer. To seek th' e - ter - nal Light
mor - tal toil, Our bit - ter - ness of tears.
A - men.

3. *mf* We pray Thee for all absent friends,
Who have been with us here;
p And in our secret heart we name
The distant and the dear.

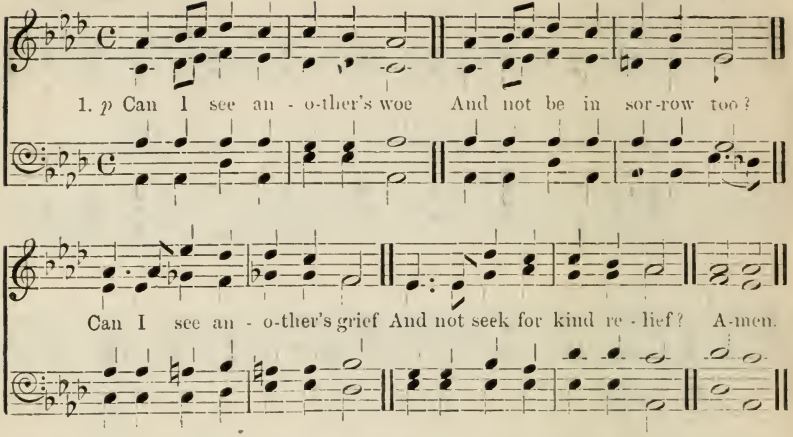
4. For weary eyes and aching hearts,
And feet that from Thee rove,
The sick, the poor, the tried, the fallen,
mf We pray Thee, God of love.

5. We pray Thee for the little bark
Just launched upon life's sea!
p Are not the depths of parents' love,
O Father, known to Thee?

6. *mf* We bring to Thee our hopes and fears
And at Thy footstool lay,
And, Father, Thou who lovest all
Wilt hear us as we pray. Amen.

Can I See another's Woe?

W. Blake. W. Woodward.



2. *p* Can I see a falling tear,
And not feel my sorrow's share?
Can a father see his child
Weep, nor be with sorrow filled?

3. *mf* God doth give His joy to all:
He becomes an Infant small,
p He becomes a Man of woe,
He doth feel the sorrow too.

4. Think not thou canst sigh a sigh,
And thy Maker is not by;
Think not thou canst weep a tear,
And thy Maker is not near.

5. *mf* Oh! He gives to us His joy,
That our griefs He may destroy:
Till our griefs are fled and gone
p He doth share them every one.
Amen.

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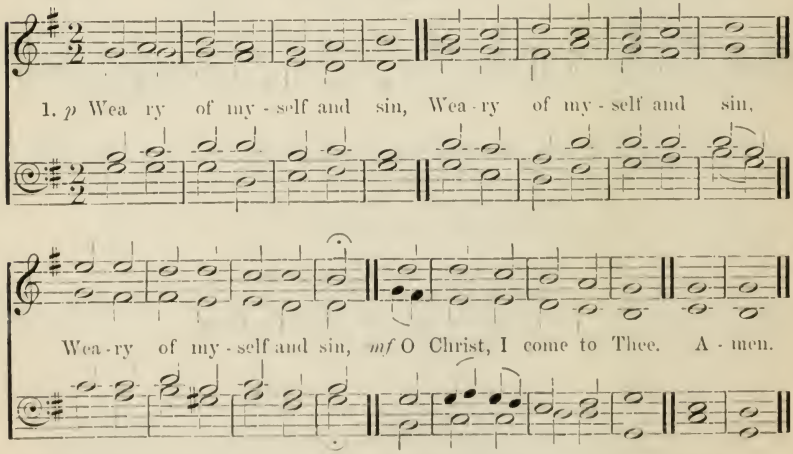
108 For a Penitent.



2. *mf* O Thou precious bleeding Lamb,*
p Thy blood was shed for me.

3. *p* I the chief of sinners am,
But Thou didst die for me.

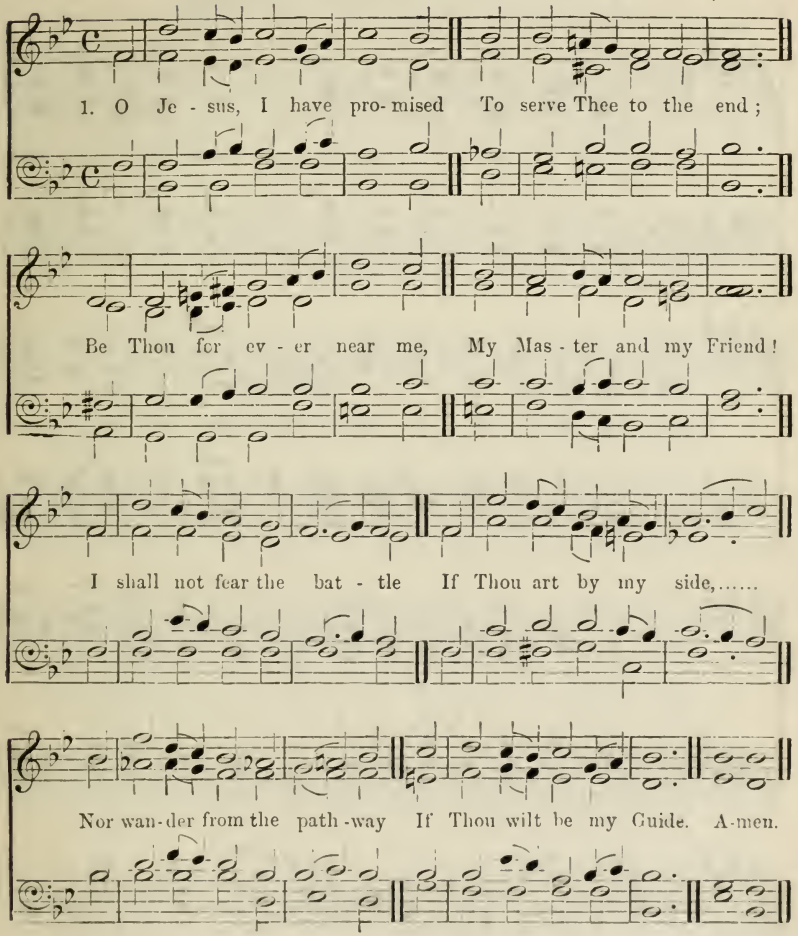
4. *mf* Tell me now, in love divine,
That Thou dost pardon me.

5. *mf* Lord, I can, I do believe
That Thou dost pardon me. Amen.

* In each verse the first line is repeated thrice.

O Jesus, I have Promised.

W. F. Moulton, B.A.


1. O Je - sus, I have pro - mised To serve Thee to the end;
Be Thou for ev - er near me, My Mas - ter and my Friend!
I shall not fear the bat - tle If Thou art by my side,.....
Nor wan - der from the path - way If Thou wilt be my Guide. A - men.

2 *mf* O let me hear Thee speaking,
In accents clear and still,
Above the storms of passion,
p The murmurs of self-will!
f O speak to re-assure me,
mf To hasten, or control!
f O speak, and make me listen,
Thou Guardian of my soul!

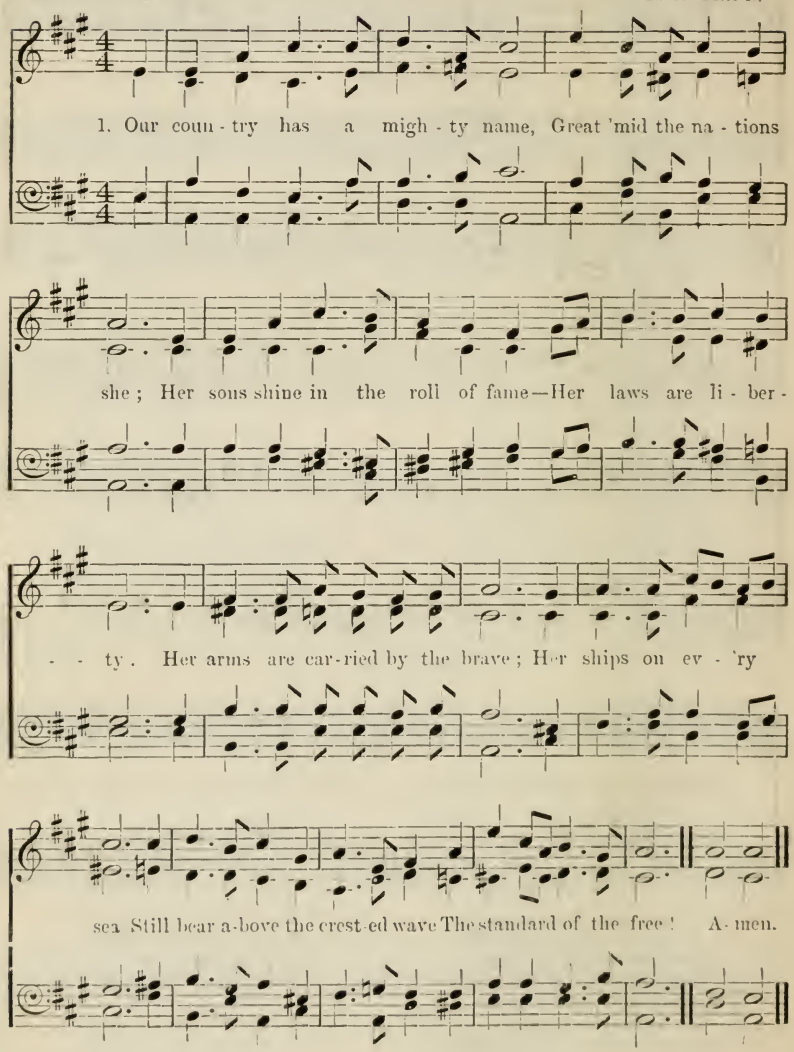
3 *mf* O Jesus, Thou hast promised
To all who follow Thee,
That where Thou art in glory,
There shall Thy servant be!
p And, Jesus, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end:
mf O give me grace to follow,
My Master and my Friend!

4 *p* O let me see Thy foot-marks,
And in them plant my own;
mf My hope to follow duly
Is in Thy strength alone.
cr O guide me, call me, draw me.
Uphold me to the end;
f And then in heaven receive me,
My Saviour and my Friend! Amen.

J. E. Bode.

Our Country has a Mighty Name.

Rev Julius Brigg. F. A. Mann.


1. Our coun - try has a migh - ty name, Great 'mid the na - tions
she; Her sons shine in the roll of fame—Her laws are li - ber -
- - ty. Her arms are car-ried by the brave; Her ships on ev - 'ry
sea Still bear a-bove the crest-ed wave The standard of the free! A - men.

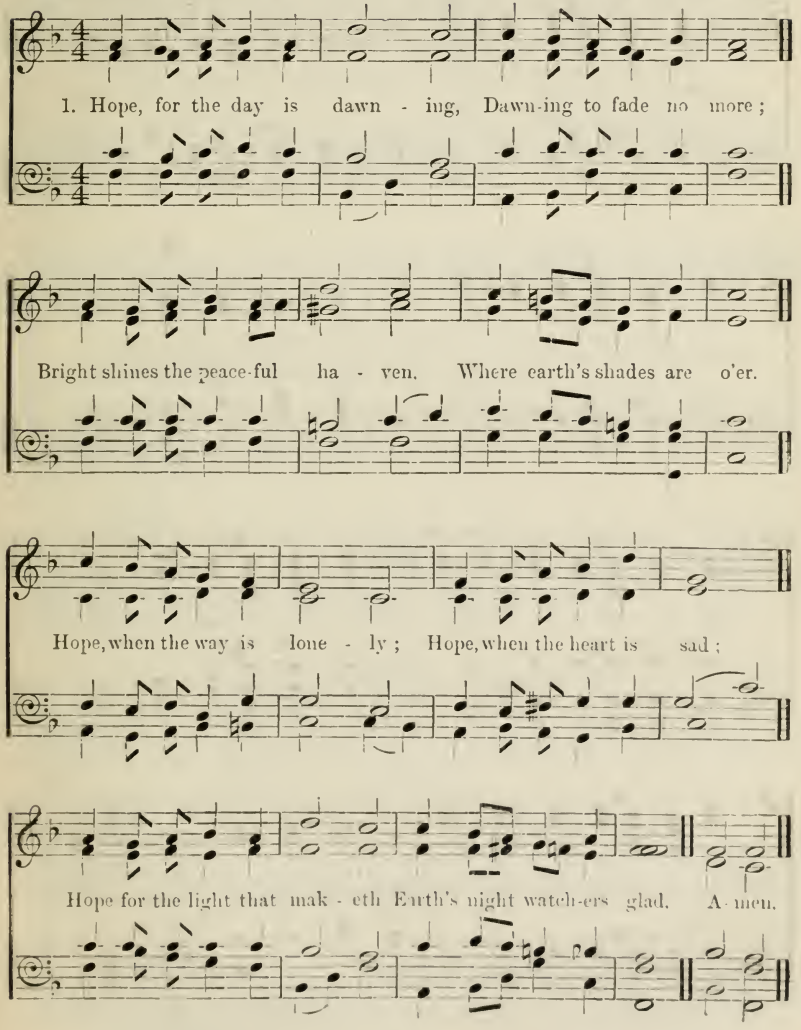
2.

Yet even now a mighty foe
Assails the nation's life;
And tears and blood, and want and woe,
Attend the daily strife.
p The patriot weeps beside the graves
Of myriads "Drink" has slain,
And mourns the witched and weary slaves
Bound by his deadly chain.

3.

mf Up, comrades, up! our country bless,
Brighten her just renown;
cr To thickest conflict bravely press:
f Smite, smite the monster down!
mf Right yet shall triumph over wrong,
And Britain yet shall be,
In truth and heaven-born virtue strong,
f Land of the truly free! Amen.

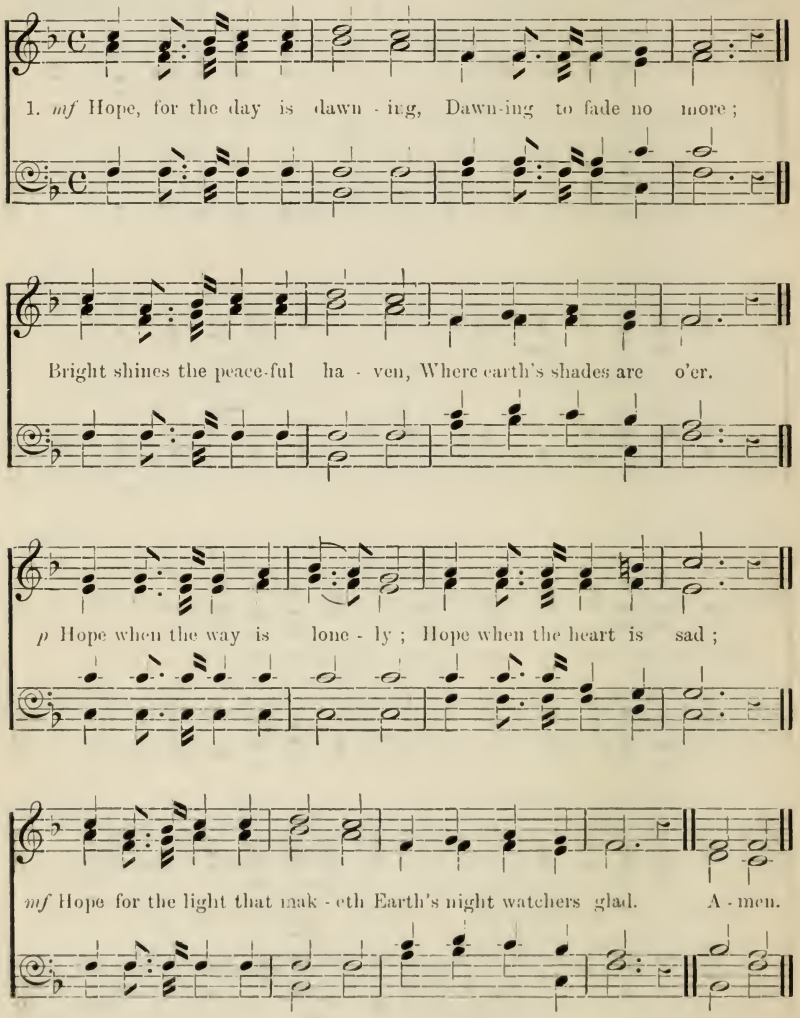
Hope, for the Day is Dawning.

Words by J. Page Hopps. T. B. Stephenson.

1. Hope, for the day is dawn - ing, Dawn-ing to fade no more;
Bright shines the peace-ful ha - ven, Where earth's shades are o'er.
Hope, when the way is lone - ly; Hope, when the heart is sad;
Hope for the light that mak - eth Earth's night watch-ers glad. A - men.

2 *mf* Hope, for a mighty army,
Conquering, have gone before;
p Hope, for they wait to greet us
On the victor's shore;
cr Hope with a brave endeavour
All things to do or bear;
f Hope for the heavenly country—
No more crosses there!

3 *mf* Hope, for the Father leads us
Onward through good or ill;
p Hope, with a trustful spirit,
Waiting for His will;
cr Hope till the morning shineth,
Hope till the night is o'er,
f When with the perfect seeing,
Hope shall be no more! Amen.

Hope, for the Day is Dawning.

J. Page Hopps [Second Tune.] Dr. L. Mason.

1. mf Hope, for the day is dawn - ing, Dawn-ing to fade no more;
Bright shines the peace-ful ha - ven, Where earth's shades are o'er.
p Hope when the way is lone - ly; Hope when the heart is sad;
mf Hope for the light that mak - eth Earth's night watchers glad. A - men.

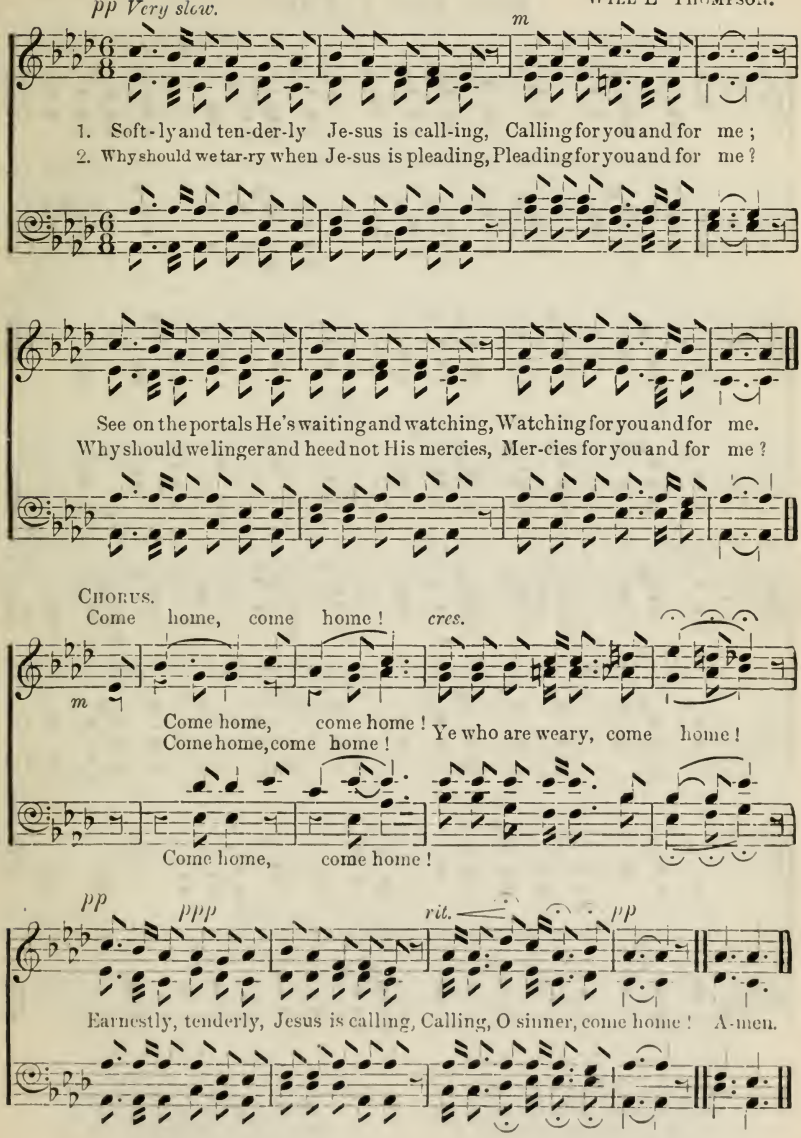
2. *mf* Hope, for a mighty army,
Conquering, have gone before;
p Hope, for they wait to greet us
On the victor's shore;
cr Hope, with a brave endeavour
All things to do or bear;
f Hope for the heavenly country--
No more crosses there!

3. *mf* Hope, for the Father leads us
Onward through good or ill;
p Hope, with a trustful spirit,
Waiting for His will;
cr Hope till the morning shineth,
Hope till the night is o'er,
f When, with the perfect seeing,
Hope shall be no more!

Softly and Tenderly.

W. L. T.

WILL L THOMPSON.


pp Very slow.
m
1. Soft-ly and ten-der-ly Je-sus is call-ing, Calling for you and for me;
2. Why should we tar-ry when Je-sus is pleading, Pleading for you and for me?
See on the portals He's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.
Why should we linger and heed not His mercies, Mer-cies for you and for me?
CHORUS.
Come home, come home! cres.
m
Come home, come home! Ye who are weary, come home!
Come home, come home!
Come home, come home!
pp
ppp
rit.
pp
Earnestly, tenderly, Jesus is calling, Calling, O sinner, come home! A-men.

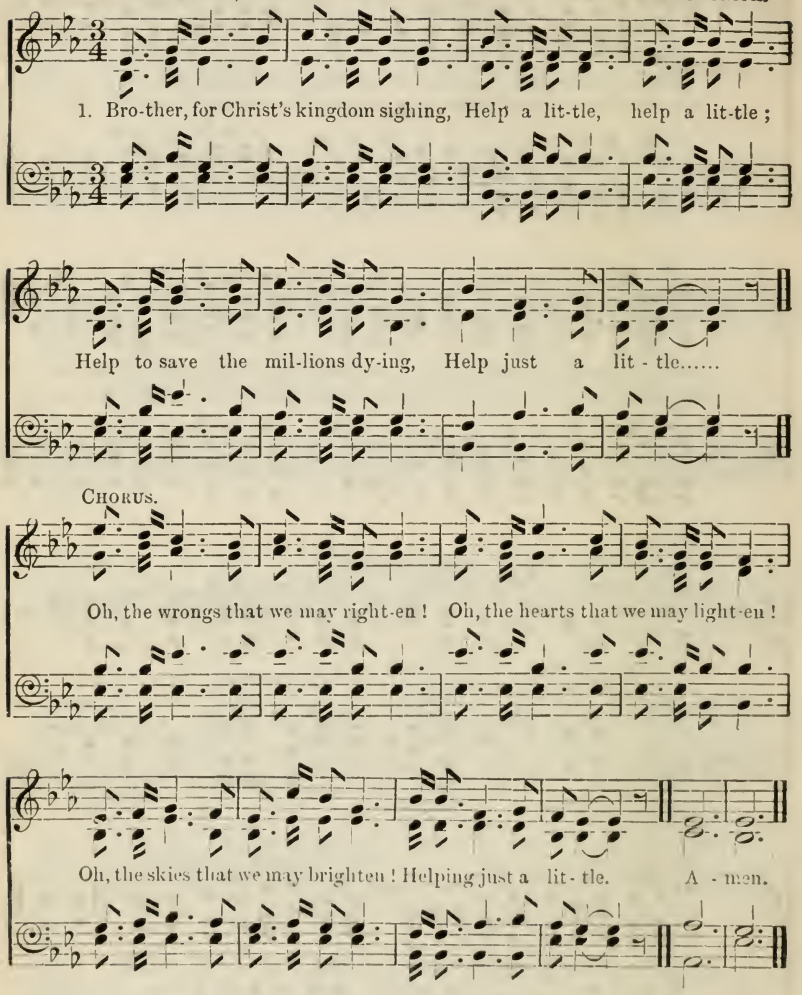
3 *p* Time is now fleeting, moments are passing,
Passing from you and from me;
Shadows are gathering, death beds are coming,
Coming for you and for me.

4 *mf* Oh, for the wonderful love He has promised,
Promised for you and for me!
p Though we have sinned, He has mercy and pardon,
mf Pardon for you and for me.

Amen.

Help Just a Little.

Rev. W. A. Spencer, D. D. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. Bro-ther, for Christ's kingdom sighing, Help a lit-tle, help a lit-tle;
Help to save the mil-lions dy-ing, Help just a lit - tle.....
Chorus.
Oh, the wrongs that we may right-en! Oh, the hearts that we may light-en!
Oh, the skies that we may brighten! Helping just a lit - tle. A - men.

2 *p* Is thy cup made sad by trial?
Help a little, help a little;
mf Sweeten it with self-denial,
Help just a little.

3 *mf* Though no wealth to thee is given,
Help a little, help a little;
Sacrifice is gold in heaven,
Help just a little.

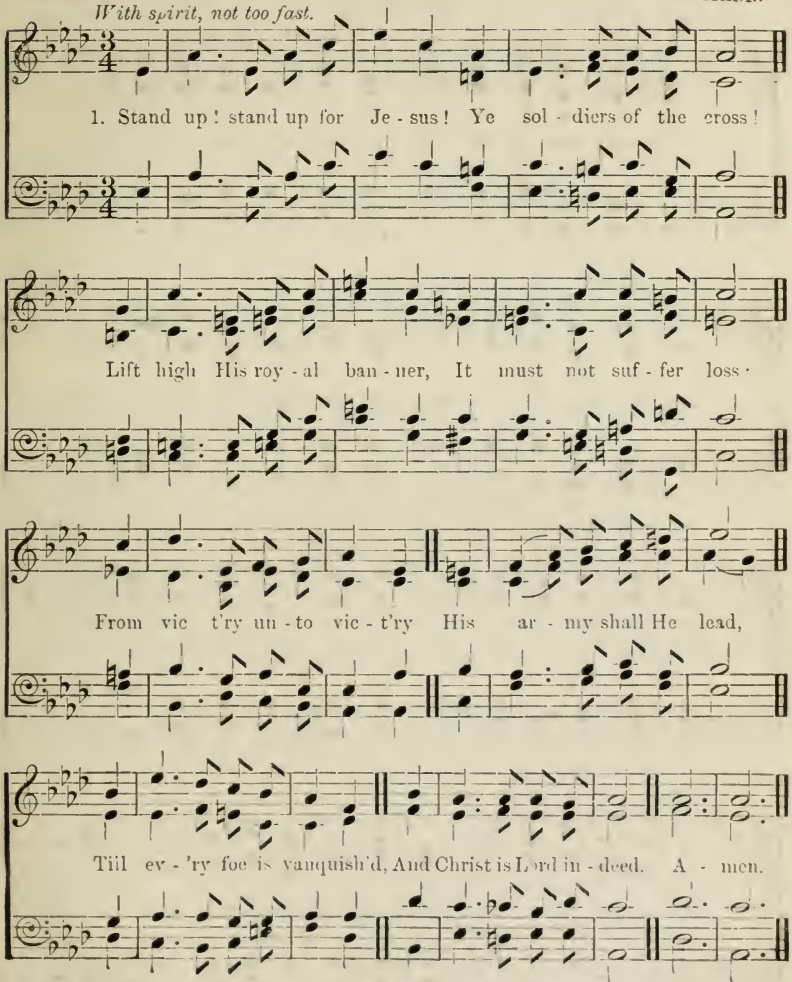
4 *mf* Let us live for one another,
Help a little, help a little;
p Help to lift each fallen brother,
Help just a little.

5 *p* Though thy life is pressed with sorrow,
Help a little, help a little;
mf Bravely look toward God's to-morrow
Help just a little. Amen.

Stand, Soldiers of the Cross!

GEORGE DUFFIELD. F. A. MANN.

With spirit, not too fast.

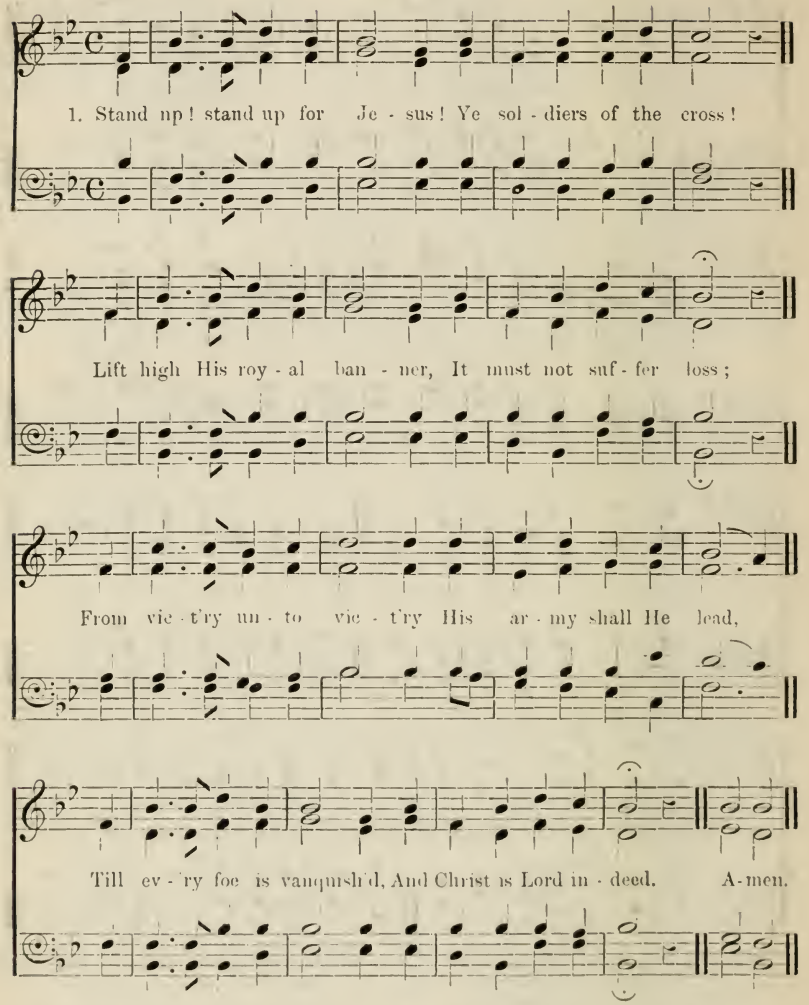

1. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus! Ye sol - diers of the cross!
Lift high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss·
From vic t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His ar - my shall He lead,
Till ev - 'ry foe is vanquish'd, And Christ is Lord in - deed. A - men.

2 *mf* Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
The trumpet call obey;
f Forth to the mighty conflict
In this His glorious day!
mf Ye that are men, now serve Him
Against unnumbered foes;
Let courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 *f* Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
Stand in His strength alone;
mf The arm of flesh will fail you—
Ye dare not trust your own:
p Put on the Christian's armour,
And watching unto prayer,
cr Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 *mf* Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song:
cr To him that overcometh
A crown of life shall be;
f He with the King of Glory
Shall reign eternally. Amen.

Stand, Soldiers of the Cross!

GEORGE DUFFIELD. [SECOND TUNE.] WEBB.

1. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus! Ye sol - diers of the cross!
Lift high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss;
From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His ar - my shall He lead,
Till ev - 'ry foe is vanquish'd, And Christ is Lord in - deed. A - men.

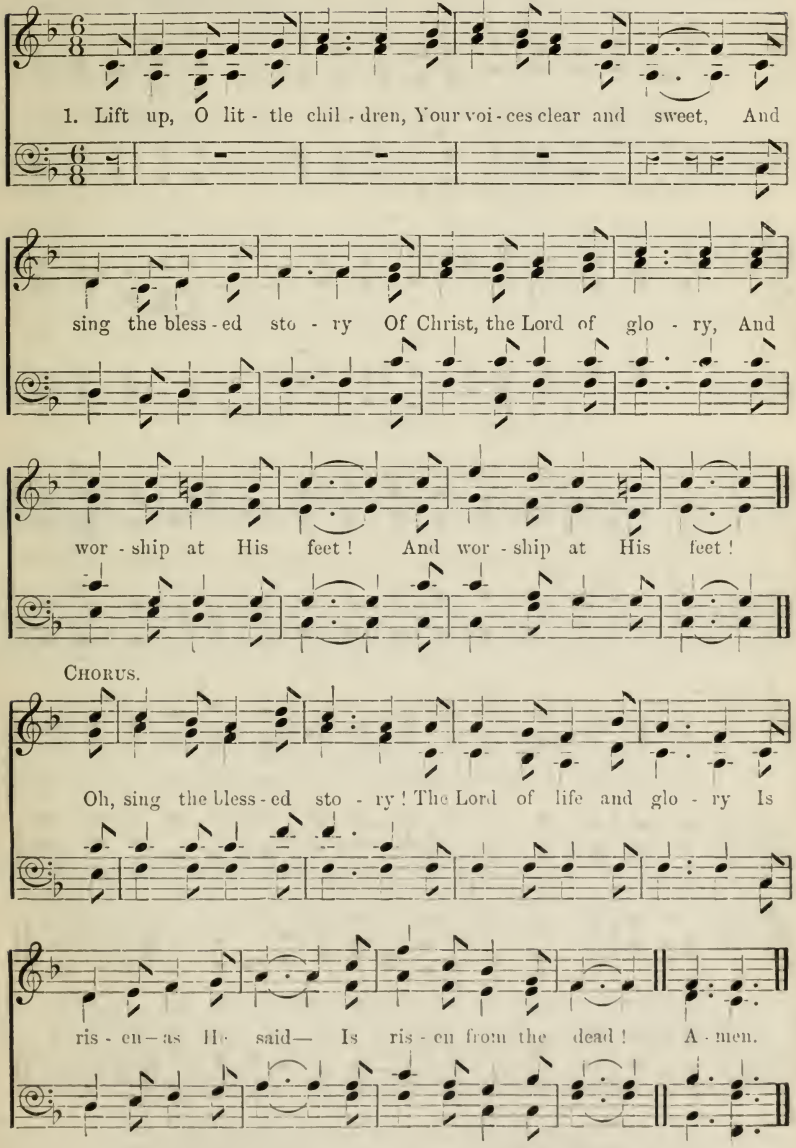
2 *mf* Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
The trumpet-call obey;
f Forth to the mighty conflict
In this His glorious day!
mf Ye that are men, now serve Him
Against unnumbered foes;
Let courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3. *f* Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
Stand in His strength alone,
mf The arm of flesh will fail you—
Ye dare not trust your own:
p Put on the Christian's armour,
And watching unto prayer,
cr Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4. *mf* Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song:
cr To Him that overcometh
A crown of life shall be;
f He with the King of Glory
Shall reign eternally.

Lift up, O Little Children.

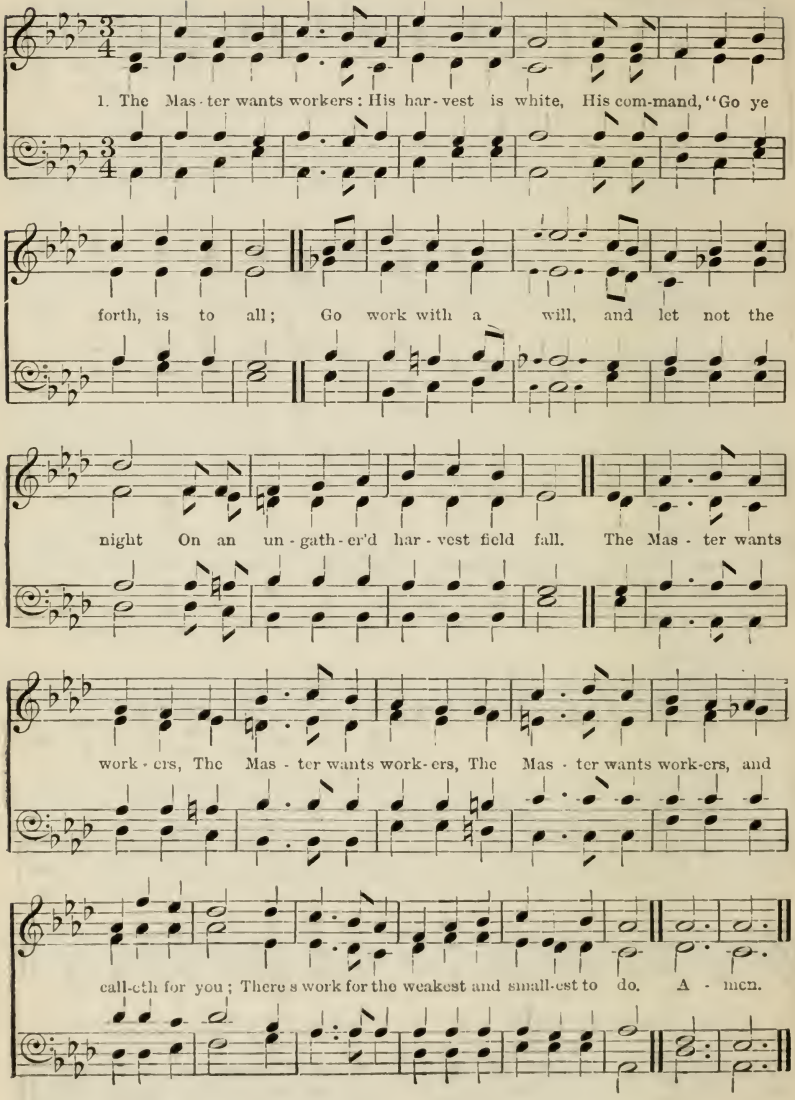
MARY A. LATHBURY. M. C. SEWARD.


1. Lift up, O lit - tle chil - dren, Your voi - ces clear and sweet, And
sing the bless - ed sto - ry Of Christ, the Lord of glo - ry, And
wor - ship at His feet! And wor - ship at His feet!
CHORUS.
Oh, sing the bless - ed sto - ry! The Lord of life and glo - ry Is
ris - en — as He said— Is ris - en from the dead! A - men.

2 *mf* Lift up, O tender lilies,
Your whiteness to the sun;
cr The earth is not our prison,
f Since Christ Himself hath risen.
The life of every one,
The life of every one.

2 *f* Ring, all ye bells, in welcome.
Your chimes of joy again!
p Ring out the night of sadness,
f Ring in the morn of gladness,
For death no more shall reign,
For death no more shall reign.
Amen.

The Master wants Workers.

REV. J. CONDER NATTRASS.

1. The Mas-ter wants workers: His har-vest is white, His com-mand, "Go ye
forth, is to all; Go work with a will, and let not the
night On an un-gath-er'd har-vest field fall. The Mas-ter wants
work-ers, The Mas-ter wants work-ers, The Mas-ter wants work-ers, and
call-eth for you; There's work for the weakest and small-est to do. A-men.

2 *mf* The Master wants workers, and that which is right
He will give at the end of the day;
So thrust in the sickle and work with thy might,
If not gathered ripe grain will decay.
f The Master wants worker: then why will you not
Begin now to serve Him? 'tis not a hard lot.

The Master wants Workers.—*Continued.*

3 *p* The Master wants workers: each service He knows,
And not one is too small to record;
mf Even he who a cup of cold water bestows
In His name, shall not lose his reward.
f The Master wants workers: oh, why still delay?
Begin in His service to labour to-day.

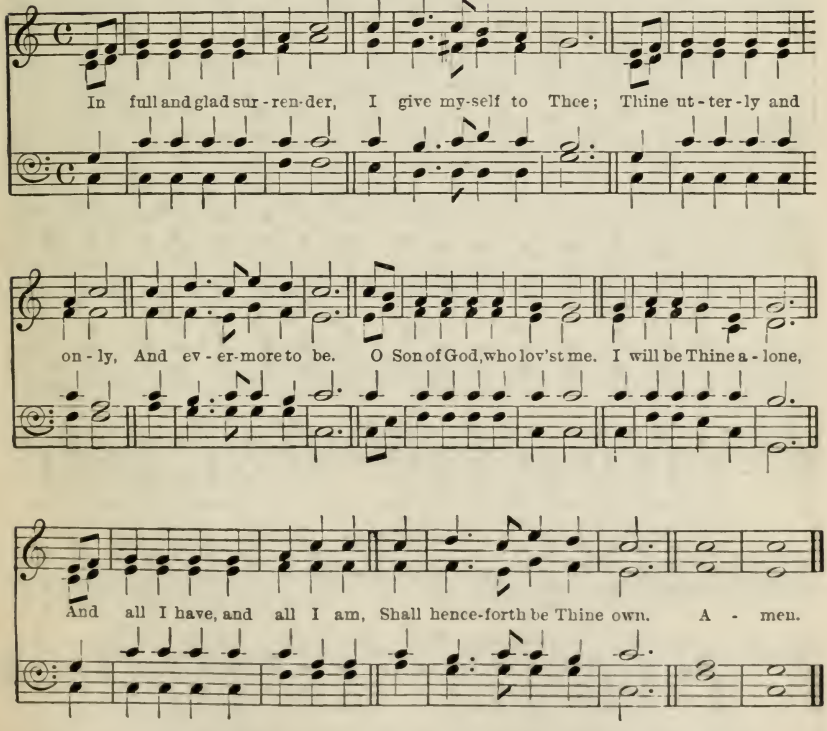
4 *p* The Master wants workers: the night cometh soon
When the weary shall rest from all care;
When those who have toiled through the heat of the noon
Shall no longer its weariness bear.
mf The Master wants workers: think what He has borne
That you might His crown of rejoicing adorn.

5 The Master wants workers: His harvest is great,
'Tis the world with its millions untaught;
cr A multitude vast rushing on to their fate,
Knowing not what the Saviour has wrought.
f The Master wants workers, a host of true men,
To lead them to Jesus from hill, plain and glen. Amen.

117

In Full and Glad Surrender.

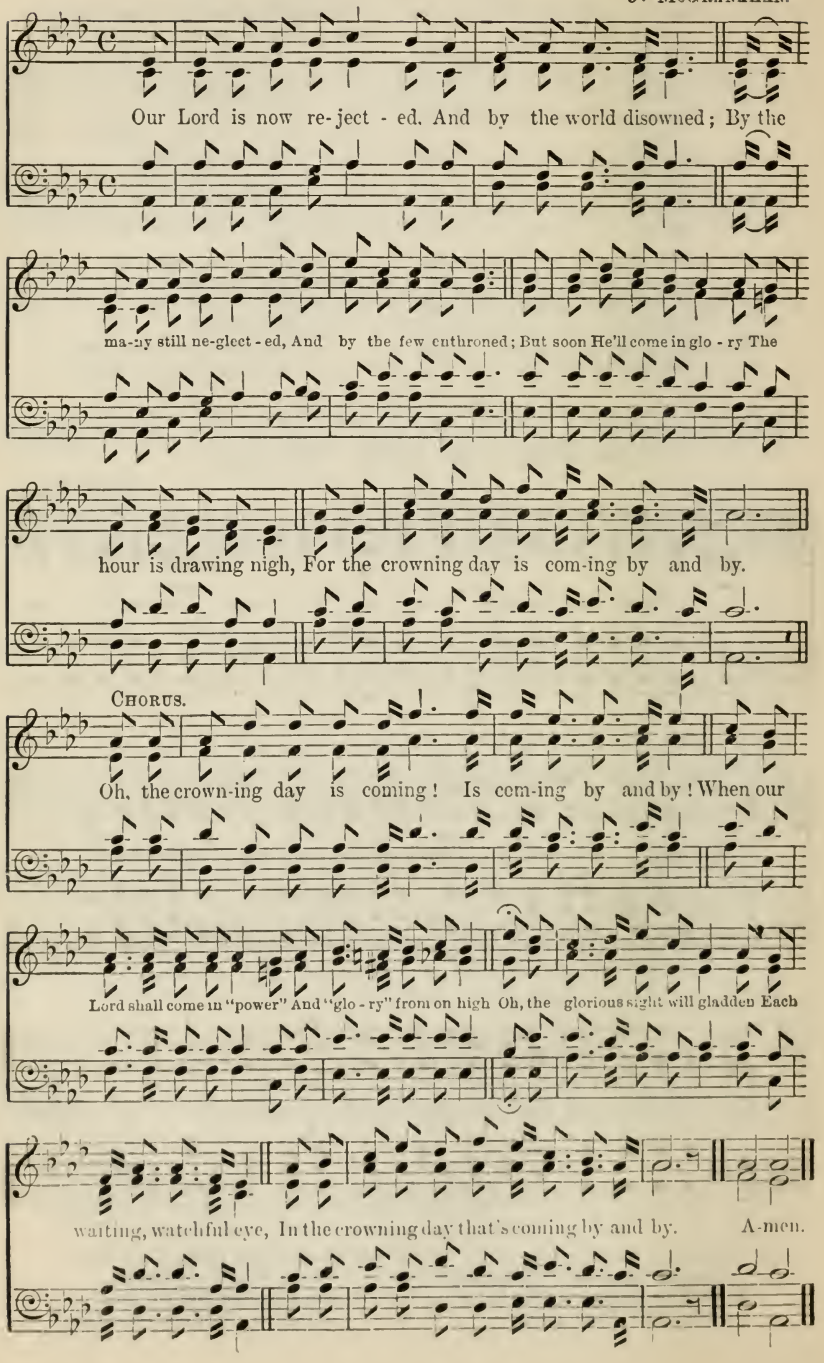
HARTSOUGH.


In full and glad sur-ren-der, I give my-self to Thee; Thine ut-ter-ly and
on-ly, And ev-er-more to be. O Son of God, who lov'st me. I will be Thine a-lone,
And all I have, and all I am, Shall hence-forth be Thine own. A-men.

2 *mf* Reign over me, Lord Jesus!
O make my heart Thy throne!
It shall be Thine, my Saviour,
It shall be Thine alone.

cr O come and reign, Lord Jesus;
Rule over everything!
f And keep me always loyal,
And true to Thee, my King!

The Crowning Day is Coming.

J. McGRANAHAN.

Our Lord is now re-ject - ed, And by the world disowned; By the
ma-ny still ne-glect - ed, And by the few enthroned; But soon He'll come in glo - ry The
hour is drawing nigh, For the crowning day is com-ing by and by.
CHORUS.
Oh, the crown-ing day is coming! Is com-ing by and by! When our
Lord shall come in "power" And "glo - ry" from on high Oh, the glorious sight will gladden Each
waiting, watchful eye, In the crowning day that's coming by and by. A-men.

The Crowning Day.—*Continued.*

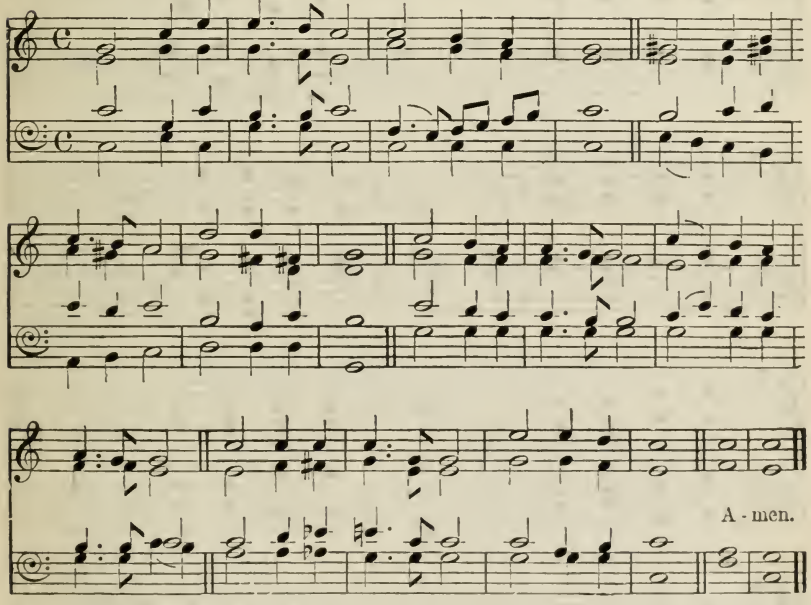
2 *mf* The heavens shall glow with splen-
cr dour;
But brighter far than they
The saints shall shine in glory,
As Christ shall them array;
mf The beauty of the Saviour
Shall dazzle every eye,
f In the crowning day that's coming
rall By and by.

3 *mf* Let all that look for, hasten
The coming joyful day,
By earnest consecration,
To walk the narrow way;
p By gathering in the lost ones,
For whom our Lord did die,
cr For the crowning day that's coming
rall By and by. Amen.

119

Now let us Bless the Lord.

F. A. Mann.



1 *mf* Now let us bless the Lord,
Glory to God!
His truth and love record,
Glory to God!
p He said, "Seek ye My face;"
And in this holy place
cr Hath sealed to us His grace;
f Glory to God!

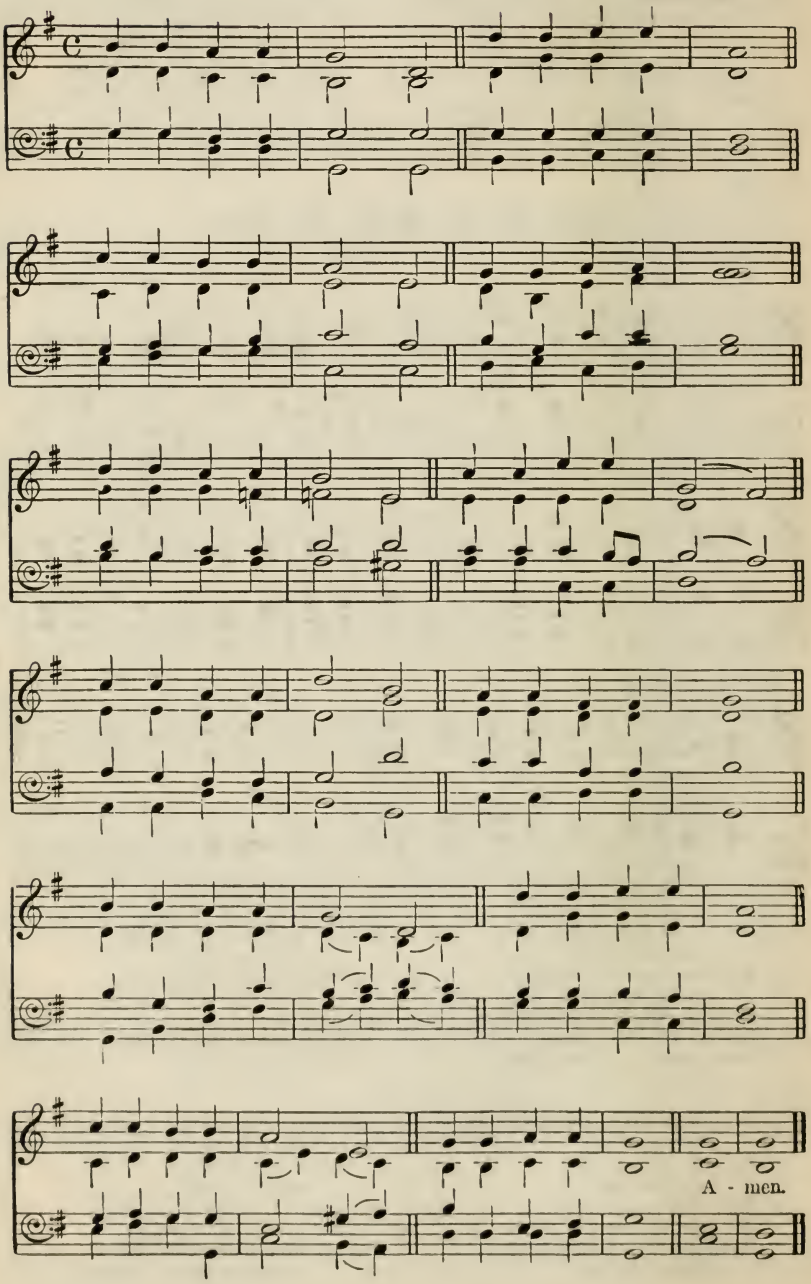
2 *mf* Swell high the pealing strain;
Glory to God!
f Raise it again, again!
Glory to God!
p Here on His altar laid,
Our solemn vows are paid,
Ourselves His offering made;
Glory to God!

3 *mf* How shall we rightly sing
Glory to God!
cr Well may the chorus ring,
Glory to God!
mf Children of God are we,
Our Covenant God is He,
f And will for ever be;
Glory to God!

4 *mf* To God all glory be!
Glory to God!
Thrice holy Trinity!
Glory to God!
p Help us through all our days
Thee evermore to praise,
cr Yea, even in death to raise
f Glory to God! Amen.

Onward, Christian Soldiers.

"HAYDN."

From Haydn.

Onward, Christian Soldiers.—*Continued.*

1 *mf* Onward, Christian soldiers, marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus going on before.
Christ, the Royal Master, leads against the foe; [go.
Forward into battle see His banners
cr Onward, Christian soldiers, marching as to war,
f With the cross of Jesus going on before!

2 *mf* At the sign of triumph Satan's host doth flee!
On, then, Christian soldiers, on to victory!
cr Hell's foundations quiver at the shout of praise:
f Brothers, lift your voices, loud your anthems raise.

3 *mf* Like a mighty army moves the Church of God,
p Brothers, we are treading where the saints have trod.
mf We are not divided, all one body we—
One in hope, in doctrine, one in charity.

4 *mf* Crowns and thrones may perish, kingdoms rise and wane:
But the Church of Jesus, constant will remain:
Gates of hell can never 'gainst that Church prevail:
We have Christ's own promise, and that cannot fail.

5 *mf* Onward, then, ye people, join our happy throng;
Blend with ours your voices in the triumph song—
f Glory, praise, and honour unto Christ the King!
This through countless ages men and angels sing. Amen.

S. BARING-GOULD.

121

Brightly gleams our Banner.

Tune, "HAYDN."

1 *mf* Brightly gleams our banner,
Pointing to the sky,
Waving wanderers onward
To their home on high!
p Journeying o'er the desert,
Gladly thus we pray,
cr And with hearts united
Take our heavenward way.
f Brightly gleams our banner,
Pointing to the sky,
Waving wanderers onward
To their home on high!

2 *p* Jesus, Lord and Master,
At Thy sacred feet,
Here, with hearts rejoicing,
See Thy children meet.
pp Often have we left Thee,
Often gone astray;
Keep us, mighty Saviour,
In the narrow way.

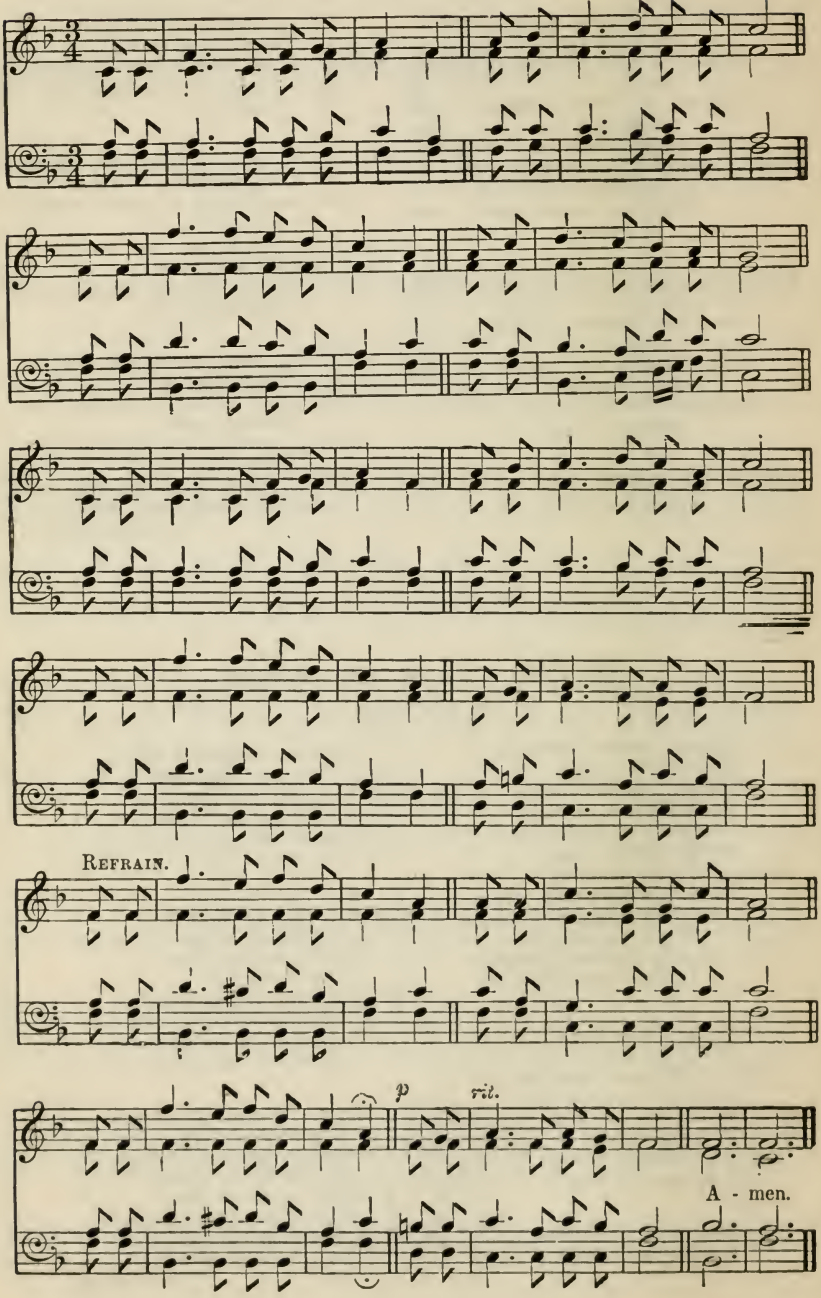
3 *mf* Pattern of our childhood,
Once Thyself a child,
Make our childhood holy,
Pure, and meek, and mild.
dim In the hour of danger
Whither can we flee,
cr Save to Thee, dear Saviour,
Only unto Thee?

4 *mf* All our days direct us
In the way we go,
Lead us on victorious
Over every foe;
dim Bid Thine angels shield us
When the storm-clouds lour
pp Pardon, Lord, and save us
In the last dread hour.

5 *mf* Then with saints and angels
May we join above,
Offering prayers and praises
At Thy throne of love.
p When the toil is over,
Then come rest and peace,
cr Jesus in His beauty!
Songs that never cease! Amen.

T. J. POTTER.

We are Sailing o'er an Ocean.



1.

mf We are sailing o'er an ocean
To a far eternal shore,
f And the waves are dashing round us,
And we hear the breakers roar:
p But we look above the billows,
In the darkness of the night,
mf And we see the steady gleaming
Of our changeless beacon light.
f O the light is flashing brightly
p From a calm and stormless shore,
mf Where we hope to cast our anchor
When the voyage of life is o'er.

2.

p Though the skies are dark above us,
cr And the waves are dashing high,
Let us look toward the beacon;
We shall reach it by and by.
mf 'Tis the light of God's great mercy,
And He holds it up in view,
f As a guide-star to His children,
As a guide to me and you.

3.

mf Rising high on mountain billow,
Sinking low beneath the wave:
Clouds may oft obscure our vision,
Fear extort the cry, Lord, save!
f Let the tempest rage around us,
Lightning flash and thunder roar,
Firm as rock our beacon standeth,
Shining from yon heavenly shore.

4.

mf He will keep it ever burning
From the lighthouse of His love;
And it always shines the brightest
When the skies are dark above.
If we keep our eyes upon it,
And we steer our course aright,
We shall reach the harbour safely,
By the blessèd beacon light.

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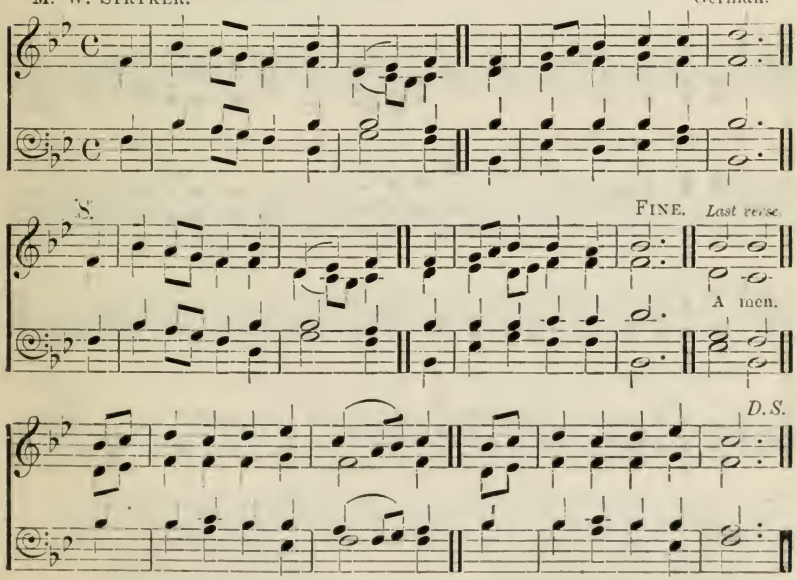
123 Sing, every Boy and Maiden.

M. W. Stryker. German.



1. *f* Sing, every boy and maiden,
To Him with gratitude,
mf Whose youth, though heavy-laden,
Was one Beatitude:
For Jesus, meek and purely
Through boyhood's duties trod,
As Mary's child, though surely
The very Son of God.

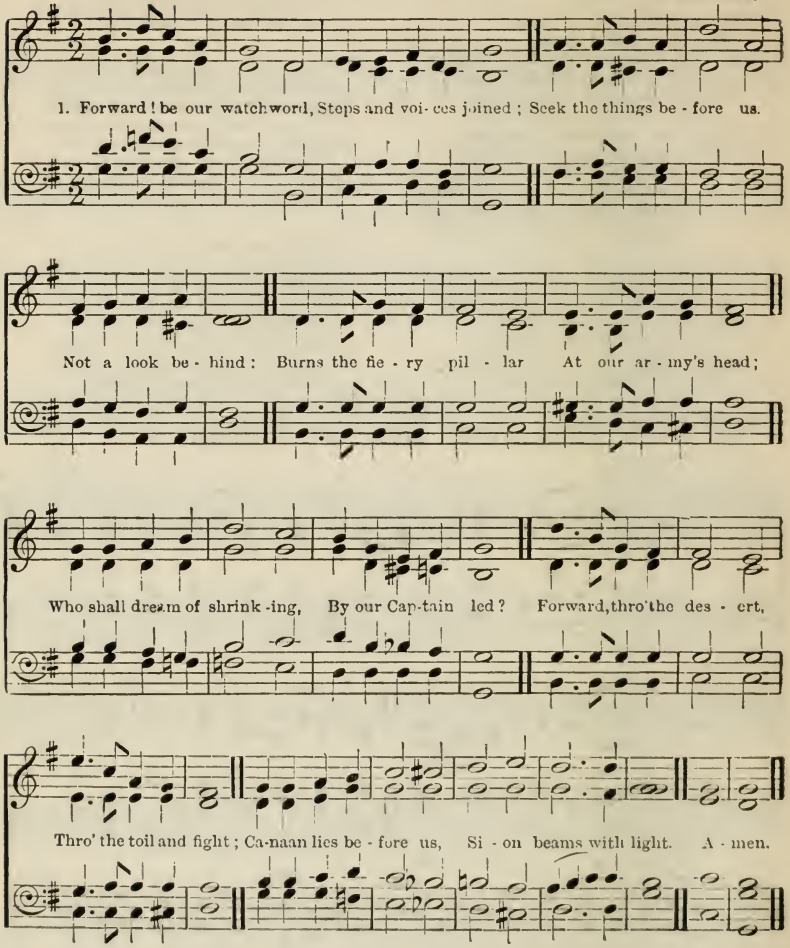
2. The helper of His mother,
A faithful Hebrew lad,
For sister and for brother
Christ wrought with spirit glad;
And made that cottage lowly,
That work bench by the door,
A labour-lesson holy
To love for evermore.

3. *p* All reverently obeying,
He bore His daily part
Toward her who kept each saying
Safe in her wondering heart.
Along the ways where Nature
Spoke low, by hill and glen,
mf He grew in wisdom, stature,
And grace with God and men.

4. *f* Oh, sing! ye tired and tearful,
What this sweet story saith;
For all that's brave and cheerful
Comes out of Nazareth!
mf Let serving hands fly faster,
New years new burdens bring,
Enough! if like our Master,
The Carpenter and King! Amen.

Forward! be our Watchword.

C. S. Reader.


1. Forward! be our watchword, Steps and voi- ces joined; Seek the things be - fore us.
Not a look be - hind: Burns the fie - ry pil - lar At our ar - my's head;
Who shall dream of shrink -ing, By our Cap-tain led? Forward, thro' the des - ert,
Thro' the toil and fight; Ca-naan lies be - fore us, Si - on beams with light. A - men.

2 *mf* Forward, flock of Jesus,
Salt of all the earth,
cr Till each yearning purpose
f Spring to glorious birth.
p Sick, they ask for healing;
Blind, they grope for day;
mf Pour upon the nations
Wisdom's loving ray.
Forward, out of error,
Leave behind the night;
cr Forward, through the darkness;
Forward into light.

3 *mf* Glories upon glories
Hath our God prepared,
By the souls that love Him
One day to be shared;
p Eye hath not beheld them,
Ear hath never heard;
Nor of these hath uttered
Thought or speech a word.
f Forward, ever forward,
Clad in armour bright,
Till the veil be lifted,
Till our faith be sight.

4 *mf* Far o'er yon horizon
Rise the city towers,
cr Where our God abideth,
That fair home is ours;
f Flash the gates with jasper,
Shine the streets with gold;
p Flows the gladdening river,
Shedding joys untold.
f Thither, onward thither,
In the Spirit's might;
Pilgrims to your country,
Forward into light! Amen.

H. Alford.

Onward, Brothers, Onward.

Tune, No. 124.

1 *mf* Onward, brothers, onward! march with one accord;
Jesus goes before us, all-victorious Lord!
cr Ye who serve and love Him, join with all your powers
In the holy warfare 'gainst His foes and ours.
f Onward, brothers, onward! march with one accord;
Jesus goes before us, all-victorious Lord!

2 *mf* Far and wide around us, see on every hand,
Through the mighty city, Satan's strongholds stand:
Selfish greed and grinding, lust and drink and hate—
These his chains which bind men with their iron weight.

3 *p* Ah, the groans uprising from those dungeons cold!
Ah, the wounds unhealéd!—ah, the griefs untold!
mf Ah, the peace they crave for—peace which never comes!
cr Ah, the need of Jesus in ten thousand homes!

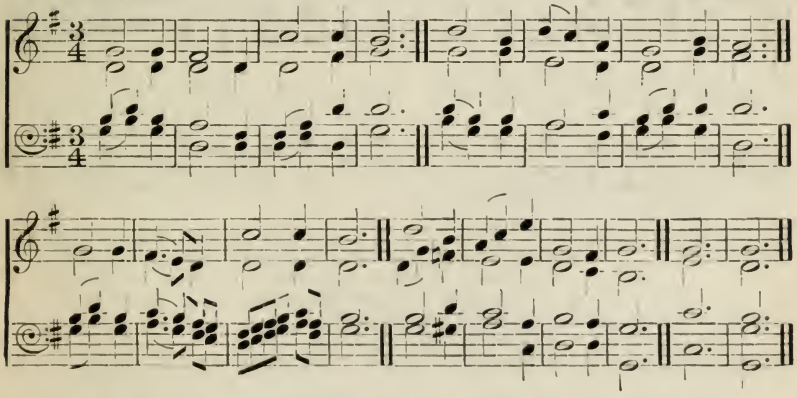
4 *mf* Can we rest contented, whom His love hath freed,
Careless of our brothers in their bitter need?
f Soldiers, up and onward! lay the oppressor low!
Bring the old glad tidings to these scenes of woe!

5 *mf* Ours the might that conquered in the days of old;
Faith that never changes, love that ne'er grows cold
He is with us alway—He who bade us "Go,"
Until every creature His dear name shall know. Amen.

126

Consecration.

F. R. Havergal. From Mozart.



1 *p* Take my life and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee;
mf Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

2 *p* Take my hands and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love:
mf Take my feet and let them be
Swift and beautiful for Thee.

3 *mf* Take my voice and let me sing
Always, only, for my King;
f Take my lips and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee.

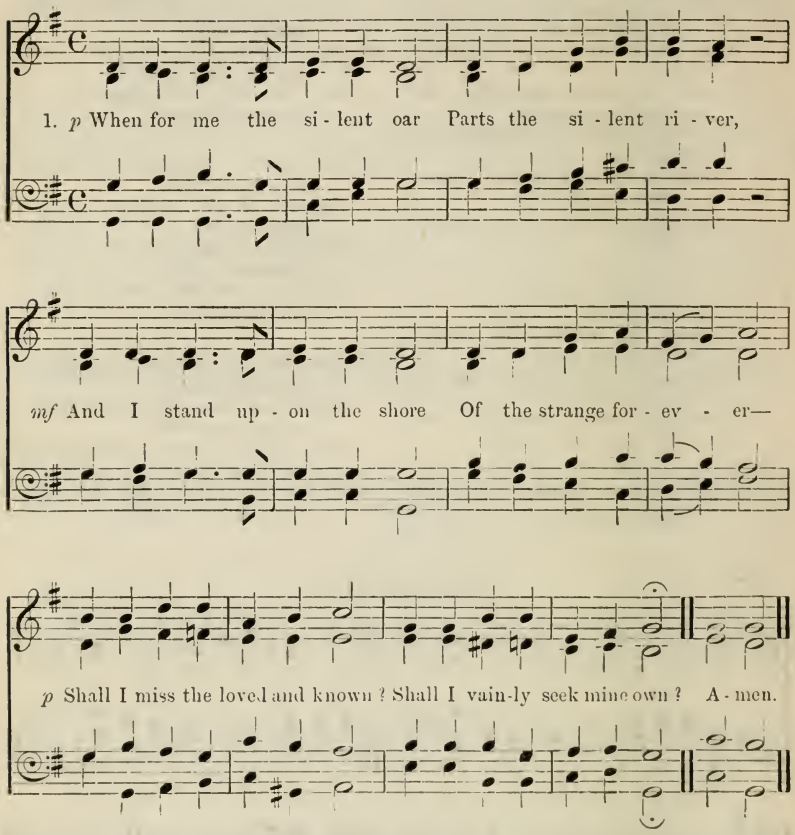
4 *mf* Take my silver and my gold,
Not a mite would I withhold;
Take my intellect and use
Every power as Thou shalt choose.

5 *mf* Take my will and make it Thine,
It shall be no longer mine;
cr Take my heart, it is Thine own,
f It shall be Thy royal throne.

6 *p* Take my love; my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure-store;
cr Take myself, and I will be,
f Ever, only, all for Thee! Amen.

The Silent River.

LUCY LARCOM. T. B. STEPHENSON.


1. p When for me the si - lent oar Parts the si - lent ri - ver,
mf And I stand up - on the shore Of the strange for - ev - er—
p Shall I miss the loved and known? Shall I vain-ly seek mine own? A - men.

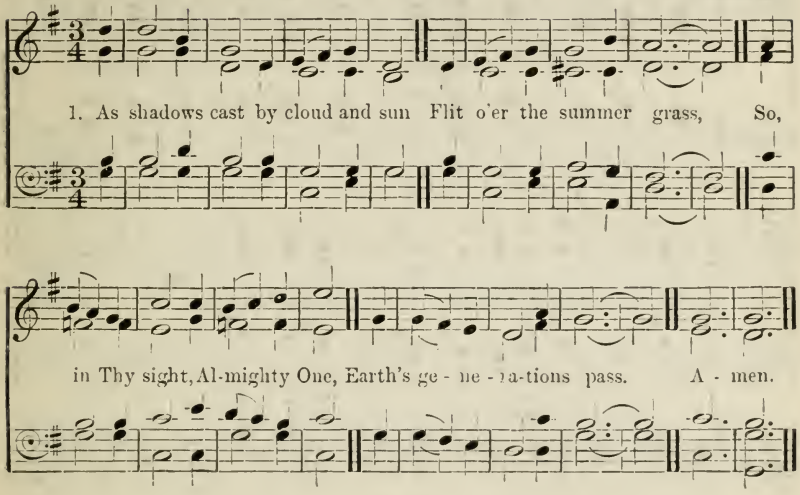
2. *mf* Can the bonds that make us here
Know ourselves immortal,
Drop away, like foliage sere,
At life's inner portal?
What is holiest below
Must for ever live and grow.

3. He who plants within our hearts
All this deep affection,
p Giving, when the form departs,
Fadeless recollection,
mf Will but clasp the unbroken chain
Closer when we meet again.

4. *mf* Therefore dread I not to go
O'er the silent river:
p Death, thy hastening oar I know:
Bear me, Thou Life-giver,
mf Through the waters to the shore
Where mine own have gone before. Amen

As Shadows cast by Cloud and Sun.

W. C. Bryant. *Tune*—"Bryant." T. B. Stephenson.



2.

And while the years, an endless host,
Come pressing swiftly on,
mf The brightest names that earth can boast
p Just glisten and are gone.

3.

mf Yet doth the star of Bethlehem shed
A lustre pure and sweet;
And still it leads, as once it led,
To the Messiah's feet.

4.

And deeply at this later day
Our hearts rejoice to see
How children, guided by its ray,
Come to the Saviour's knee.

5.

mf O Father, may that holy star
Grow every year more bright,
f And send its glorious beams afar
To fill the world with light. Amen.

B

1.

mf From Thee all skill and science flow,
p All pity, care, and love,
All calm and courage, faith and hope,
mf Oh, pour them from above!

2.

And part them, Lord, to each and all,
As each and all shall need,
p To rise, like incense, each to Thee,
In noble thought and deed.

3.

mf And hasten, Lord, that perfect day
When pain and death shall cease;
And Thy just rule shall fill the earth
With health, and light, and peace:

4.

When ever blue the sky shall gleam,
And ever green the sod,
And man's rude work deface no more
The paradise of God. Amen.

C. Kingsley.

C

Temperance Hymn.

mf I promise Thee, sweet Lord, that I
Will never cloud the light
Which shines from Thee within my soul,
And makes my reason bright.

2.

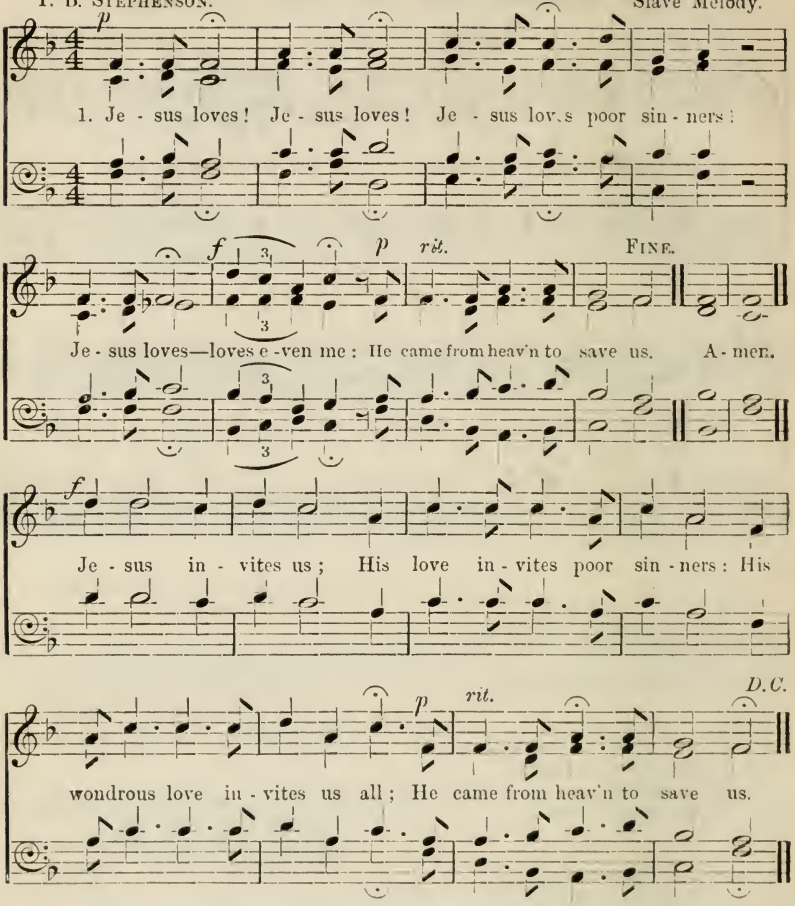
Nor ever will I loose the power
To serve Thee by the will,
Which Thou hast set within my heart,
Thy precepts to fulfil.

3.

That so, my childhood free from sin
Of drink which causes strife,
By the clear fountains I may rest
Of everlasting life. Amen.

H. E. Manning.

Jesus Loves!

T. B. Stephenson. Slave Melody.

p
1. Je - sus loves! Je - sus loves! Je - sus loves poor sin - ners:
f
p
rit.
Fine.
Je - sus loves—loves e - ven me: He came from heav'n to save us. A - men.
f
Je - sus in - vites us; His love in - vites poor sin - ners: His
p
rit.
D.C.
wondrous love in - vites us all; He came from heav'n to save us.

2. Jesus died! Jesus died! Jesus died! for sinners!
Jesus died—died on the tree: He shed His blood to save us.
Now Jesus calls us—from Calvary He calls us:
His blood calls loudly from the tree;
His blood He shed to save us.

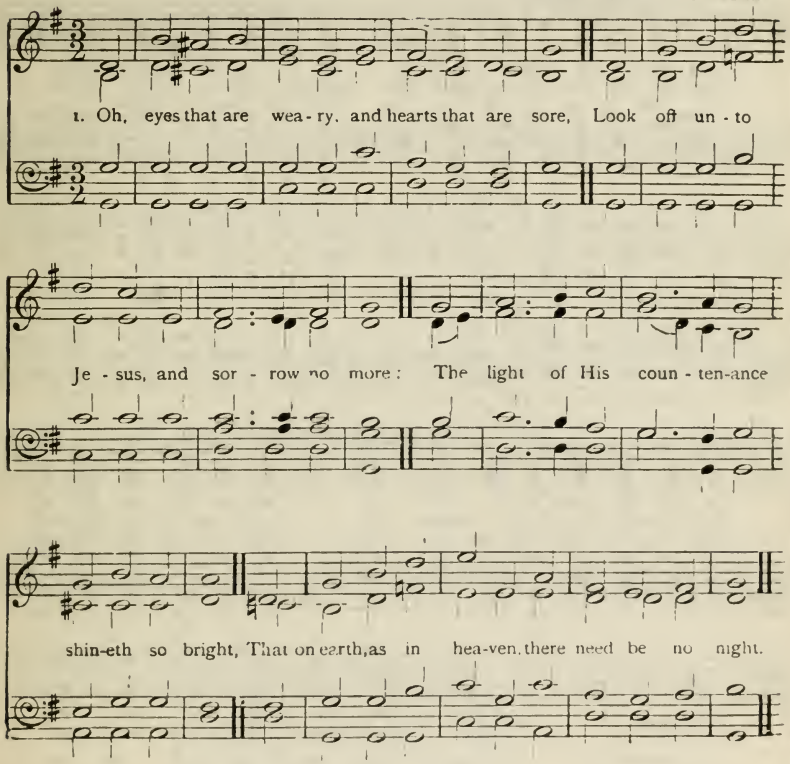
3. Jesus lives! Jesus lives! Jesus lives for ever!
Jesus lives—lives now a King: He lives a King to save us.
Jesus can keep us—from all our foes can keep us:
Can keep us even unto death,
He lives a King to save us!

4. Jesus comes! Jesus comes! Jesus comes in glory!
Jesus comes—comes on the throne: He's coming soon to judge us.
Jesus is coming—He'll come, the heavens rending:
The Crucified will come to judge;
He's coming soon to judge us.

5. Weary soul, weary soul, come at once to Jesus!
Come at once—come now to Him: come while He waits to save you!
The Saviour loves you—He's coming soon to judge you:
He lives to set you free from sin;
He shed His blood to save you. Amen.

O Eyes that are Weary.

Music by Dr. BULLINGER

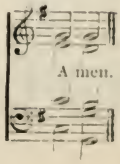

1. Oh, eyes that are wea - ry, and hearts that are sore, Look off un - to
Je - sus, and sor - row no more: The light of His coun - ten-ance
shin-eth so bright, That on earth, as in hea-ven, there need be no night.

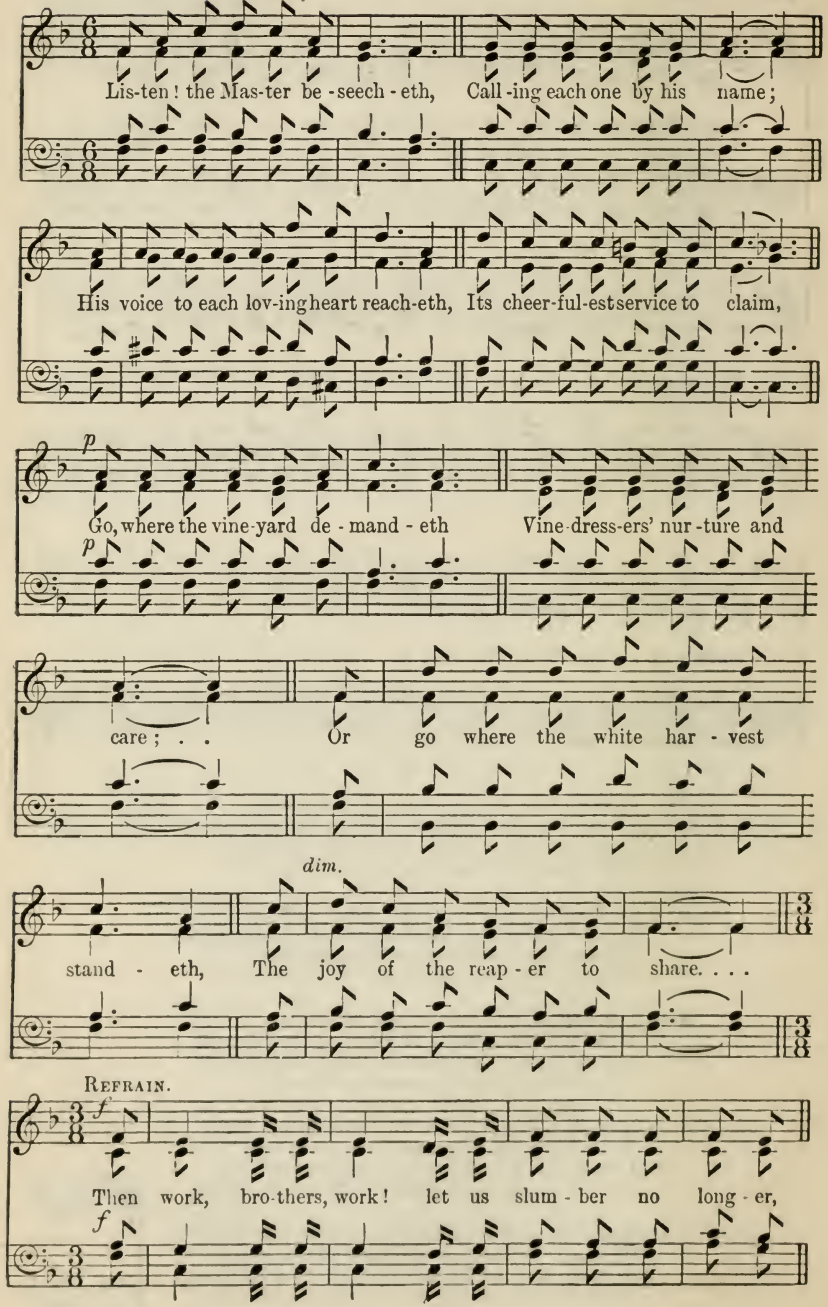
2 *mf* Looking off unto Jesus, my eyes cannot see
The troubles and dangers that throng around me;
f They cannot be blinded with sorrowful tears,
They cannot be shadowed with unbelief fears.

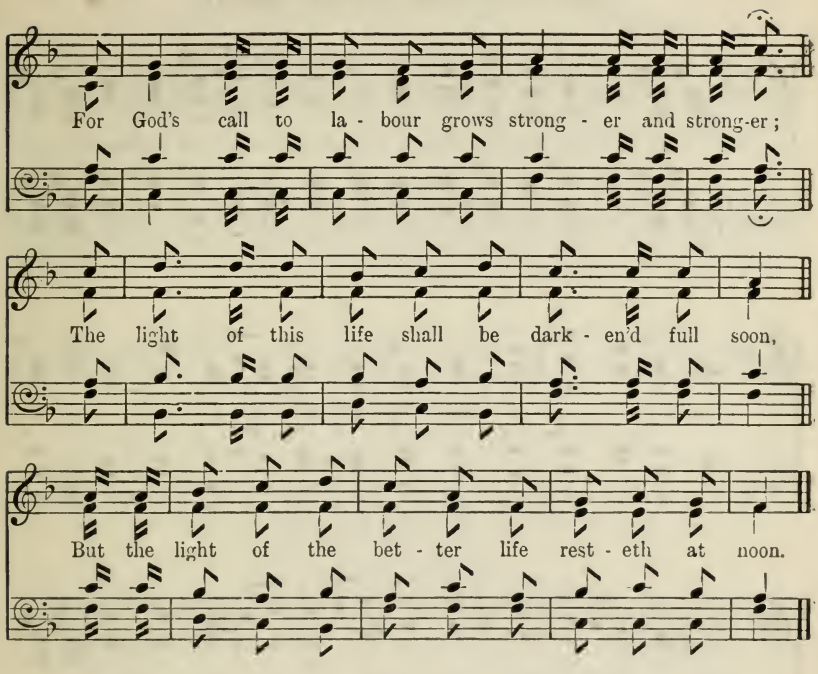
3 *p* Looking off unto Jesus, my spirit is blest;
In the world I have turmoil, in Him I have rest,
The sea of my life all about me may roar;
f When I look unto Jesus I hear it no more.

4 *mf* Looking off unto Jesus, I go not astray;
My eyes are on Him, and He shows me the way.
cr The path may seem dark as He leads me along,
f But following Jesus I cannot go wrong.

5 *p* Looking off unto Jesus, my heart cannot fear;
Its trembling is still when I see Jesus near:
mf I know that His power my safeguard will be,
For "Why are ye troubled?" He saith unto me.

6 *mf* And soon, at His coming, the beauty and grace
Of Jesus, my Lord, I shall see face to face;
f And His love, which now leadeth the desert along,
Shall be in that glory my strength and my song.

Listen! the Master beseecheth.

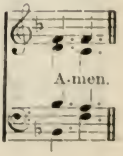
PHILIP PHILLIPS.

Lis-ten! the Mas-ter be-seech-eth, Call-ing each one by his name;
His voice to each lov-ing heart reach-eth, Its cheer-ful-est service to claim,
p
Go, where the vine-yard de-mand-eth Vine-dress-ers' nur-ture and
p
care; . . Or go where the white har-vest
dim.
stand-eth, The joy of the reap-er to share. . . .
REFRAIN.
f
Then work, bro-thers, work! let us slum-ber no long-er,
f

Listen! the Master beseecheth.—*Continued.*

For God's call to la - bour grows strong - er and strong-er;
The light of this life shall be dark - en'd full soon,
But the light of the bet - ter life rest - eth at noon.

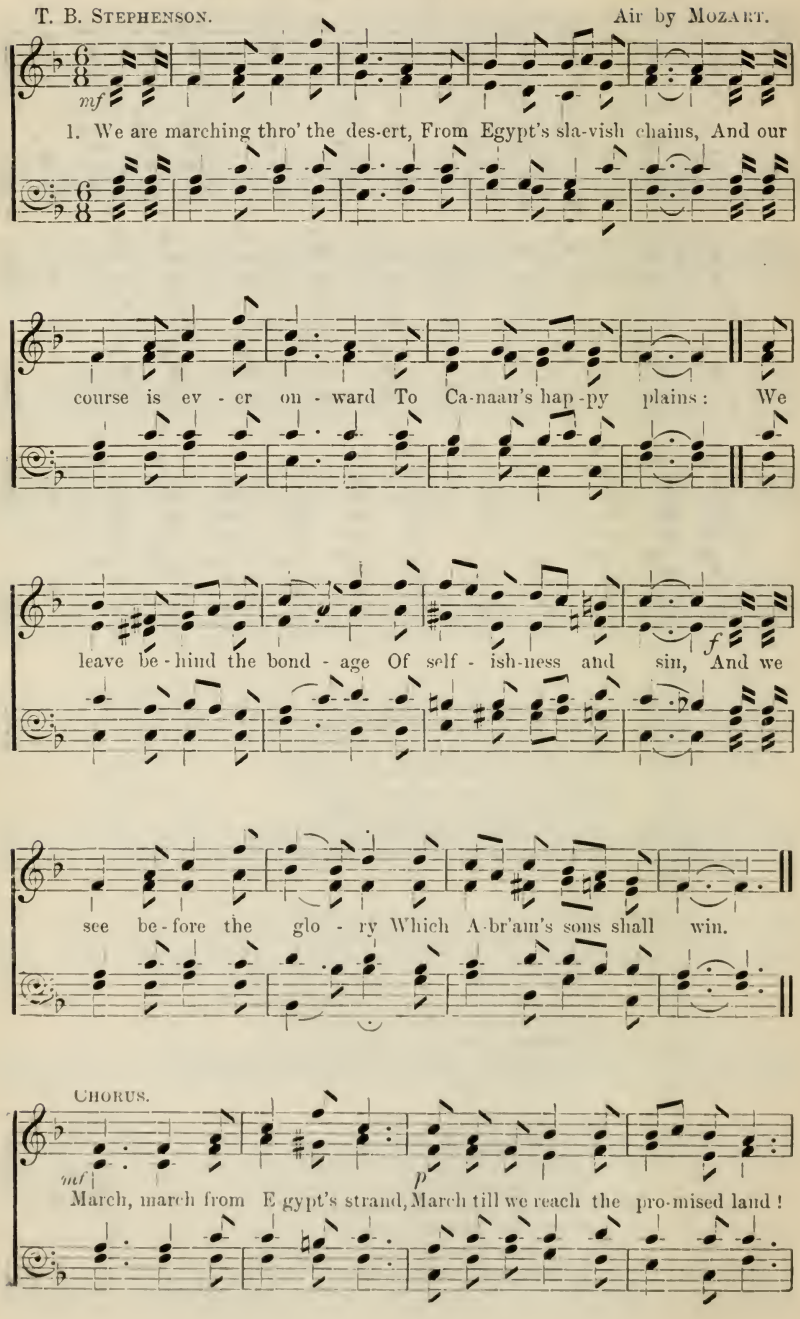
2 *mf* Seek those of evil behaviour,
Bid them their lives to amend
Go point the lost world to the Saviour,
And be to the friendless a friend.
p Still be the lone heart of anguish,
Soothed by the pity of thine;
By waysides if wounded ones languish,
Go pour in the oil and the wine.

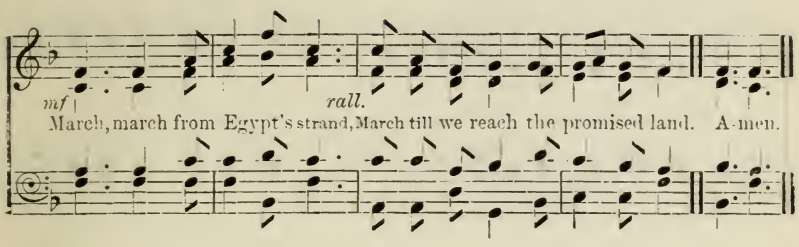
3 *mf* Work for the good that is nighest,
Dream not of greatness afar;
cr That glory is ever the highest
Which shines upon men as they are.
f Work, though the world would defeat you;
Heed not its slander and scorn;
Nor weary till angels shall greet you
With smiles through the gates of the morn.

4 *p* Offer thy life on the altar;
In the high purpose be strong;
cr And if the tired spirit should falter,
Then sweeten thy labour with song.
mf What if the poor heart complaineth?
Soon shall its wailing be o'er,
f For there in the rest which remaineth;
It shall grieve and be weary no more.

W. M. PUNSHON.

Marching through the Desert.

T. B. Stephenson. Air by Mozart.


mf
1. We are marching thro' the des-ert, From Egypt's sla-vish chains, And our
course is ev - er on - ward To Ca-naan's hap-py plains: We
f
leave be-hind the bond - age Of self - ish-ness and sin, And we
see be-fore the glo - ry Which A-br'am's sons shall win.
Chorus.
mf
p
March, march from E gypt's strand, March till we reach the pro-mised land!

Marching through the Desert.—*Continued.*

2.

p Though within the bounds of Egypt
Is many a pleasant wile;
Though the plains are green in Goshen,
And fat the banks of Nile;
mf We choose the rock-drawn water,
And manna from above,
While round us and upon us
Rests God's bright smile of love.

3.

mf Though Amalek arrayeth
His might to bar the road,
cr We smite him—for our warfare
Is with the might of God.
p Though Marah's wells are bitter,
Our God doth make them sweet
mf And strengthened by one trial,
We march the next to meet.

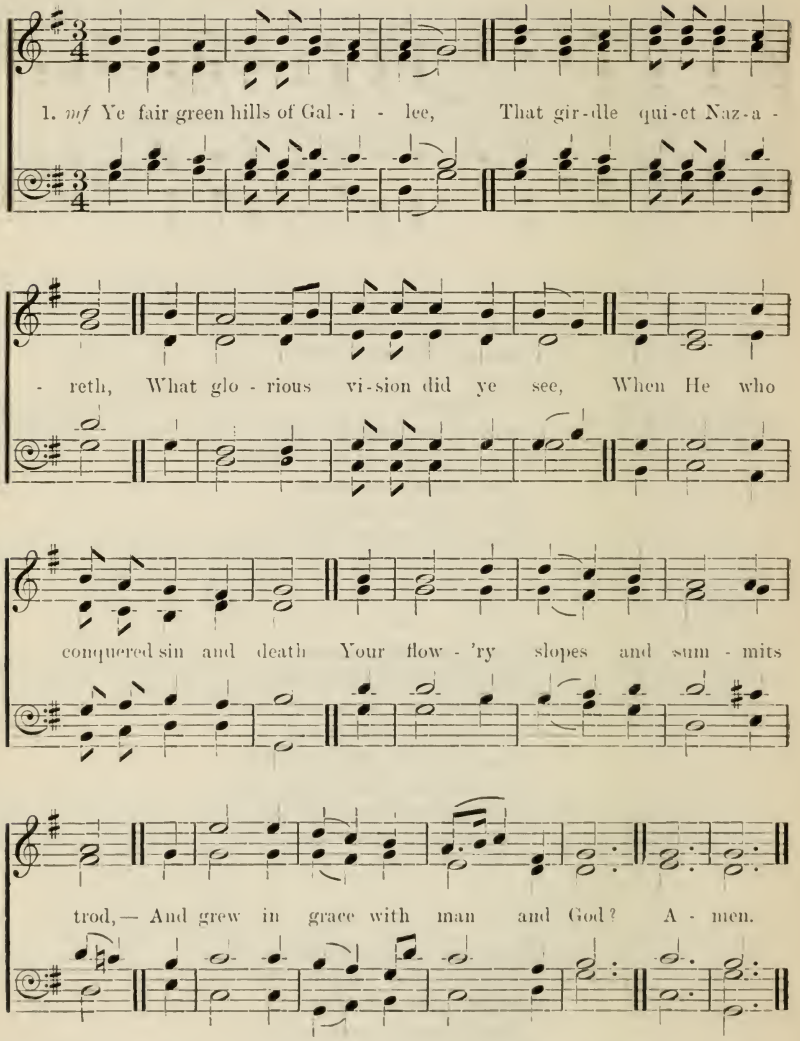
4.

mf So soon we'll reach the Jordan,
The goal of all our toil,
Dividing from the region
That flows with wine and oil;
We'll to our covenant country
March through the parted tide,
cr And mount the banks of heaven
With Jesus for our Guide.

T. B. STEPHENSON.

Ye Fair Green Hills of Galilee.

E. R. Conder. J. W. David.


1. mf Ye fair green hills of Gal - i - lee, That gir-dle qui-et Naz-a -
- reth, What glo - rious vi-sion did ye see, When He who
conquered sin and death Your flow - 'ry slopes and sum - mits
trod, — And grew in grace with man and God? A - men.

2.

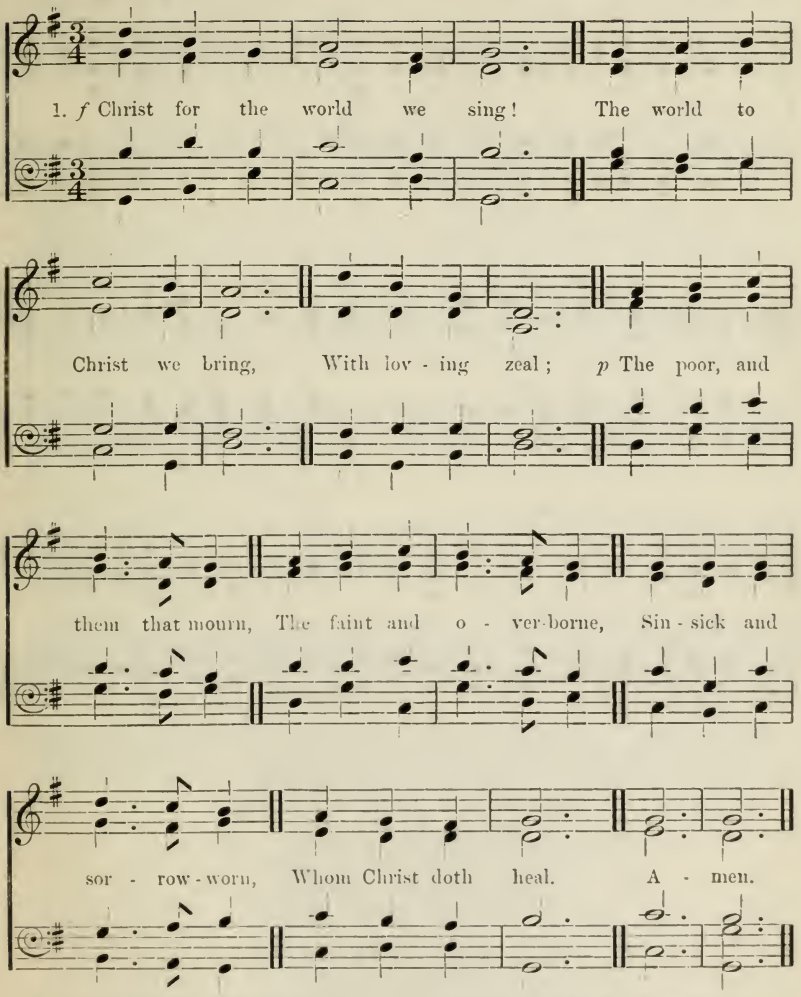
p We saw no glory crown His head,
As childhood ripened into youth;
No angels on His errands sped;
He wrought no sign. But meekness, truth,
mf And duty marked each step He trod, —
And love to man, and love to God.

3.

p Jesus! my Saviour, Master, King,
Who didst for me the burden bear;
mf While saints in heaven Thy glory sing,
Let me on earth Thy likeness wear:
f Mine be the path Thy feet have trod, —
Duty, and love to man and God.

Christ for the World we Sing!

S. Wolcott. Giardini.


1. f Christ for the world we sing! The world to
Christ we bring, With lov - ing zeal; p The poor, and
them that mourn, The faint and o - ver-borne, Sin - sick and
sor - row - worn, Whom Christ doth heal. A - men.

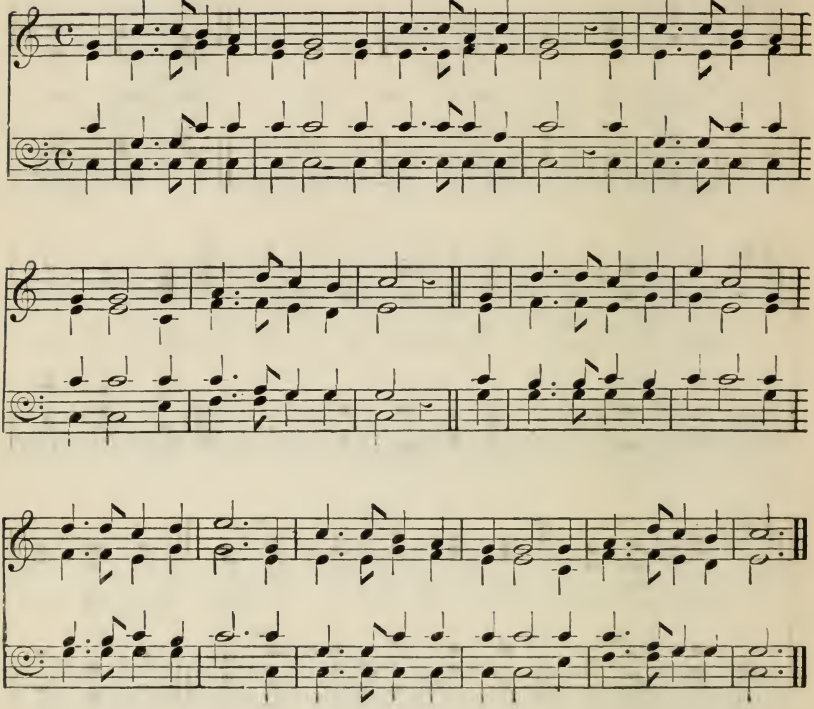
2. *f* Christ for the world we sing!
The world to Christ we bring
With fervent prayer;
p The wayward and the lost,
By restless passions tossed,
Redeemed at countless cost
From dark despair.

3. *f* Christ for the world we sing!
The world to Christ we bring
With one accord;
mf With us the work to share,
With us reproach to dare,
With us the cross to bear
For Christ our Lord.

4. *f* Christ for the world we sing!
The world to Christ we bring
With joyful song;
The new-born souls, whose days,
Reclaimed from error's ways,
Inspired with hope and praise,
To Christ belong. Amen.

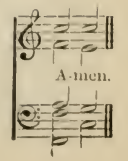
Ho! Reapers of Life's Harvest.

I. B. Woodbury.

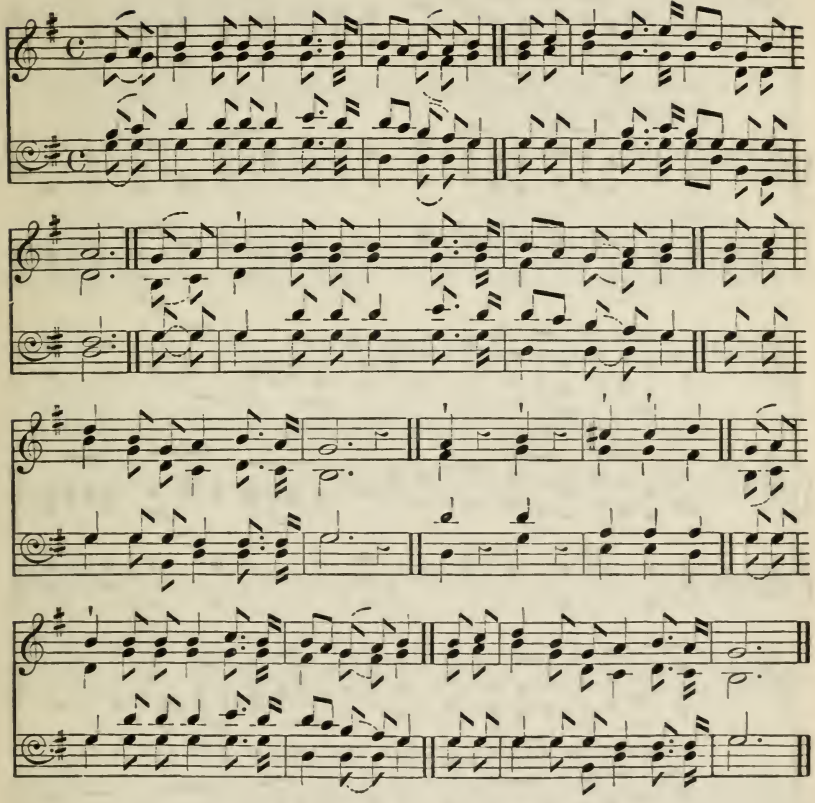


1 *mf* Ho! reapers of life's harvest,
Why stand with rusted blade,
dim Until the night draws round you,
And day begins to fade?
mf Why stand ye idle, waiting
For reapers more to come?
f The golden morn is passing,
Why stand ye idle, dumb?

2 *mf* Thrust in your sharpened sickle,
And gather in the grain;
dim The night is fast approaching,
And soon will come again.
mf The Master calls for reapers,
And shall He call in vain?
p Shall sheaves lie there ungathered,
And waste upon the plain?

3 *mf* Come down from hill and mountain
In morning's ruddy glow,
Nor wait until the dial
Points to the noon below;
cr And come with the strong sinew,
Nor faint in heat or cold,
f And pause not till the evening
Draws round its wealth of gold.

There is Life for a Look.

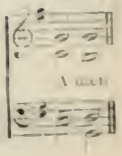
E. G. Taylor.



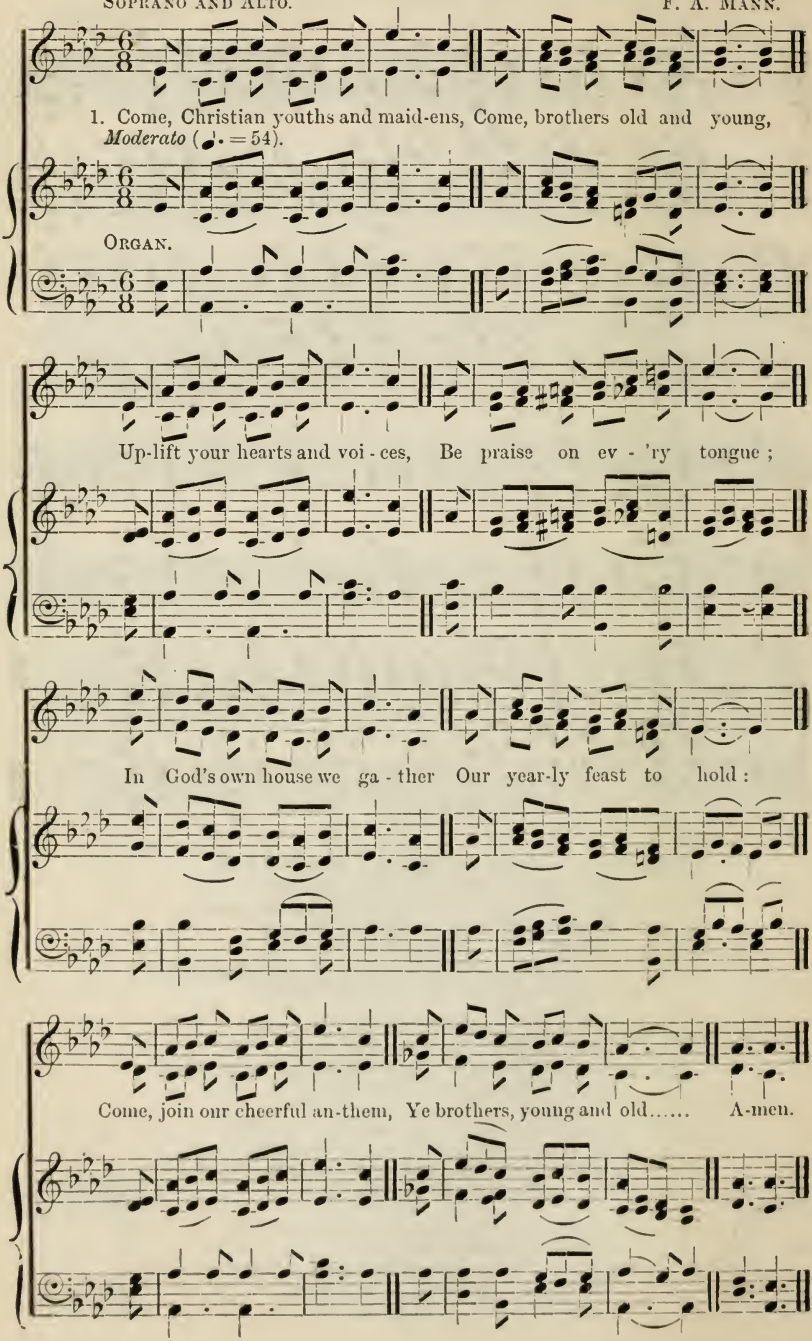
1 *mf* There is life for a look at the Crucified One,
There is life at this moment for thee;
Then look, sinner, look unto Him and be saved,
p Unto Him Who was nailed to the tree.
cr Look! look! look and live!
f There is life for a look at the Crucified One,
There is life at this moment for thee.

2 *f* O why was He there as the bearer of sin,
If on Jesus thy guilt was not laid?
mf O why from His side flowed the sin-cleansing blood,
If His dying thy debt has not paid?

3 *mf* It is not thy tears of repentance nor prayers,
But the blood, that atones for the soul;
f On Him, then, Who shed it thou mayest at once
Thy weight of iniquities roll.

4 *mf* Then take with rejoicing from Jesus at once
The life everlasting He gives;
cr And know with assurance thou never canst die,
f Since Jesus thy Righteousness lives.

T. A. Stowell.

Soprano and Alto. F. A. Mann.


1. Come, Christian youths and maid-ens, Come, brothers old and young,
Moderato (♩. = 54).
Organ.
Up-lift your hearts and voi - ces, Be praise on ev - 'ry tongue;
In God's own house we ga - ther Our year-ly feast to hold:
Come, join our cheerful an-them, Ye brothers, young and old..... A-men.

Come Christian Youths and Maidens.—*Continued.*

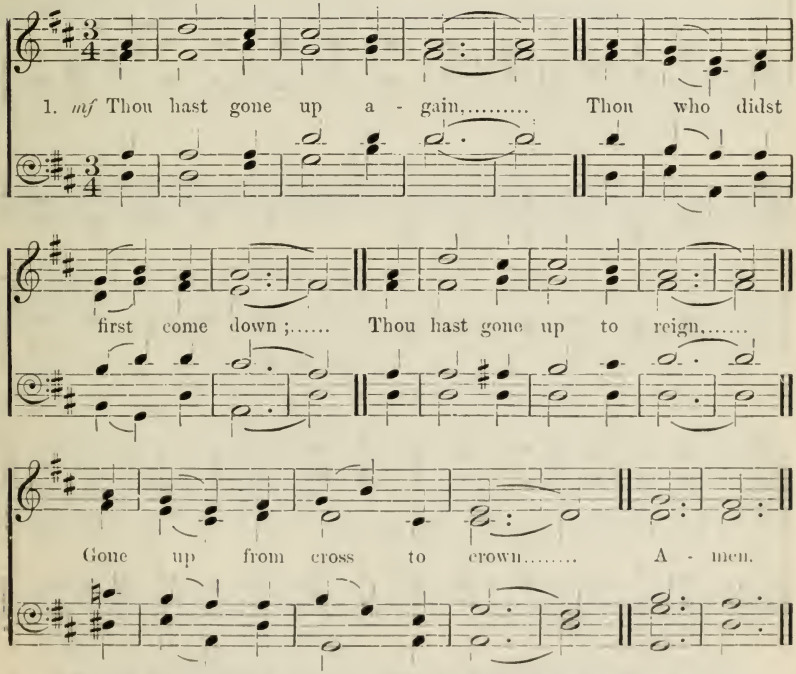
2 *mf* Come, sing with us the praises
Of God's preserving care,
Who safe from harm hath kept us
Throughout another year;
And crowned our lives with mercies,
Unnumbered as the sand,
Which, day by day, have reached us
From His all-gracious Hand.

3 *p* Come, sing with us the praises
Of God's redeeming love,
mf That song which never ceases
Around the Throne above:
cr The voice of many angels—
"Worthy the Lamb of God,
p For He was slain to save us
By His most precious blood."

4 *mf* Come, praise Him for glad tidings,
Heard in this hallowed place,
Glad tidings of salvation,
By free and sovereign grace
p For gifts of holy scripture,
Known from our childhood's days,
For calls from heaven to serve Him
In wisdom's happy ways.

5 *mf* Come, praise Him for the promise,
Of strength in weakness given,
For means of grace provided,
For blesséd hope of heaven.
cr Oh! Christian youths and maidens,
Oh! brothers, old and young,
f Uplift your hearts and voices
And let His praise be sung. Amen.

138 Thou hast Gone Up Again.

ELIZA SCUDDER.

2. *mf* Beyond the opening sky
No more Thy face we see;
Yet draw our souls on high,
That we may dwell with Thee.

3. Up to those regions blest
Where faith has fullest sway,
Up to Thine endless rest,
Up to Thy cloudless day;

4. *f* Up to that glowing life,
mf Up to that perfect peace,
Unvexed by doubt or strife,
Where care and conflict cease.

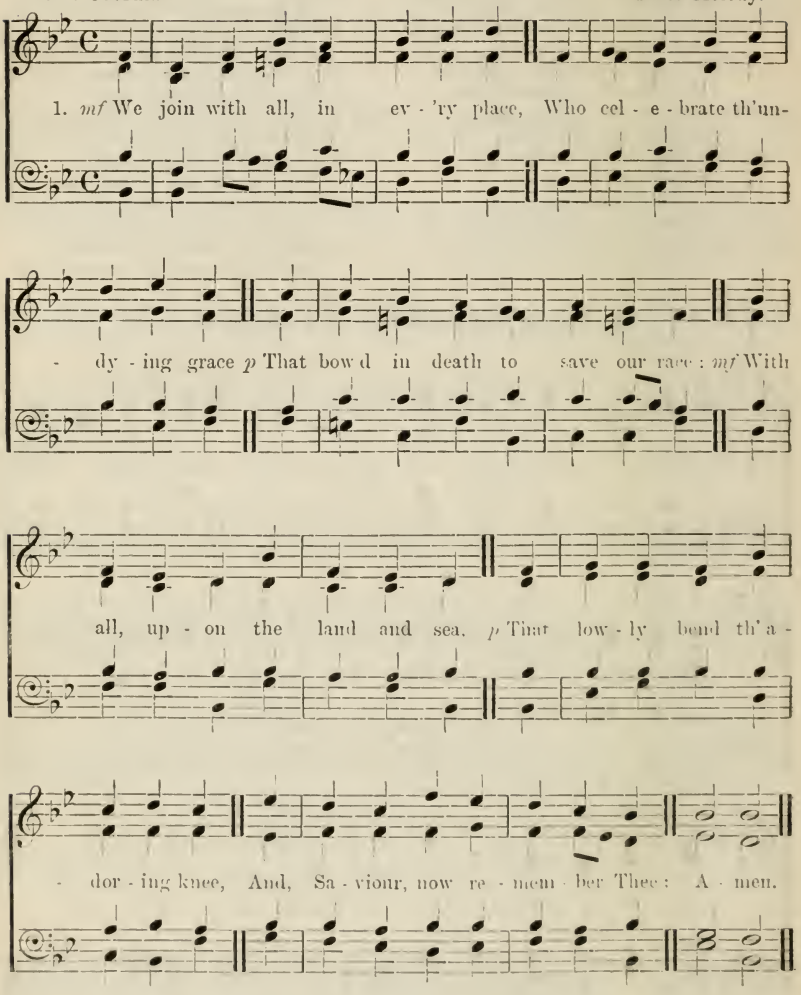
5. *p* Up, up to where Thou art,
Fount of unwasting Love,
Up to that mighty Heart,
All its great power to prove.

6. *mf* Not now for distant heaven
Or future life we pray:
Lord, let Thy grace be given
To make us Thine to-day.

7. Here, hold us in Thy Hand;
Here, by Thy Spirit guide;
So shall our hearts ascend,
And still with Thee abide. Amen.

We join with All, in every Place.

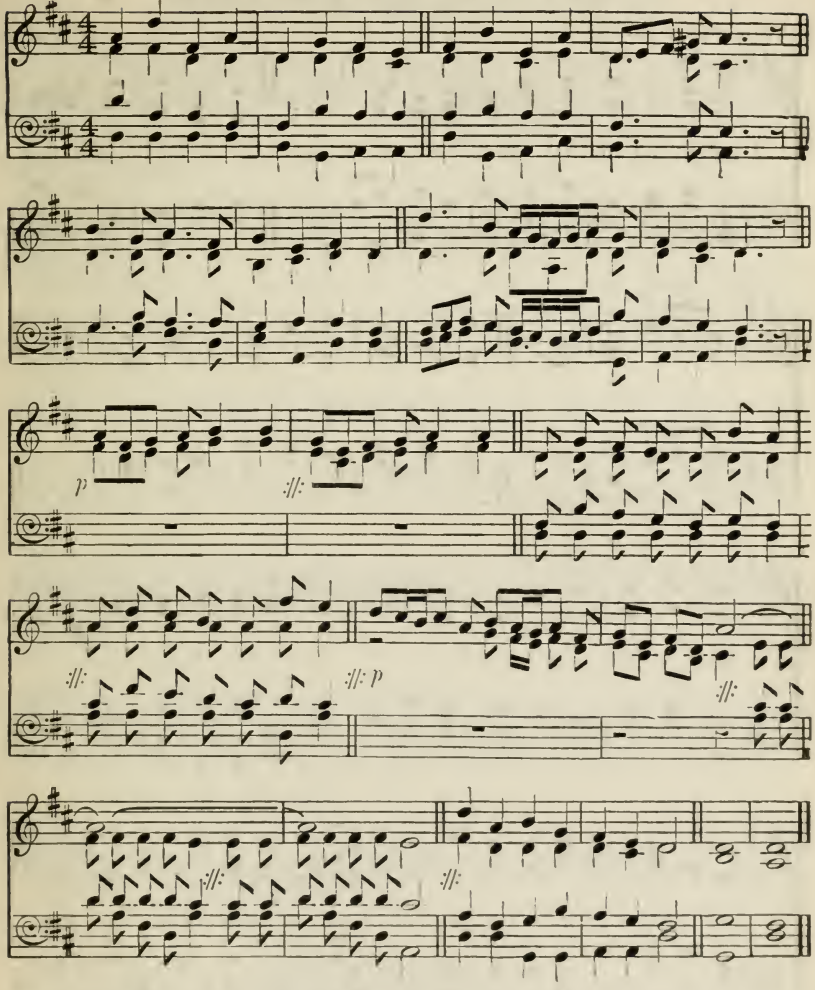
G. T. Coster. Swiss Melody.


1. mf We join with all, in ev - 'ry place, Who cel - e - brate th'un-
- dy - ing grace p That bow'd in death to save our race: mf With
all, up - on the land and sea. p Tim'r low - ly bend th'a -
- dor - ing knee, And, Sa - viour, now re - mem - ber Thee: A - men.

2. With all in chamber lone that make
Their prayer, in pause of pain, and break
The bread, and of the cup partake:
mf With all in reverent throngs that now
Within Thy Temple loving bow,
And breathe the sacramental vow:

3. With all our kin beyond the foam
Who find, though in far lands they roam,
Still in Thy love their life, their home:
We join with all, where'er they be,
Who bend commemorative knee,
And now in love remember Thee. Amen.

O Thou God of Truth and Justice.



1 O Thou God of truth and justice,
Seated on Thy glorious throne,
Hear the pleading of Thy people,
And Thy mighty power make [known!
God of Israel,
Send us swift deliverance down.

2 Lo, the slain of Moloch strewing,
Like the sand the ocean-shore!
Hark! the drunkard's death-knell
Pealing o'er us evermore! [pealing,
God of mercy,
Hast Thou lost Thine ancient [power?

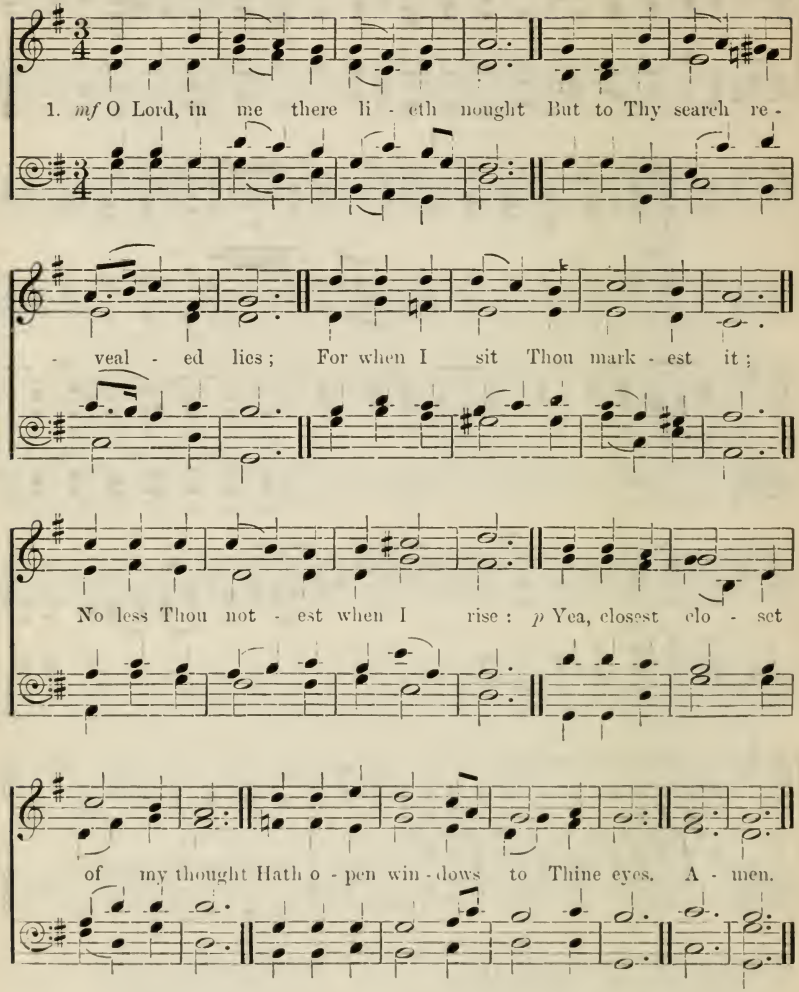
3 Shall the widow's piteous crying
Waste itself in wild despair?
Shall the orphan's bitter sighing
Die unheeded on the air?
God of judgment,
All Thy majesty declare!

4 Over all the land is mourning,
Many a house bewails its dead;
Shame and sin and desolation
Over all the land is spread:
Strong Redeemer,
Lift Thou up our fainting head.

5 Turn the tide of dark intemperance,
Sweep the plague of death away;
Gird Thy mighty sword upon Thee,
And Thy sovereign power display;
God Almighty!
Bare Thine holy Arm to-day. Amen.

O Lord, in me there lieth nought.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY. F. J. HAYDN.


1. mf O Lord, in me there li - eth nought But to Thy search re -
- veal - ed lies; For when I sit Thou mark - est it;
No less Thou not - est when I rise: p Yea, closest clo - set
of my thought Hath o - pen win - dows to Thine eyes. A - men.

2.

mf Thou walkest with me when I walk;
p When to my bed for rest I go,
I find Thee there, and everywhere:
Not youngest thought in me doth grow,
No, not one word I cast to talk,
But, yet unuttered, Thou dost know.

3.

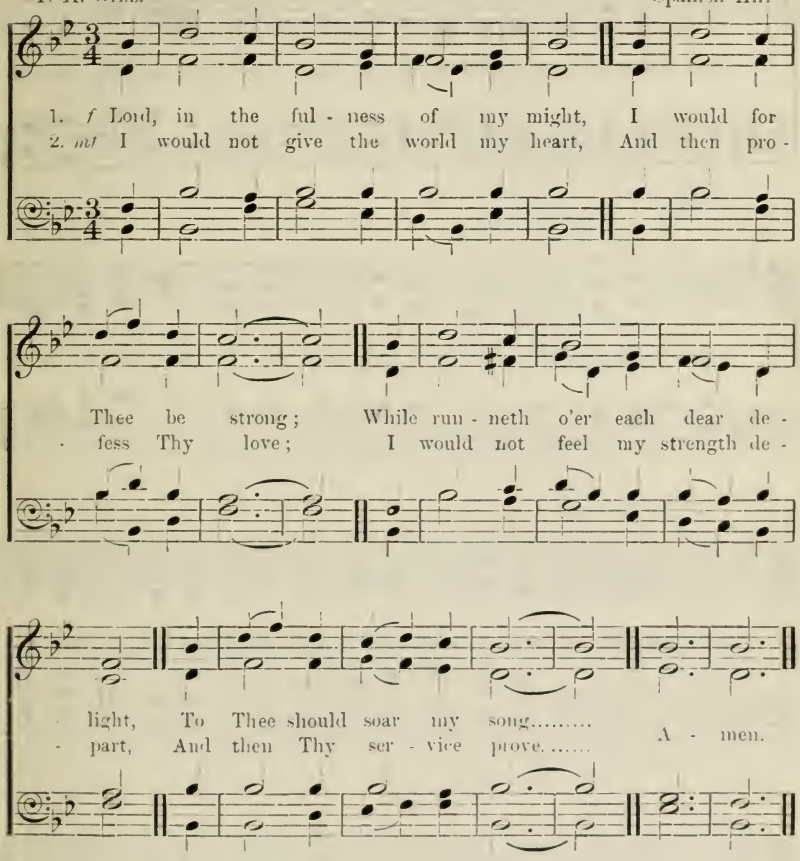
mf If forth I march, Thou goest before;
If back I turn, Thou com'st behind:
So forth nor back Thy guard I lack:
Nay, on me too Thy hand I find.
Well I Thy wisdom may adore,
But never reach with earthly mind.

4.

Do thou thy best, O secret night,
In sable veil to cover me—
Thy sable veil shall vainly fall!
With day unmasked my night shall be:
For night is day and darkness light,
f O Father of all lights, to Thee! Amen.

Lord, in the fulness of my might.

T. H. Gill. Spanish Air.


1. f Lord, in the ful - ness of my might, I would for
2. mf I would not give the world my heart, And then pro -
Thee be strong; While run - neth o'er each dear de -
- fess Thy love; I would not feel my strength de -
light, To Thee should soar my song.....
- part, And then Thy ser - vice prove.....
A - men.

3. I would not with swift-winged zeal
On the world's errands go,
And labour up the heavenly hill
With weary feet and slow.

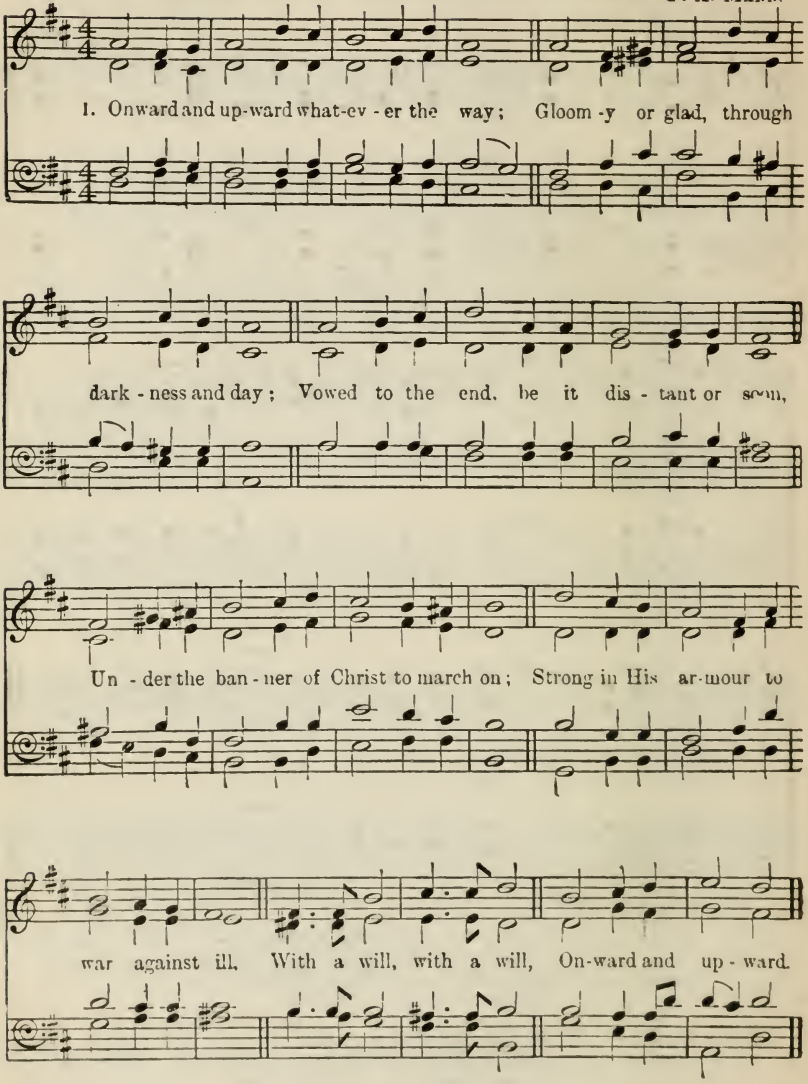
4. *p* Oh, not for Thee my weak desires,
My poorer, baser part!
Oh, not for Thee my fading fires,
The ashes of my heart!

5. *mf* Oh, choose me in my golden time!
In my dear joys have part!
f For Thee the glory of my prime—
The fulness of my heart!

6. *mf* I cannot, Lord, too early take
The covenant divine:
Oh, ne'er the happy heart may break,
Whose earliest love was Thine! Amen.

Onward and Upward.

F. A. Mann.


1. Onward and up-ward what-ev - er the way; Gloom -y or glad, through
dark - ness and day; Vowed to the end, be it dis - tant or soon,
Un - der the ban - ner of Christ to march on; Strong in His ar-mour to
war against ill, With a will, with a will, On-ward and up - ward.

2

p 'Tis to no easy achievement we go;
Self must meet self, as a man meets his foe; [of soul,
Thoughtlessness, indolence, coldness
Selfishness,—are between us and the goal,
As in life's conflict we war against ill,
f With a will, with a will,
ff Onward and upward.

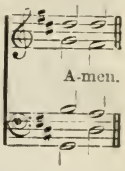
3

mf 'Tis not the doubters who move us to flight;
We see in faith, where they waver in night:
p 'Tis not the evil of things that we fear;
All the world's mystery cannot be clear
cr As in this twilight we war against ill,
f With a will, with a will,
ff Onward and upward.

4 *p* But with the self within self, and the heart
Ready to stray, are the pain and the smart:
pp Here are the foes, as we march to the goal:—
cr Saviour and Lord! be the soul of the soul
Here in this life-long campaign against ill,
f With a will, with a will,
ff Onward and upward.

5 *mf* Fierce in the heart is the battle of life,
p Bitter the wounds,—yet not hopeless the strife;
pp Groans in the darkness, and cry upon cry;
cr Yet there is One who will not let us die, [against ill,
Heading the march as we march
f Will a will, with a will,
ff Onward and upward.

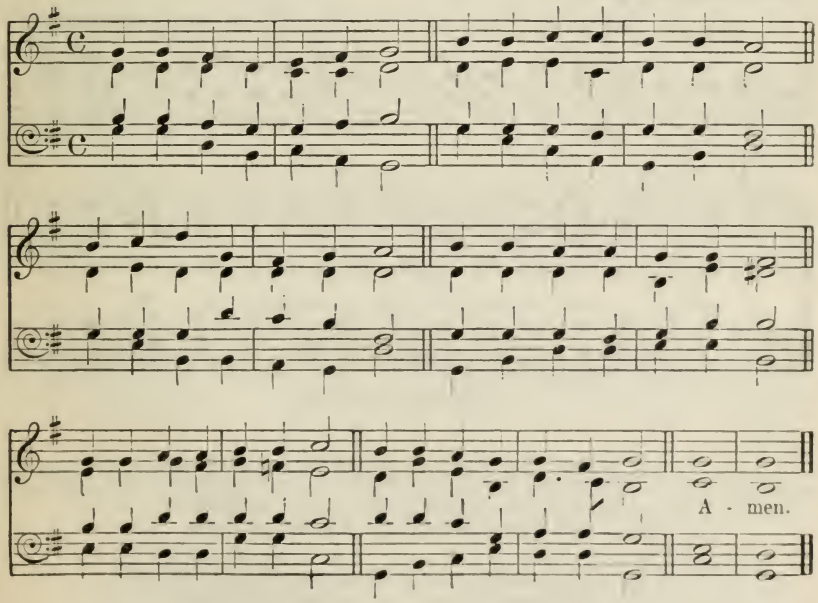
6 *ff* High o'er the host floats His banner along,
Red with the love that redeems us from wrong:
p He has made ready a home for His own;
cr He will return to the rescue alone,—
f Leader and Lord, as we war against ill,
With a will, with a will,
ff Onward and upward.



144

Why not now, my God?

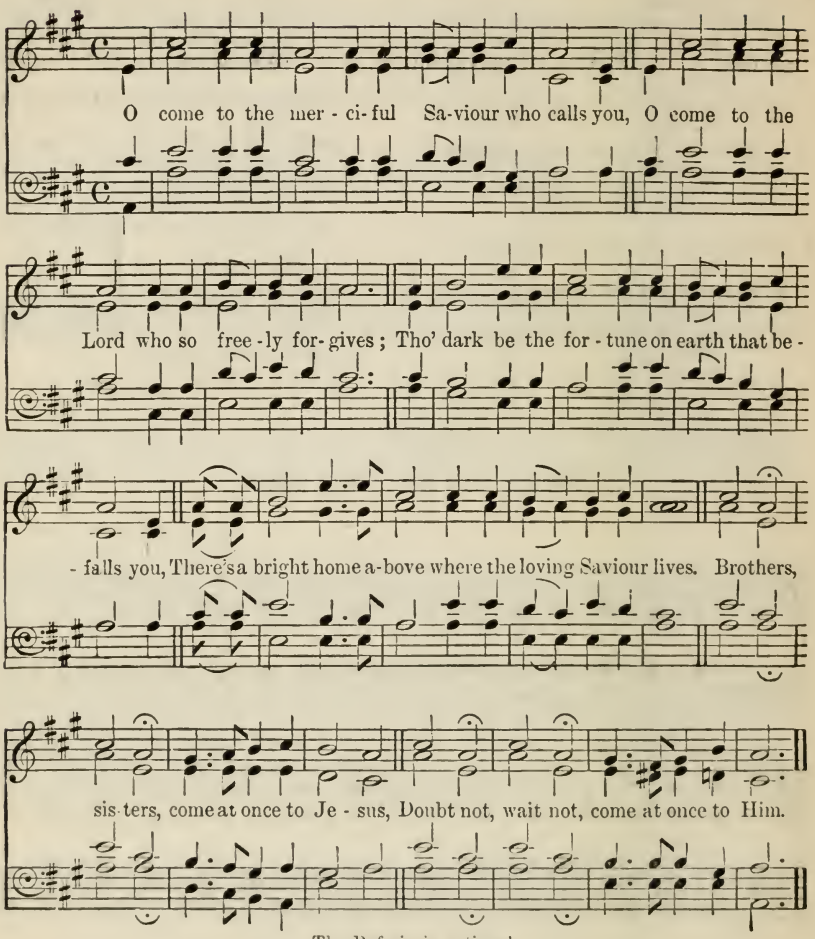
JOHANN SCHOP, 1640.



1 *mf* WHY not now, my God, my God!
Ready if Thou always art.
p Make in me Thy mean abode,
Take possession of my heart?
cr If Thou canst so greatly bow,
f Friend of sinners, why not now?

2 *mf* God of love, in this my day
For Thyself to Thee I cry;
p Dying, if Thou still delay,
Must I not for ever die?
cr Enter now Thy poorest home,
f Now, my utmost Saviour, come!

O Come to the Merciful Saviour.


O come to the mer - ci - ful Sa-viour who calls you, O come to the
Lord who so free - ly for - gives; Tho' dark be the for - tune on earth that be -
- falls you, There's a bright home a-bove where the loving Saviour lives. Brothers,
sis-ters, come at once to Je - sus, Doubt not, wait not, come at once to Him.

The Refrain is optional.

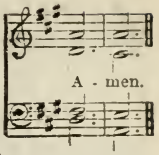
2 *mf* O come then to Jesus, Whose arms are extended
To fold His dear children in closest embrace;
cr O come! for your exile will shortly be ended,
f And Jesus will show you His beautiful face.

3 *mf* Yes, come to the Saviour, Whose mercy grows brighter
The longer you look at the depths of His love;
f And fear not! 'tis Jesus! and life's cares grow lighter
As you think of the home and the glory above.

4 *p* Have you sinned as none else in the world has before you
Are you blacker than all other creatures in guilt?
mf O fear not, and doubt not; the mother who bore you
Loves you less than the Saviour Whose blood you have spilt.

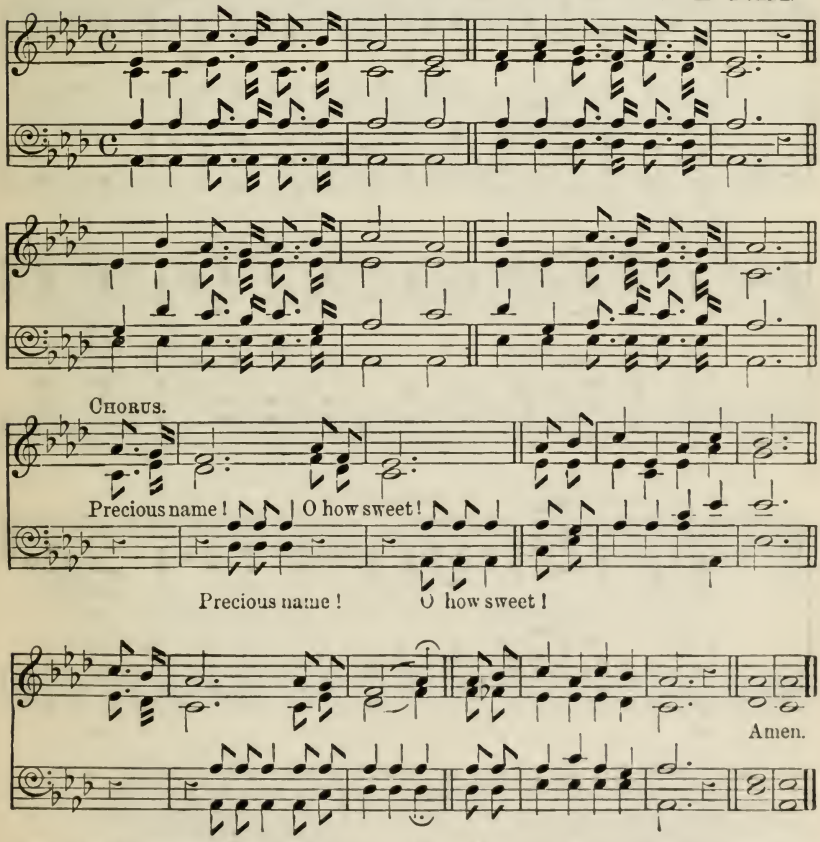
O Come to the Merciful Saviour.—*Continued.*

5 *mf* O come then to Jesus! and say how you love Him,
And vow at His feet you will keep in His grace;
p For one tear that is shed by a sinner can move Him,
And your sins will drop off in His tender embrace.

6 *mf* Come, come to His feet, and lay open your story
Of suffering and sorrow, of guilt and of shame;
cr For the pardon of sin is the crown of His glory,
f And the joy of our Lord to be true to His Name.

F. W. FABER.

146

Take the Name of Jesus.

W. H. DOANE.

1 *mf* TAKE the name of Jesus with you
p Child of sorrow and of woe—
cr It will joy and comfort give you,
f Take it, then, where'er you go.
p Precious name, O how sweet!
cr Hope of earth and joy of heaven.

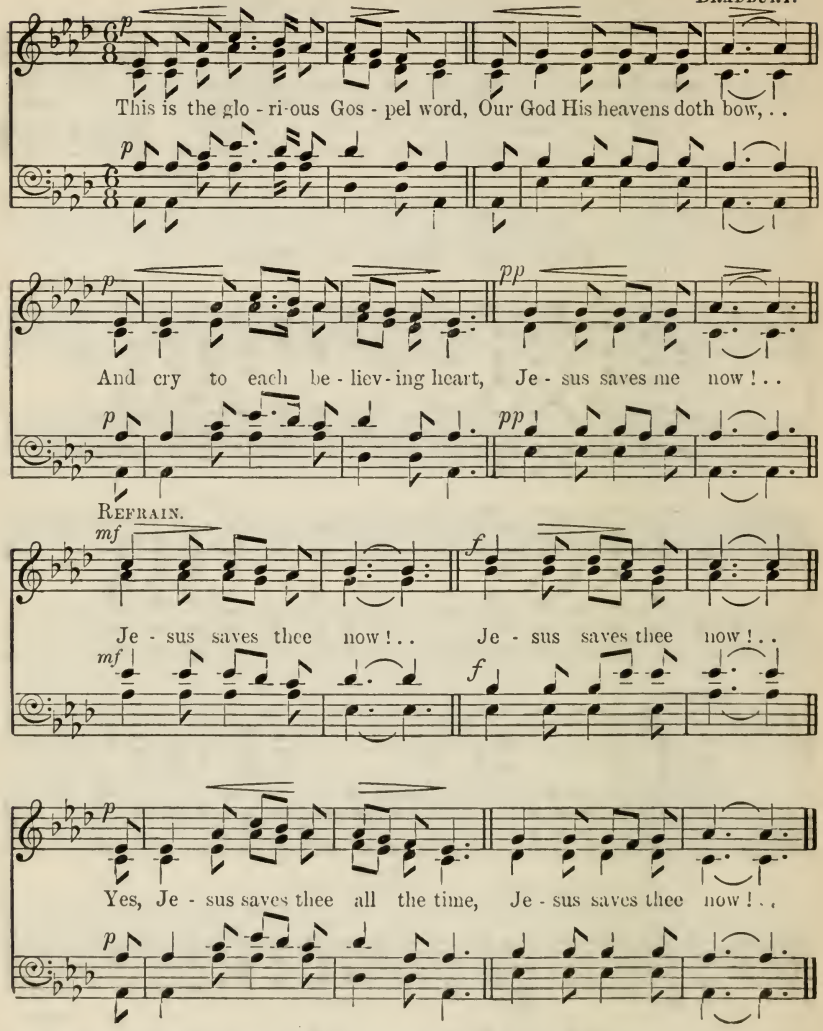
2 *mf* Take the name of Jesus ever
As a shield from every snare;
If temptations round you gather,
p Breathe that holy name in prayer.

3 *f* Oh! the precious name of Jesus;
How it thrills our souls with joy,
When His loving arms receive us,
And His songs our tongues employ.

4 *p* At the name of Jesus bowing,
Falling prostrate at His feet,
f King of kings in heaven we'll crown Him,
When our journey is complete.
Amen.

This is the Glorious Gospel Word.

BRADBURY.


This is the glo - ri-ous Gos - pel word, Our God His heavens doth bow, . .
And cry to each be - liev - ing heart, Je - sus saves me now ! . .
REFRAIN.
Je - sus saves thee now ! . . Je - sus saves thee now ! . .
Yes, Je - sus saves thee all the time, Je - sus saves thee now ! . .

2 *mf* God speaks, who cannot lie; why doubt should I allow? then
f I doubt Him not, but take His word—
p Jesus saves me now!

3 *p* I trust not self, 'twould throw me back
Into Despond's deep slough;
pp From self I look to Christ, and find
f Jesus saves me now!

4 *p* Temptations hard upon me press,
No strength is mine, I know;
f Yet more than conqueror am I,
Jesus saves me now!

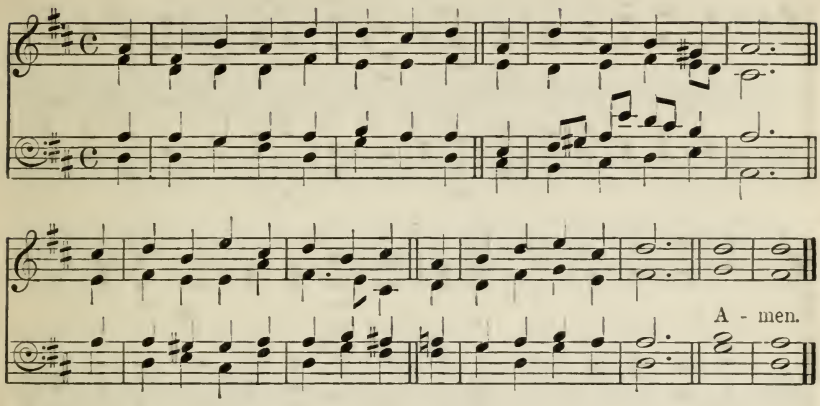
5 *mf* Whate'er my future may require,
His grace will sure allow;
p I live a moment at a time,
Jesus saves me now!

6 *p* Why doubt Him? He who died now lives,
f The crown is on His brow;
The Son of Man hath power on earth,
Jesus saves me now!

7 *mf* And when within the pearly gates
p I at His feet shall bow, [be—
f The heaven of heaven itself will
p Jesus saves me now! Amen.

T. B. STEPHENSON.

The Son of God goes forth to War.

"ST. ANN."

UNISON.

1 *mf* THE Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain,
His blood-red banner streams afar:
Who follows in His train?

HARMONY.

2 *mf* Who best can drink His cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain?
Who patient bears His cross below,
He follows in His train.

UNISON. MEN'S VOICES.

3 *f* The martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave,
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And called on Him to save.

HARMONY.

4 *mf* Like Him, with pardon on His tongue,
In midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for them that did the wrong:
Who follows in his train?

TREBLES.

5 *p* A glorious band, the chosen few
On whom the Spirit came;
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,
And mocked the cross and flame.

MEN'S VOICES.

6 *f* They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
The lion's gory mane;
ff They bowed their necks the death to feel:
Who follows in their train?

HARMONY.

7 *mf* A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed.

UNISON.

8 *ff* They climbed the steep ascent of heaven
Thro' peril, toil, and pain;
HARMONY.
p O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train. Amen.

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149 The Toil of Brain, or Heart, or Hand.

Tune, "ST. ANN."

1 *mf* THE toil of brain, or heart, or hand,
Is man's appointed lot;
He who God's call can understand,
Will work and murmur not.

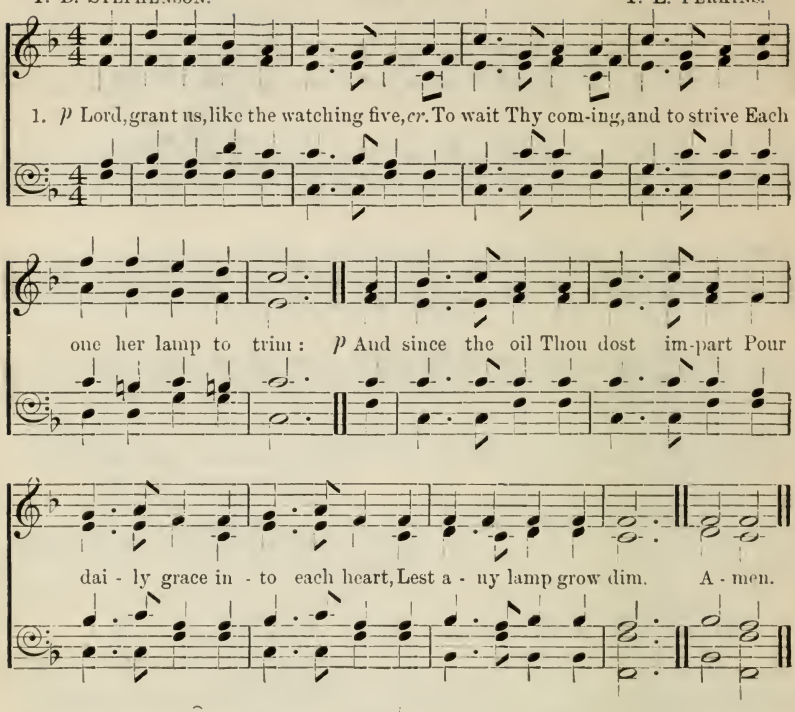
2 *mf* O God, Who workest hitherto,
Working in all we see,
cr Fain would we be, and bear, and do,
f As best it pleaseth Thee.

3 *mf* Where'er Thou sendest we will go,
Nor any question ask;
And what Thou biddest we will do,
Whatever be the task.

4 *cr* Our skill of hand, and strength of limb,
Are not our own, but Thine;
f We link them to the work of Him
Whose life was all divine.

5 *mf* Our Brother-Friend, Thy holy Son,
Shared in man's lot and strife;
f And nobly will our work be done,
If moulded by His life. Amen.

The Five Wise.*

T. B. Stephenson. T. E. Perkins.

1. p Lord, grant us, like the watching five, cr. To wait Thy com-ing, and to strive Each
one her lamp to trim: p And since the oil Thou dost im-part Pour
dai - ly grace in - to each heart, Lest a - ny lamp grow dim. A - men.

2.

May we not wait in selfish sloth,
But mingle prayer and work, that both
May trim the shining light:
So from the midnight of their sin
May many, with us, enter in,
To banquet in Thy sight.

3.

We would not come alone, dear Lord,
To Thy great feast, and at Thy board
In rapture sit and gaze:
But bring the lost, the sick, the lone,
The little ones to be Thine own,
And look into Thy face. Amen.

B

1.

When evening in her crimson dye
Had steeped the towers of Bethany,
At twilight's shadowy fall,
A feast for Jesus was prepared,
And those who loved Him gladly shared
The quiet festival.

2.

Then calmly on the golden west
The wearied daylight sank to rest—
The world was wrapped in night:
Oh, happy, chosen few, to be
Among that blessed company,
With Christ the living light!

3.

Then Mary, on her Saviour's feet,
Whilst thus they were in converse sweet,
A precious ointment poured;
And wiped it with her flowing hair,
All silently, while kneeling there,
And worshipped her Lord.

4.

But soon the quiet evening air
The fragrance sweet bore everywhere,
As when night flowers unfold;
Her secret gift of rich perfume
Was wafted round the quiet room—
Her lowly love was told.

5.

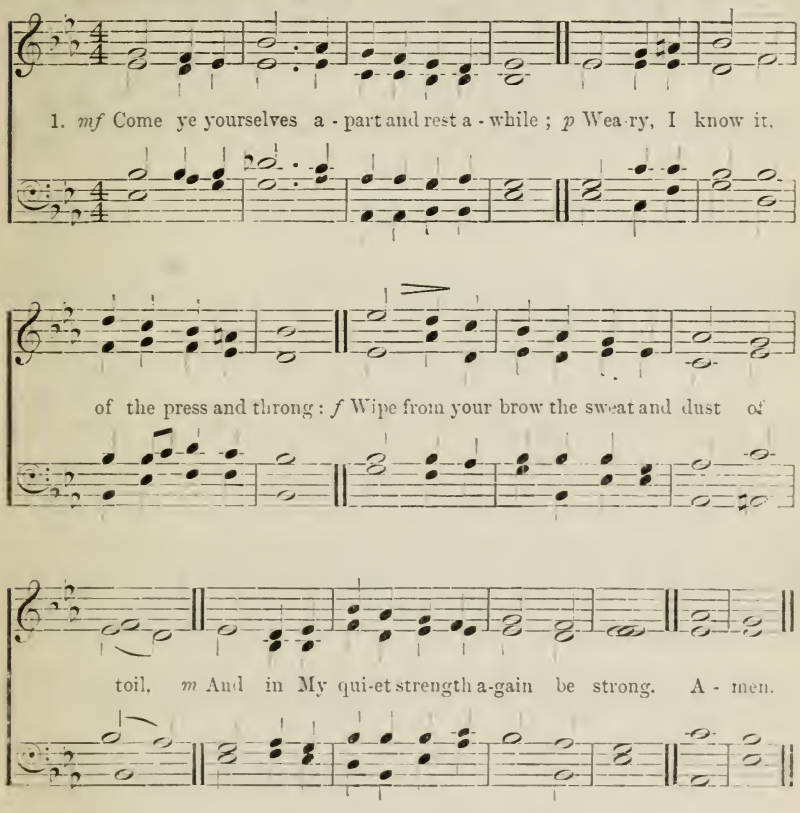
Thus, Saviour, may my grateful breath
In trustful prayer and humble faith
Rise silently to heaven!
Till all may see that on my Lord
My heart's deep worship hath been pour'd,
My love as ointment given! Amen.

Mrs. H. Lynch.

* For Deaconesses and other Women-workers.

Come ye yourselves apart.

E. H. Bickersteth. *Tune*—"Briar Tor." W. W. Rhodes.


1. mf Come ye yourselves a - part and rest a - while ; p Wea - ry, I know it,
of the press and throng : f Wipe from your brow the sweat and dust of
toil, m And in My qui-et strength a-gain be strong. A - men.

2. *p* Come ye aside from all the world holds dear.
For converse which the world has never known ;
Alone with Me, and with My Father here,
With Me and with My Father not alone.

* 3. *mf* Come, tell Me all that ye have said and done,
Your victories and failures, hopes and fears ;
I know how hardly souls are wooed and won—
p My choicest wreaths are always wet with tears.

4. Come ye and rest ; the journey is too great,
And ye will faint beside the way and sink :
mf The bread of life is here for you to eat,
And here for you the wine of love to drink.

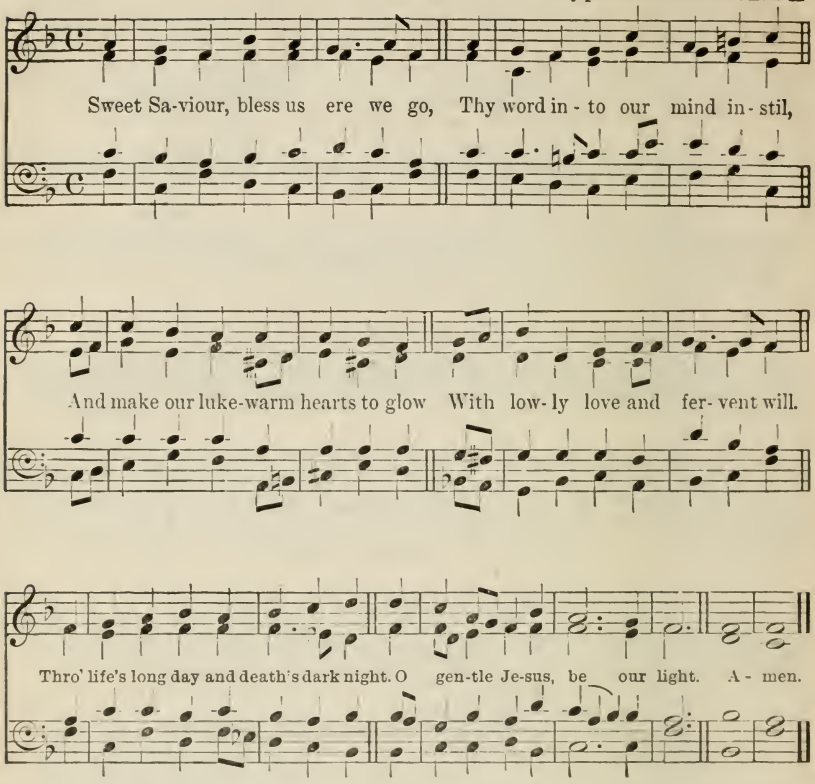
5. *mf* Then fresh from converse with your Lord, return
dim. And work till daylight softens into even ;
The brief hours are not lost in which ye learn
More of your Master and His rest in Heaven. Amen.

* To be sung only at Services for Ministers and other workers.

Sweet Saviour, bless us.

W. H. Monk.

By permission from *H. A. & M*


Sweet Sa-viour, bless us ere we go, Thy word in - to our mind in - stil,
And make our luke-warm hearts to glow With low - ly love and fer - vent will.
Thro' life's long day and death's dark night. O gen-tle Je-sus, be our light. A - men.

2

p The day is gone, its hours have run,
And Thou hast taken count of all:
mf The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
p The broken vow, the frequent fall.
mf Through life's long day and death's dark night,
p O gentle Jesus, be our light.

3

mf Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways
True absolution and release:
p And bless us, more than in past days,
With purity and inward peace.
mf Through life's long day and death's dark night,
p O gentle Jesus be our light.

4

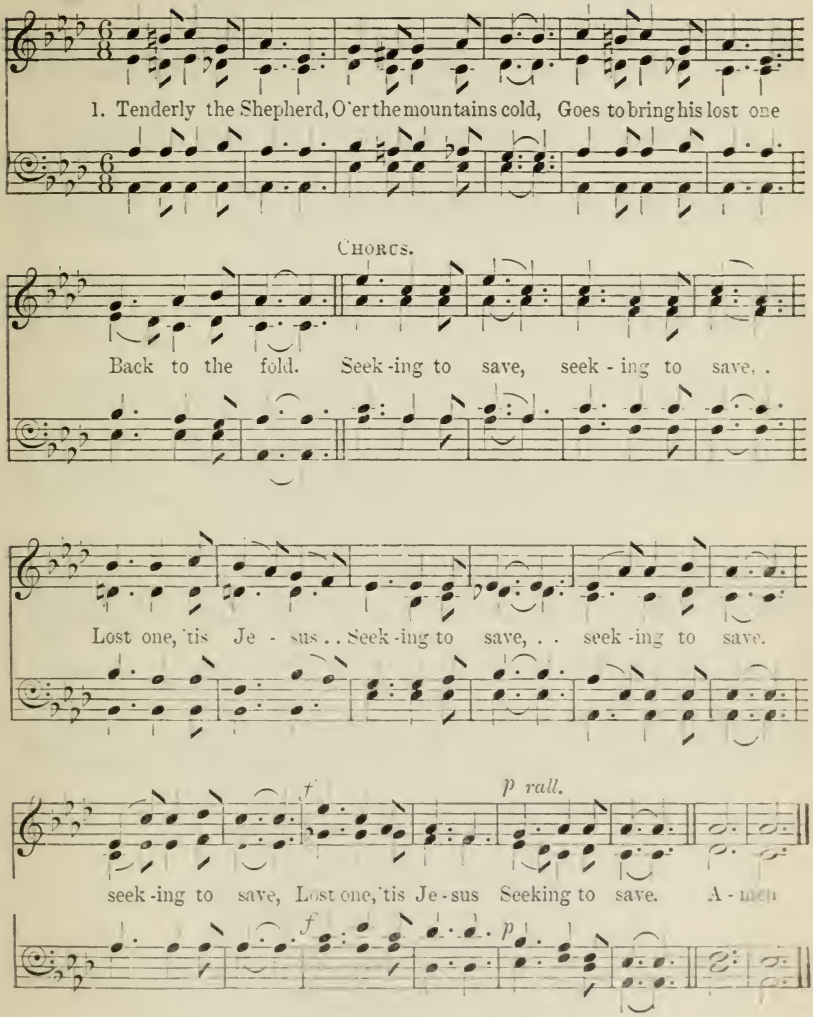
mf Do more than pardon; give us joy,
Sweet fear and sober liberty,
And simple hearts without alloy,
That only long to be like Thee.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
p O gentle Jesus be our light.

5

mf Labour is sweet, for Thou hast toiled
f And care is light, for Thou hast cared
p Ah! never let our works be soiled
With strife, or by deceit ensnared.
mf Through life's long day and death's dark night,
p O gentle Jesus, be our light.

6

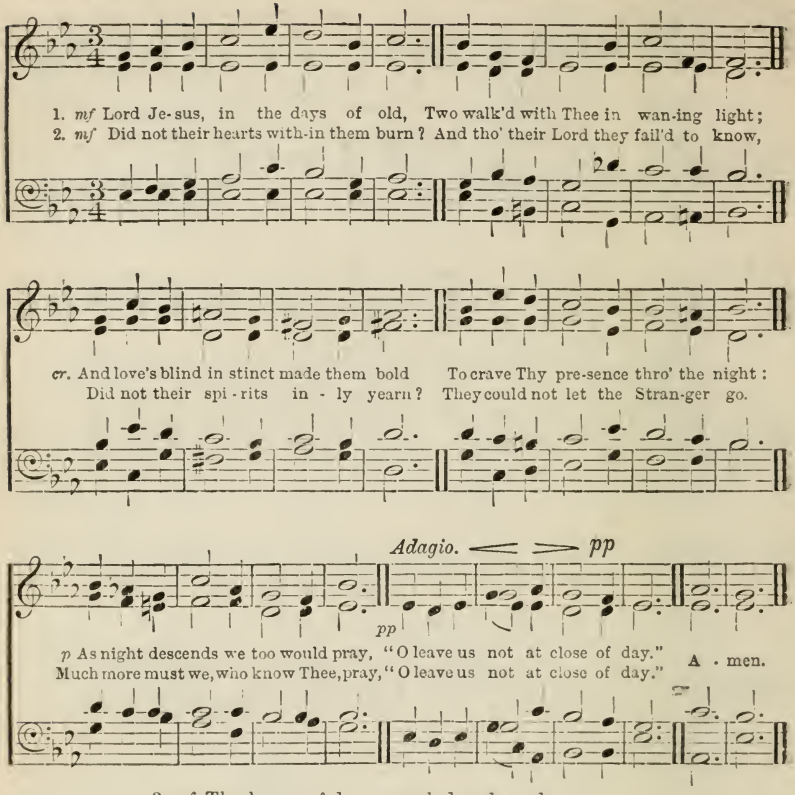
p For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto Thee we call;
cr O, let Thy mercy make us glad;
f Thou art our Jesus and our All.
mf Through life's long day and death's dark night,
p O gentle Jesus, be our light. Amen.

Tenderly the Shepherd.

1. Tenderly the Shepherd, O'er the mountains cold, Goes to bring his lost one
CHORUS.
Back to the fold. Seek-ing to save, seek-ing to save, .
Lost one, 'tis Je-sus . . Seek-ing to save, . . seek-ing to save.
f
p rall.
seek-ing to save, Lost one, 'tis Je-sus Seeking to save. A-men
f
p

2 *mf* Patiently the woman seeks, with earnest care,
In the dust and darkness, her treasure rare.
Seeking to save, seeking to save,
Lost one, 'tis Jesus seeking to save.

3 *p* Lovingly the father sends the news around:
"He once dead now liveth—once lost is found."
Seeking to save, seeking to save,
Lost one, 'tis Jesus seeking to save. Amen.

A Hymn for Evening.

J. A. Noble. Richard Steinson Newman.

1. mf Lord Je-sus, in the days of old, Two walk'd with Thee in wan-ing light;
2. mf Did not their hearts with-in them burn? And tho' their Lord they fail'd to know,
cr. And love's blind in stinct made them bold To crave Thy pre-sence thro' the night:
Did not their spi-rits in-ly yearn? They could not let the Stran-ger go.
Adagio.
pp
p As night descends we too would pray, "O leave us not at close of day."
Much more must we, who know Thee, pray, "O leave us not at close of day."
A-men.

3 *mf* The hours of days are glad and good,
And good the gifts Thy hand bestows—
f The body's health, the spirit's food,
dim And work, and after work, repose.
mf We would not lose day's golden grains,
pp So stay with us while daylight wanes.

4 *mf* And, if like Cleopas and he—
The twain who fared with clouded eyes,
We see not that we walked with Thee;
cr Then, Master, as a glad surprise,
Break bread for us, that we may know,
p And, knowing, pray Thee not to go.

5 *p* Day is far spent, and night is nigh—
pp Stay with us, Saviour, through the night!
mf Talk with us, touch us tenderly;
cr Lead us to rest, to peace, to light.
f Dispel our darkness with Thy face,
Radiant with resurrection grace.

6 *mf* Nor this night only, blessèd Lord,
We every day and every hour
Would walk with Thee, Emmaus ward,
To hear Thy voice of love and power:
cr And every night would by Thy side
f Look, listen, and be satisfied. Amen.

155 Fountain of Light, and Living Breath.

Tune, No. 154.

1 *f* Fountain of light, and living breath,
Whose mercies never fail or fade,
Fill me with life that hath no death,
Fill me with light that hath no shade;
mf Appoint the remnant of my days
f To see Thy power, and sing Thy praise.

2 Lord God of gods, before whose throne
Stand storms and fires! oh, what shall we
mf Return to heaven that is our own,
When all the world belongs to Thee?
p We have no offering to impart
But praises and a wounded heart.

3 *mf* What I possess, or what I crave,
Brings no content, great God, to me!
If what I would, or what I have,
Be not possessed in, blest in, Thee:
f What I enjoy, oh make it mine—
In making me, that have it, Thine!

4 *p* When winter fortunes cloud the brows
Of summer friends, when eyes grow strange,
When plighted faith forgets its vows,
When earth and all things on it change,
f Thy mercies, Lord, are ever sure,
Thy love shall evermore endure.

Amen. J. QUARLES.

---

156 God of the Living.

Tune, No. 154.

1 *mf* God of the living, in whose eyes,
Unveiled Thy whole creation lies,
cr All souls are Thine; we must not say
That those are dead who pass away;
f From this our world of flesh set free,
We know them living unto Thee.

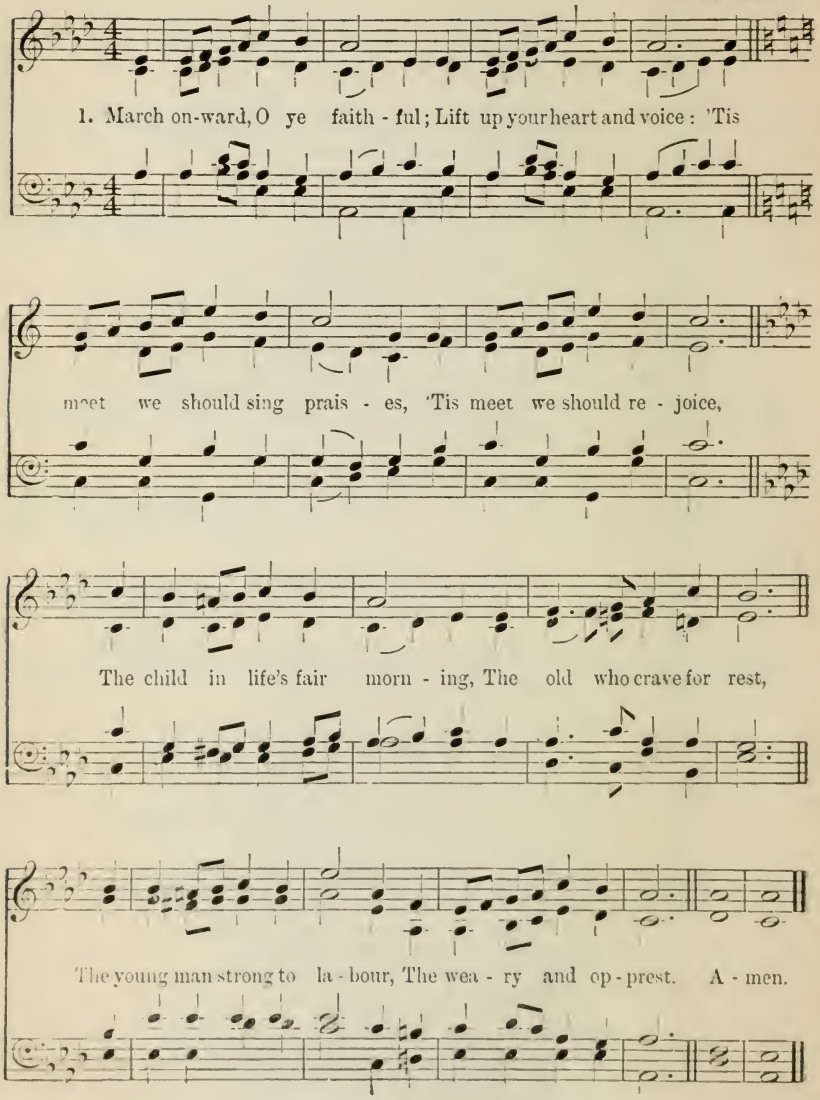
2 Released from earthly toil and strife,
With Thee is hidden still their life;
Thine are their thoughts, their works, their powers,
All Thine and yet most truly ours;
For well we know, where'er they be,
Our dead are living unto Thee.

3 *p* Not spilt like water on the ground,
Not wrapped in dreamless sleep profound;
mf Not wandering in unknown despair
Beyond Thy voice, Thine arm, Thy care;
cr Not left to lie like fallen tree;
Not dead, but living unto Thee.

4 *f* Thy word is true, Thy will is just;
To Thee we leave them, Lord, in trust;
mf And bless Thee for the love which gave
Thy Son to fill a human grave,
f That none might fear that world to see,
Where all are living unto Thee.

5 *p* O Breather into man of breath,
mf O Holder of the keys of death,
cr O Quickener of the life within,
Save us from death, the death of sin;
f That body, soul, and spirit be
For ever living unto Thee. Amen.

March onward, O ye faithful.

F. A Mann.

1. March on-ward, O ye faith - ful; Lift up your heart and voice: 'Tis
meet we should sing prais - es, 'Tis meet we should re - joice,
The child in life's fair morn - ing, The old who crave for rest,
The young man strong to la - bour, The wea - ry and op - prest. A - men.

2 *mf* We come with gladness, singing
The great things God has done;
f The love of that Atonement
Which Christ for us hath won;
The love the Father showeth
To faithful souls and true;
The grace the Spirit giveth
To quicken and renew.

3 *mf* So chant we now our echoes
Of Heaven's eternal praise,
The melodies of angels,
The psalms of ancient days;
p So gathering up the treasures
The sacred past doth hold,
From all the many mansions
We bring forth new and old.

March Onward, O ye Faithful.—*Continued.*

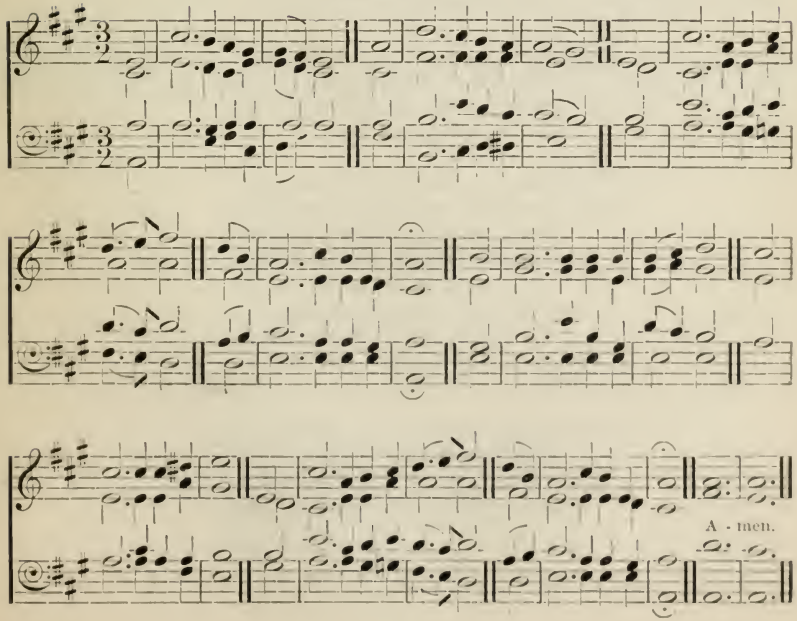
4 *p* With all the faithful servants,
With all the pure and true,
cr With all the Church triumphant,
Our praises we renew;
f With all the Church yet warring,
We raise out battle-song;
ff Of conquest we are certain,
Nor will it tarry long.

5 *f* For with us is our Captain,
The Warrior strong to save,
ff The Chief among ten thousand,
Victorious o'er the grave;
dim And with us are the angels,
Who watch with loving care;
p And though the days are dreary,
They bid us not despair.

6 *p* For those whose lamps are burning
The Bridegroom comes at last;
For those who strive for freedom
The tyranny is past;
mf On then, ye warrior pilgrims,
On, till your work is o'er,
f Till, in the Heavenly Temple
Ye worship and adore. Amen.

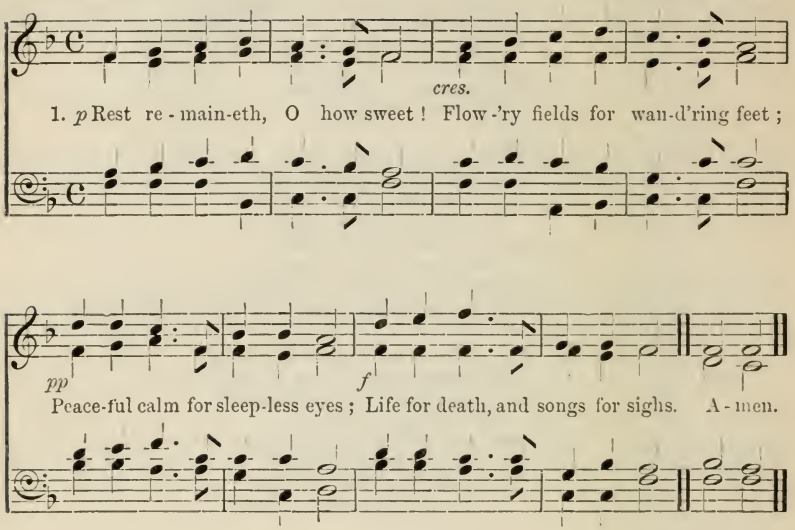
March Onward, O ye Faithful!

[Second Tune.] From Haydn.



Rest Remaineth.

PAXTON HOOD. T. B. STEPHENSON.


cres.
1. p Rest re - main-eth, O how sweet! Flow-'ry fields for wan-d'ring feet;
pp
f
Peace-ful calm for sleep-less eyes; Life for death, and songs for sighs. A - men.

2. *p* Rest remaineth: hush that sigh!
pp Mournful pilgrim, rest is nigh!
cres. Yet a season, bright and blest,
f Thou shalt enter on thy rest.

3. *mf* Rest remaineth: rest from sin;
Guilt can never enter in;
dim. Every warring thought shall cease--
pp Rest in purity and peace.

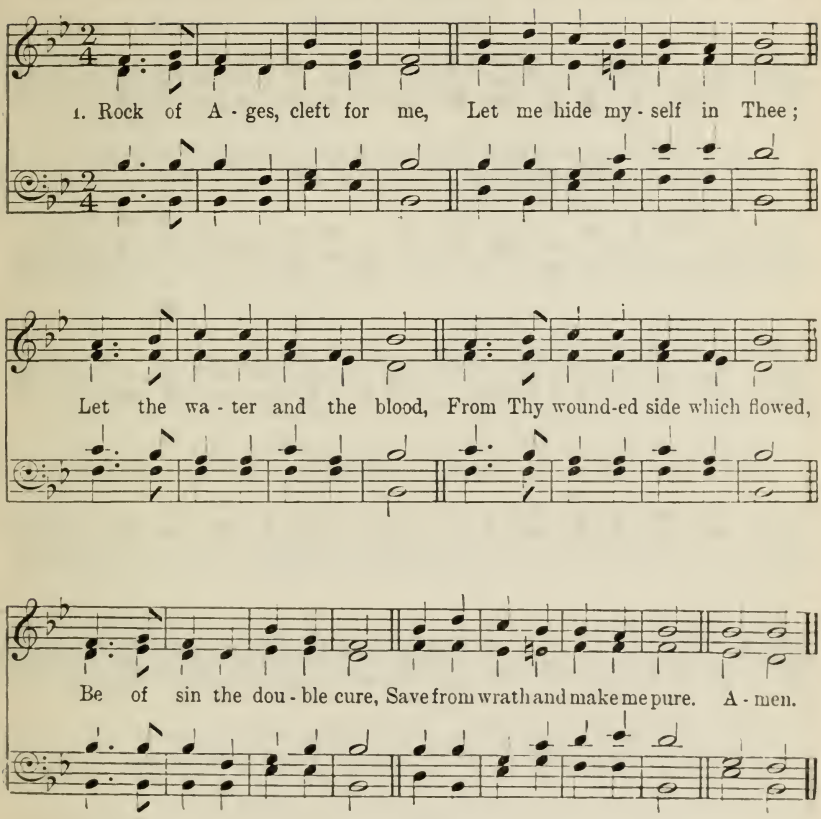
4. *mf* Rest remaineth: rest from tears,
dim. Rest from parting, rest from fears;
Every trembling thought shall be
ppp Lost, my Saviour, lost in Thee!

5 *p* Rest remaineth: O how blest!
We believe, and we have rest.
cres. Faith, reposing faith has been
ff 'Mongst the things that are not seen.

6. *mf* Thus, my Saviour, let me be
f Even here at rest in Thee,
dim. And at last, by Thee possessed,
pp On Thy bosom sunk to rest. Amen.

Rock of Ages.

CRESSAGE. ARR. F. A. MANN.


1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;
Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wound-ed side which flowed,
Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Save from wrath and make me pure. A - men.

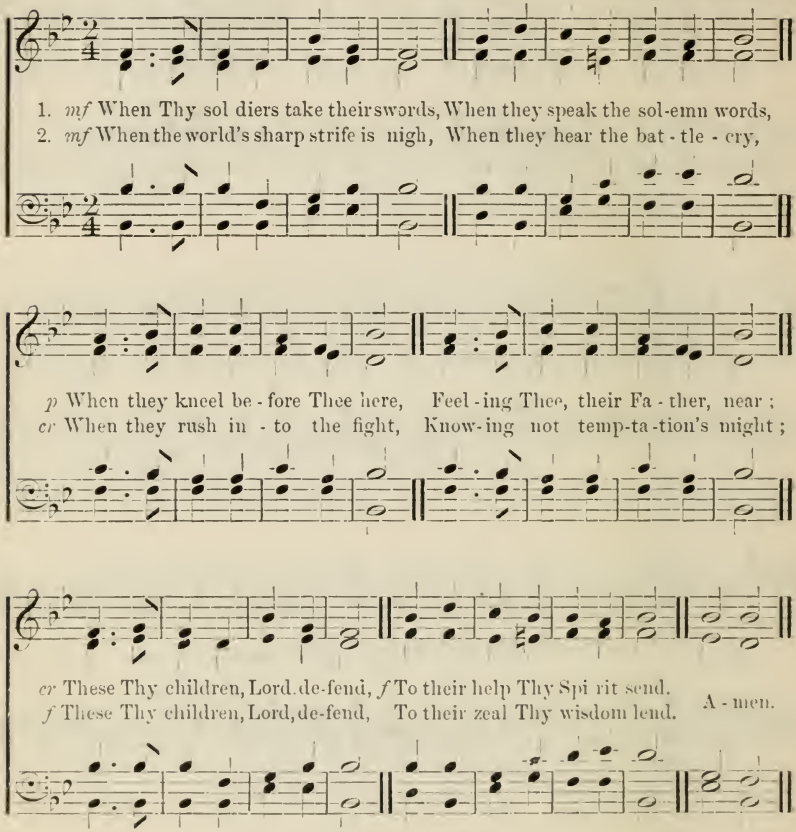
2

p Could my tears for ever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
mf These for sin could not atone;
Thou must save and Thou alone;
p In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

3

p While I draw this fleeting breath,
pp When my eyes shall close in death,
cr When I rise to worlds unknown,
f And behold Thee on Thy throne,
p Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee. Amen.

When Thy Soldiers take their Swords.

Tune—"CRESSAGE." Arr. F. A. MANN.

1. mf When Thy sol diers take their swords, When they speak the sol-emn words,
2. mf When the world's sharp strife is nigh, When they hear the bat - tle - cry,
p When they kneel be - fore Thee here, Feel - ing Thee, their Fa - ther, near ;
cr When they rush in - to the fight, Know - ing not temp-ta - tion's might ;
cr These Thy children, Lord, de-fend, f To their help Thy Spi rit send.
f These Thy children, Lord, de-fend, To their zeal Thy wisdom lend.
A - men.

3. *mf* When their hearts are lifted high
With success or victory,
f When they feel the conqueror's pride—
Lest they grow self-satisfied—
These Thy children, Lord, defend,
dim Teach their souls to Thee to bend.

4. *mf* When the vows that they have made,
When the prayers that they have prayed,
p Shall be fading from their hearts ;
When their first warm faith departs,
cr These Thy children, Lord, defend,
f Keep them faithful to the end.

5. *mf* Through life's conflict guard us all,
p Or, if wounded, some should fall
Ere the victory be won ;
cr For the sake of Christ, Thy Son,
f These Thy children, Lord, defend,
dim And in death Thy comfort lend. Amen.

161

Love for all! and can it be?

Tune, "CRESSAGE."

1 *mf* Love for all! and can it be?
Can I hope it is for me?
p I, who strayed so long ago,
Strayed so far, and fell so low!
mf God is Love! I know, I see
There is love for me—e'en me!

2 *p* I, the disobedient child,
Wayward, passionate, and wild;
I, who left my Father's home
In forbidden ways to roam!
mf God is Love! I know, I see
There is love for me—e'en me!

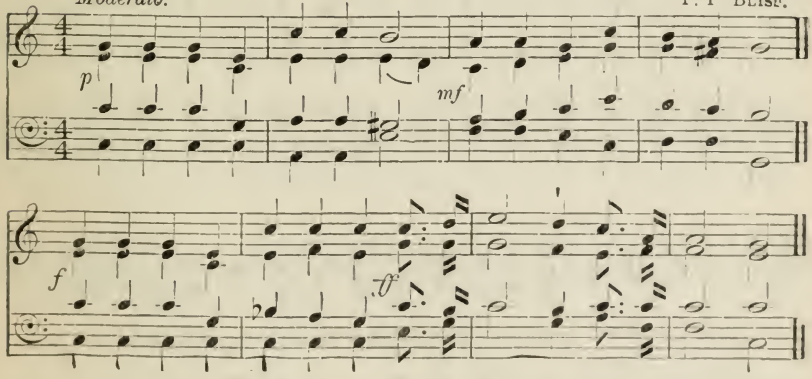
3 *p* I, who spurned His loving hold;
I, who would not be controlled;
I, who would not hear His call;
I, the wilful prodigal!
mf God is Love! I know, I see
There is love for me—e'en me!

4 *mf* To my Father can I go?—
At His feet myself I'll throw!
In His house there yet may be
Place, a servant's place, for me.
mf God is Love! I know, I see
There is love for me—e'en me!

5 See, my Father waiting stands!
See, He reaches out His hands!
Mercy, speaking from His face!
Bids me run to His embrace.
mf God is Love! I know, I see
There is love for me—e'en me!
Amen

162

Man of Sorrows.

Moderato. P. P. Bliss.

1 *p* "Man of sorrows!" What a name
For the son of God who came
Ruined sinners to reclaim!
ff Alleluia! what a Saviour!

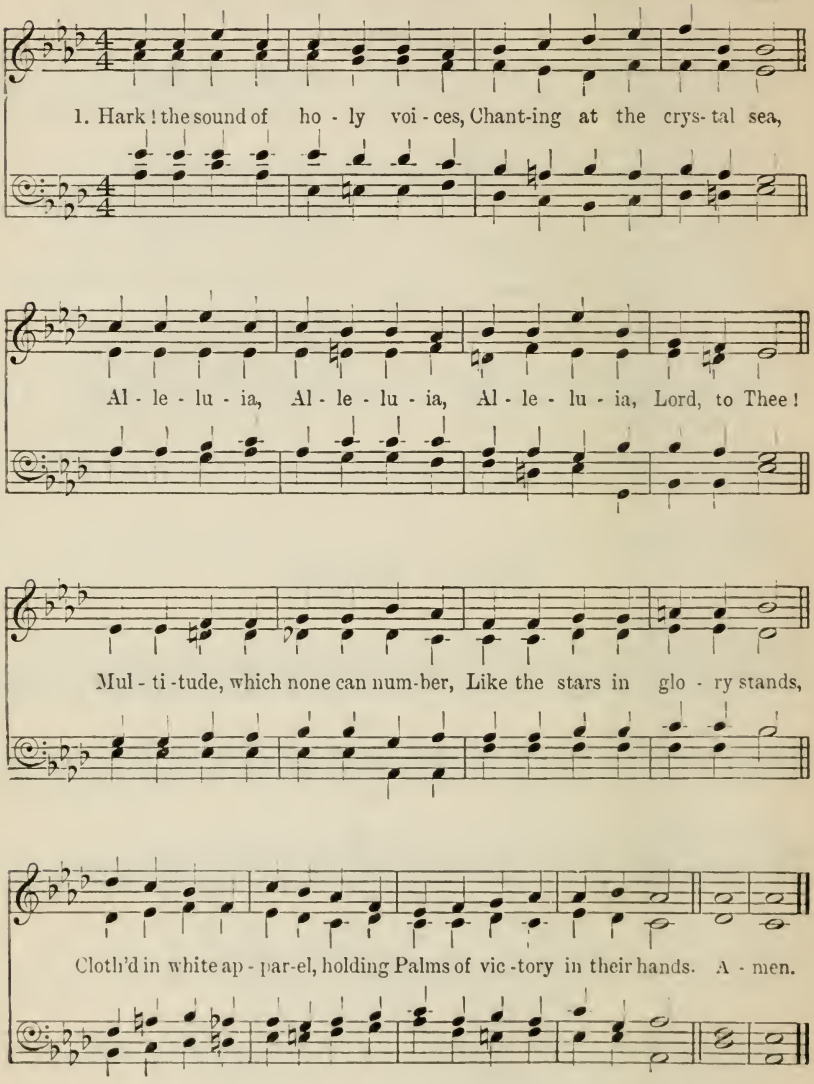
2 *p* Bearing shame and scoffing rude,
In my place condemned He stood;
cr Sealed my pardon with His blood;
ff Alleluia! what a Saviour!

3 *p* Guilty, vile, and helpless we!
mf Spotless lamb of God was He;
f "Full atonement!"—can it be?
ff Alleluia! what a Saviour!

4 *p* "Lifted up," was He to die;
pp "It is finished," was His cry;
f Now in heaven exalted high:
ff Alleluia! what a Saviour!

5 *mf* When He comes, our glorious King
All His ransomed home to bring,
f Then anew this song we'll sing:
ff "Alleluia! what a Saviour!"
Amen.

Hark! the Sound of Holy Voices.

F. A. Mann.

1. Hark! the sound of ho - ly voi - ces, Chant-ing at the crys- tal sea,
Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Lord, to Thee!
Mul - ti -tude, which none can num-ber, Like the stars in glo - ry stands,
Cloth'd in white ap - par-el, holding Palms of vic -tory in their hands. A - men.

2

f Patriarch, and holy prophet,
Who prepared the way of Christ,
King, apostle, saint, confessor,
Martyr and evangelist.
p Saintly maiden, godly matron,
Widows who have watched to prayer,
cr Joined in holy concert, singing
To the Lord of all, are there.

3

p They have come from tribulation,
And have washed their robes in blood,
Washed them in the blood of Jesus;
Tried they were, and firm they stood:
Mocked, imprisoned, stoned, tormented,
Sawn asunder, slain with sword,
cr They have conquered death and Satan
f By the might of Christ the Lord.

Hark! the Sound of Holy Voices.—*Continued.*

UNISON.

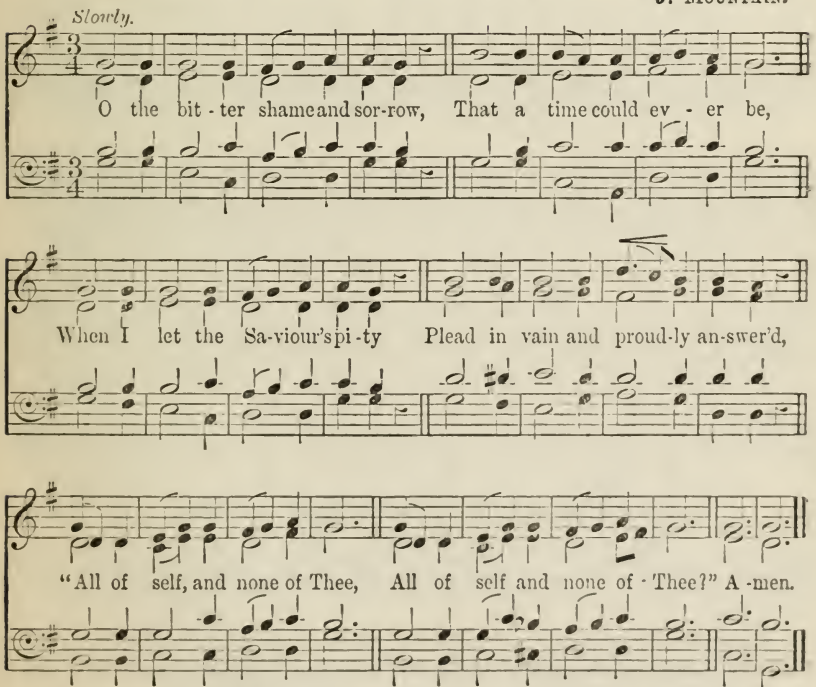
4 *f* Marching with Thy cross their banner,
They have triumphed, following
Thee, the Captain of salvation,
Thee, their Saviour and their King;
HARMONY. *dim*
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they suffered;
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they died;
And, by death, to life immortal
They were born, and glorified.

5 *ff* Now they reign in heavenly glory,
Now they walk in golden light,
Now they drink, as from a river,
Holy bliss and infinite;
p Love and peace they taste for ever,
And all truth and knowledge see,
In the beatific vision
Of the Blesséd Trinity.

6 *f* God of God, the One-Begotten,
Light of Light, Immanuel,
In Whose body joined together
All the saints for ever dwell,
p Pour upon us of Thy fulness,
That we may for evermore
cr God the Father, God the Son, and
God the Holy Ghost adore Amen.

164 O the Bitter Shame and Sorrow.

J. MOUNTAIN.

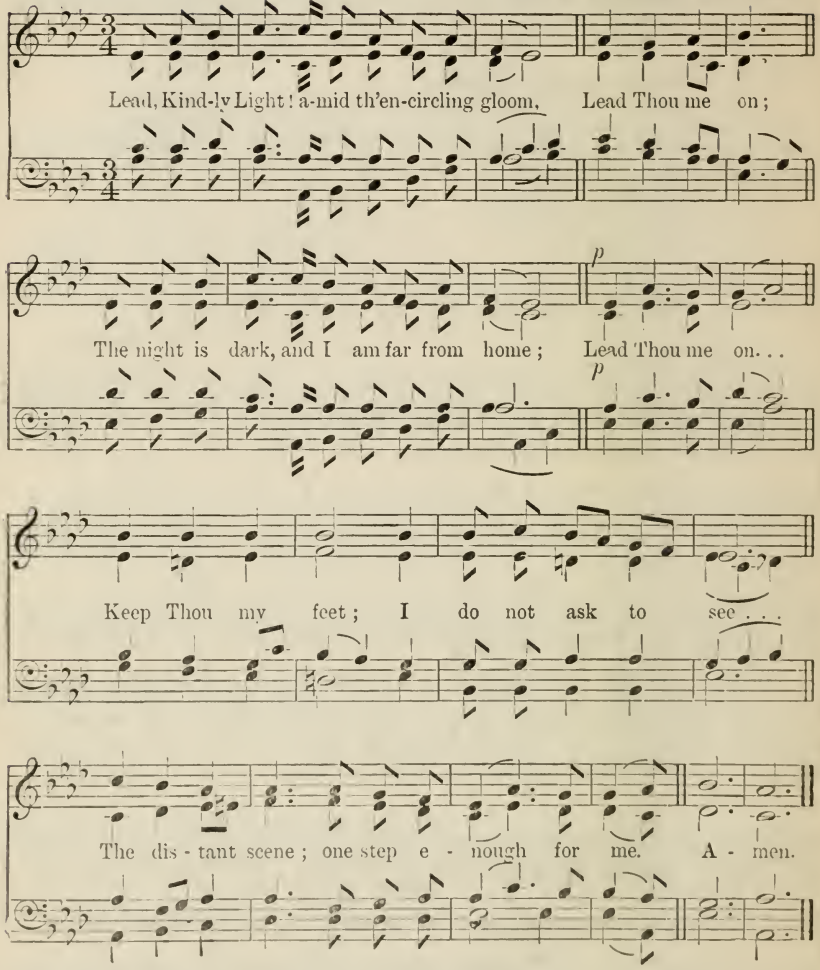

Slowly.
O the bit - ter shame and sor-row, That a time could ev - er be,
When I let the Sa-viour's pi-ty Plead in vain and proud-ly an-swer'd,
"All of self, and none of Thee, All of self and none of Thee?" A-men.

2 *mf* Yet He found me: *p* I beheld Him
Bleeding on the accurséd tree,
mf Heard Him pray, "Forgive them, Father;"
And my wistful heart said faintly,
p "Some of self, and some of Thee."

3 *mf* Day by day His tender mercy,
cr Healing, helping, full and free,
f Sweet, and strong, and ah! so patient,
Brought me lower, while I whispered,
p "Less of self, and more of Thee."

mf Higher than the highest heavens,
Deeper than the deepest sea,
cr Lord, Thy love at last hath conquered;
Grant me now my soul's desire,
f "None of self, and all of Thee."
Amen.

Lead, Kindly Light.

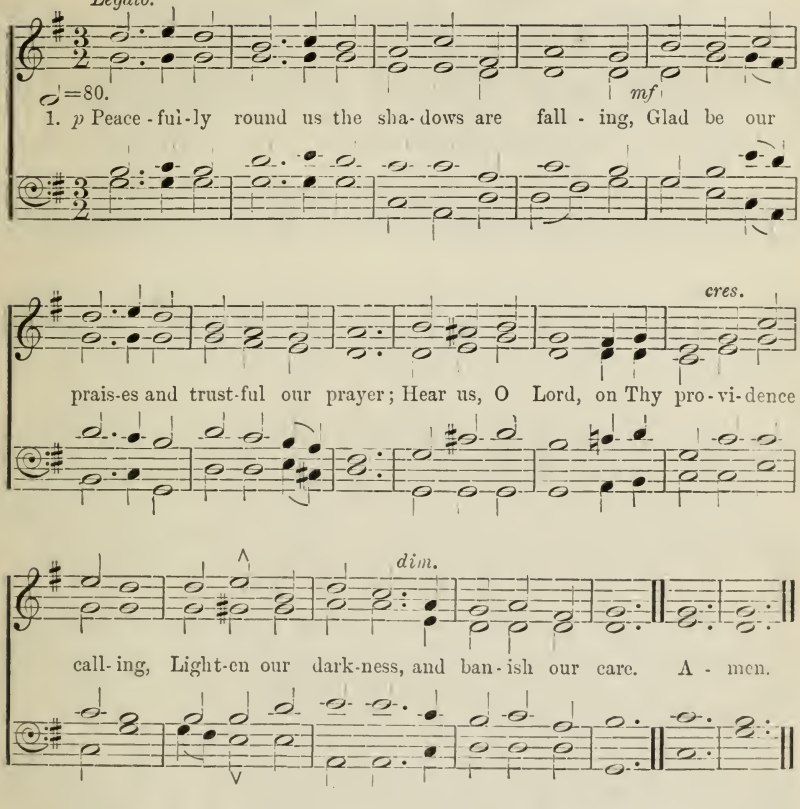
Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc.

Lead, Kind-ly Light! a-mid th'en-circling gloom, Lead Thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home; Lead Thou me on...
p
p
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see...
The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me. A - men.

2 *mf* I was not ever thus, nor prayed that
Thou
Should'st lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path;
but now
Lead Thou me on.
I loved the garish day, and, spite of
tears,
Pride ruled my will: (*p*) remember
not past years.

3 *mf* So long Thy power hath blest me,
sure it still
Will lead me on
cr O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and
torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces
smile
dim Which I have loved long since, and
lost awhile. Amen. Dr. Newman.

Peacefully round us.

A. N. Blatchford. *Tune*—"Ditha." W. W. Rhodes.


Legato.
♩=80.
mf
1. p Peace-ful-ly round us the sha-dows are fall-ing, Glad be our
cres.
prais-es and trust-ful our prayer; Hear us, O Lord, on Thy pro-vi-dence
dim.
call-ing, Light-en our dark-ness, and ban-ish our care. A-men.

2.

p Hushed are the sheep-bells afar on the moorland,
O'er the still meadows the night-breezes sweep,
Faint fall the footsteps in city and hamlet,
Safely the children are folded in sleep.

3.

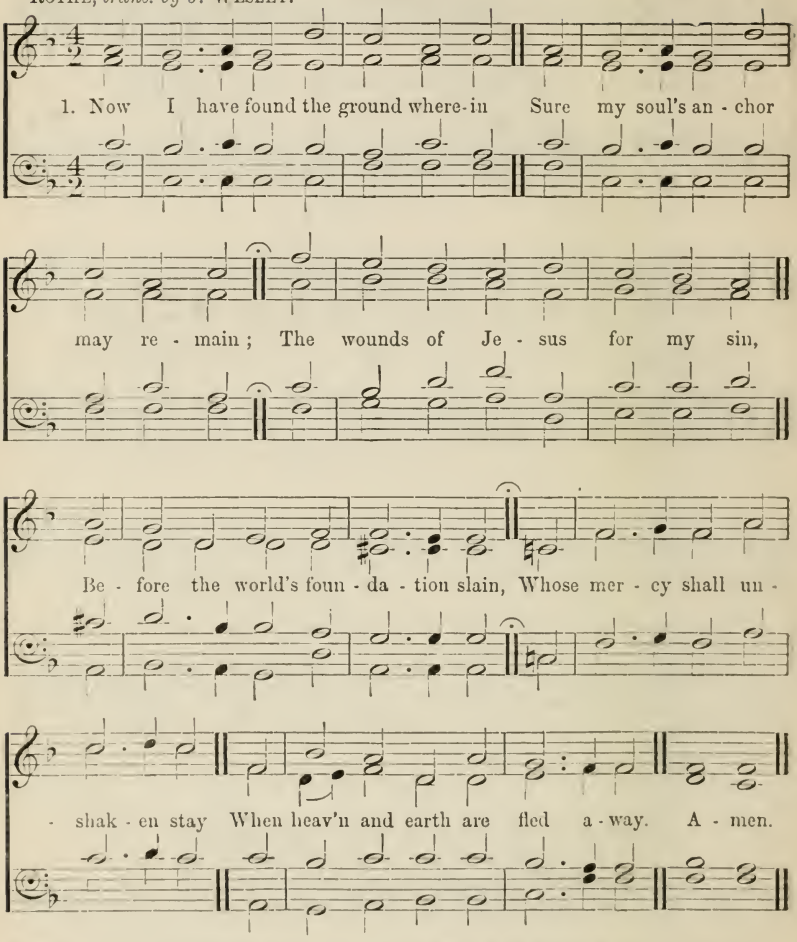
Softly may weary ones rest from their duty,
mf Bright be the dreams of the troubled and worn,
While through the shade beam the stars in their beauty,
Watching the world till the breaking of morn.

4.

p Lord of the night, let Thine angels befriend us,
Sunshine and gloom are alike unto Thee:
f Lord of the day, let Thy Spirit attend us:
Bless us and keep us wherever we be. Amen.

Sure Anchorage.

ROTHE, *trans. by* J. WESLEY. "HULLAH."


1. Now I have found the ground where-in Sure my soul's an - chor
may re - main; The wounds of Je - sus for my sin,
Be - fore the world's foun - da - tion slain, Whose mer - cy shall un -
- shak - en stay When heav'n and earth are fled a - way. A - men.

2. Father, Thine everlasting grace
Our scanty thought surpasses far;
Thy heart still melts with tenderness,
Thy arms of love still open are,
Returning sinners to receive,
That mercy they may taste and live.

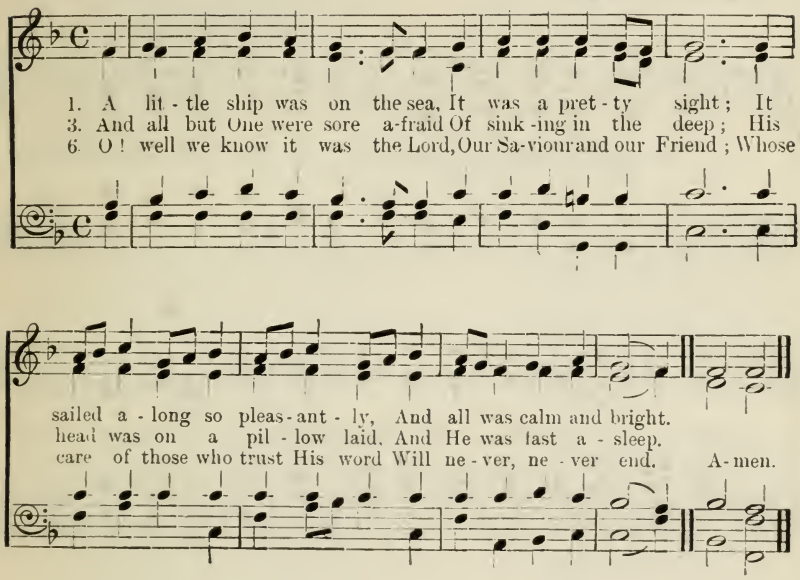
3. O Love, Thou bottomless abyss,
My sins are swallowed up in Thee!
Covered is my unrighteousness,
Nor spot of guilt remains on me,
While Jesu's blood, through earth and skies,
Mercy, free, boundless mercy cries!

4. With faith I plunge me in this sea;
Here is my hope, my joy, my rest!
Hither, when hell assails, I flee—
I look into my Saviour's breast.
Away, sad doubt and anxious fear,
Mercy is all that's written there.

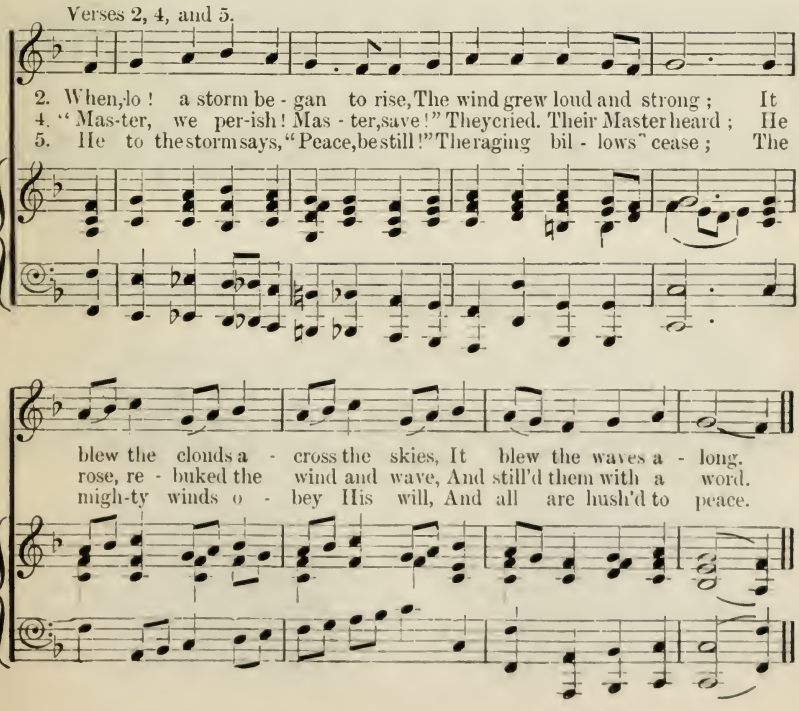
5. Fixed on this ground will I remain,
Though my heart fail and flesh decay;
This anchor shall my soul sustain
When earth's foundations melt away:
Mercy's full power I then shall prove,
Loved with an everlasting love.

A Little Ship.

D. R. Thrupp. James T. Lightwood.

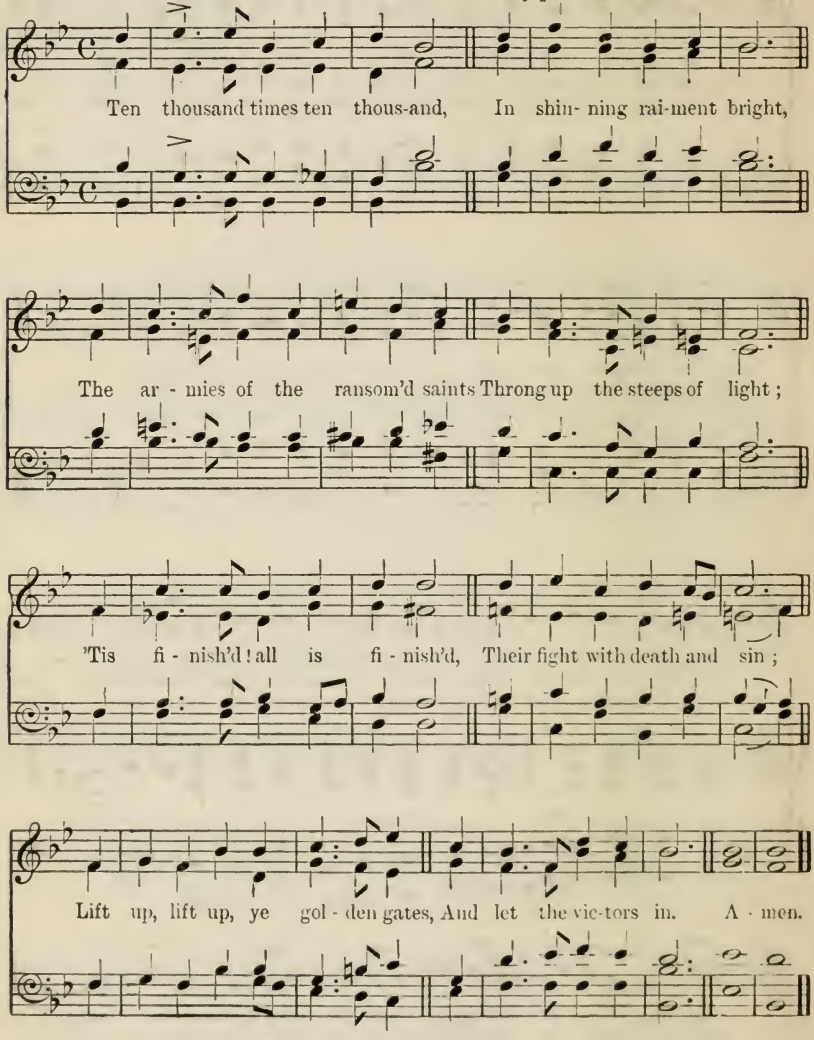

1. A lit - tle ship was on the sea, It was a pret - ty sight; It
3. And all but One were sore a-fraid Of sink -ing in the deep; His
6. O! well we know it was the Lord, Our Sa-viour and our Friend; Whose
sailed a - long so pleas - ant - ly, And all was calm and bright.
head was on a pil - low laid, And He was fast a - sleep.
care of those who trust His word Will ne - ver, ne - ver end. A - men.

Verses 2, 4, and 5.


2. When, lo! a storm be - gan to rise, The wind grew loud and strong; It
4. "Mas-ter, we per-ish! Mas - ter, save!" They cried. Their Master heard; He
5. He to the storm says, "Peace, be still!" The raging bil - lows cease; The
blew the clouds a - cross the skies, It blew the waves a - long.
rose, re - buked the wind and wave, And still'd them with a word.
migh-ty winds o - bey His will, And all are hush'd to peace.

Ten thousand times ten thousand.

"ALFORD."

Rev. J. B. DYKES, Mus. Doc.
By permission from *H. A. & M.*

Ten thousand times ten thous-and, In shin- ning rai-ment bright,
The ar - mies of the ransom'd saints Throng up the steeps of light;
'Tis fi - nish'd! all is fi - nish'd, Their fight with death and sin;
Lift up, lift up, ye gol - den gates, And let the vic-tors in. A - men.

2 *f* What rush of alleluias
Fills all the earth and sky!
What ringing of a thousand harps
Bespeaks the triumph nigh!
O day, for which creation
And all its tribes were made!
cr O joy, for all its former woes
ff A thousandfold repaid!

3 *mf* O then, what raptured greetings
On Canaan's happy shore!
What knitting severed friendships up,
Where partings are no more!
f Then eyes with joy shall sparkle,
p That brimmed with tears of late;
cr Orphans no longer fatherless,
Nor widows desolate.

Ten thousand times ten thousand.—*Continued.*

4 *p* Bring near Thy great salvation,
Thou Lamb for sinners slain;
cr Fill up the roll of Thine elect;
f Then take Thy power, and reign:
mf Appear, Desire of nations!
p Thine exiles long for home;
cr Show in the heavens Thy promised sign;
f Thou Prince and Saviour, come!
Amen. DEAN ALFORD.

170

I Heard a Sound of Voices.

Tune, "ALFORD."

1 *mf* I HEARD a sound of voices
Around the great white throne,
f With harpers harping on their harps
To Him that sat thereon;
"Salvation, glory, honour!"
I heard the song arise,
As through the courts of heaven it rolled
In wondrous harmonies.

2 From every clime and kindred,
And nations from afar,
As serried ranks returning home
In triumph from a war;
I heard the saints upraising
The myriad hosts among,
In praise of Him who died, and lives,
Their one glad triumph-song.

3 *mf* I saw the holy City,
The new Jerusalem, [adorned
Come down from heaven a Bride
With jewelled diadem;
The flood of crystal waters
Flowed down the golden street,
And nations brought their honours there
And laid them at her feet.

4 And there nor sun was needed,
Nor moon to shine by night,
God's glory did enlighten all,
The Lamb Himself the Light:
And there His servants serve Him,
And,—life's long battle o'er,—
Enthroned with Him their Saviour-King
They reign for evermore.

5 O great and glorious vision!—
The Lamb upon His throne:
O wondrous sight for man to see!—
The Saviour with His own;
To drink the living waters,
And stand upon the shore,
Where neither sorrow, sin, nor death,
Shall ever enter more.

6 O Lamb of God who reignest—
Thou Bright and Morning Star,
Whose glory lightens that new earth
Which now we see from far;
p O worthy Judge Eternal,
When Thou dost bid us come,
f Then open wide the gates of pearl,
And call Thy servants home.
Amen. G. THRING.

171

Take Courage, Temperance Workers.

Tune, "ALFORD."

1

f TAKE courage, Temperance workers,
Ye shall not suffer wreck,
mf While up to God the people's prayers
Are rising from your deck!
Wait cheerily, brave toilers,
For daylight and for land;
The breath of God is on your sail,
Your rudder in His hand!

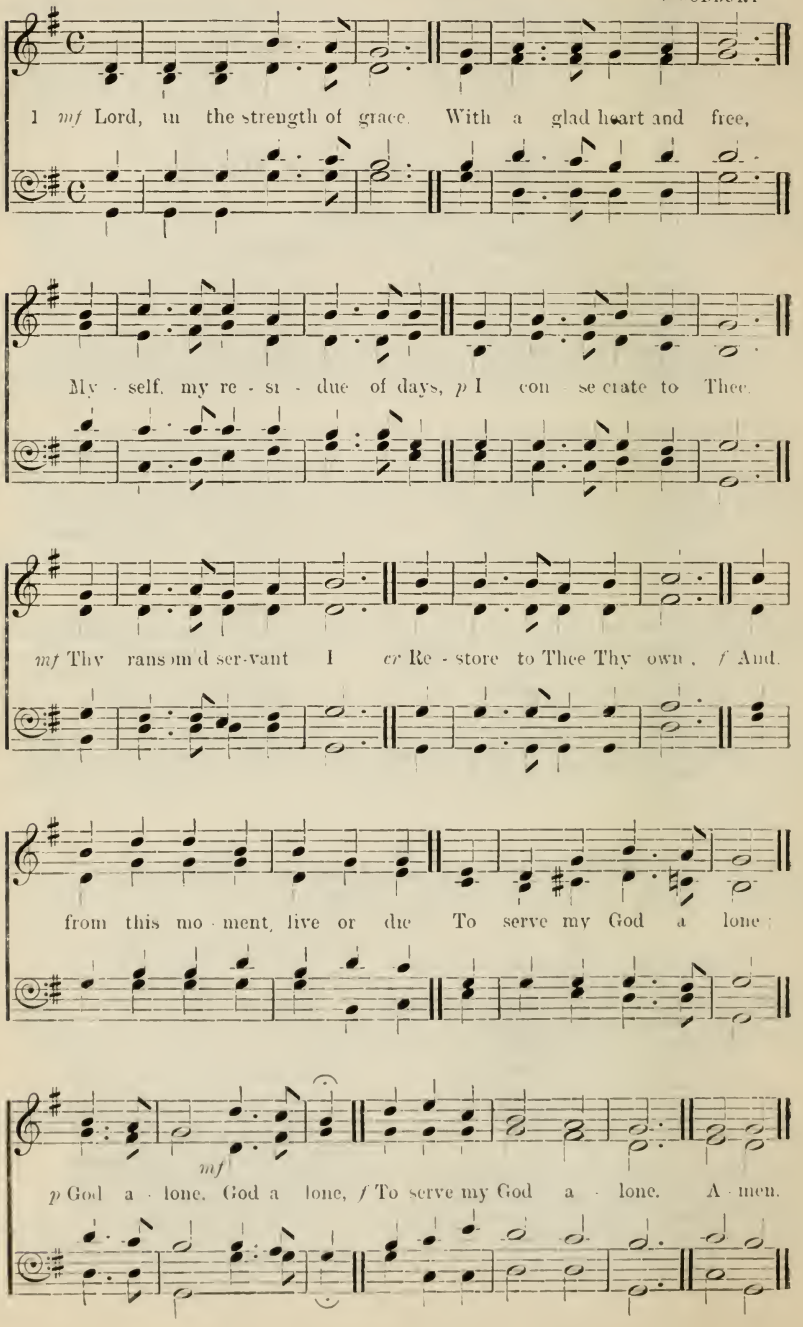
2

f Sail on! sail on! deep freighted
With blessings and with hopes;
mf The good of old, with shadowy hands,
Are pulling at your ropes.
p Behind you, holy martyrs
Uplift the palm and crown;
mf Before you, unborn ages send
Their benedictions down.

3

f Take cheer, your work is holy,
God's errands never fail!
Sweep on thro' darkness and thro' storm,
The thunder and the hail;
Sail on! for morning cometh,
The port you yet shall win;
And all the bells of God shall ring
The ship of Temperance in! Amen.
J. G. WHITTIER.

Lord, in the Strength of Grace.

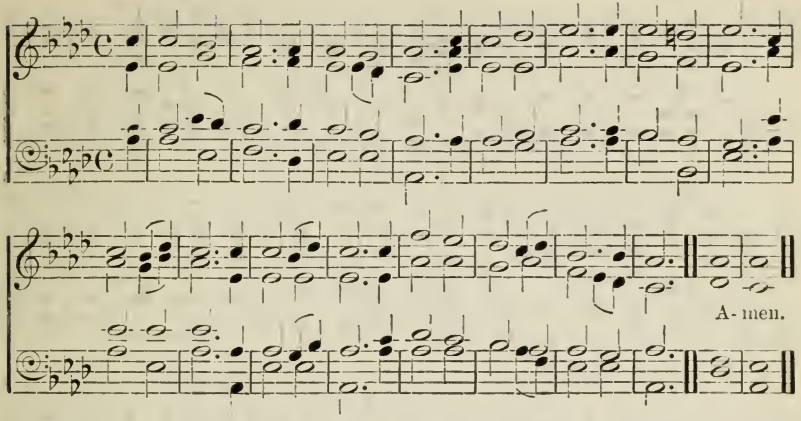
WOODBURY

1 mf Lord, in the strength of grace. With a glad heart and free,
My - self, my re - si - due of days, p I con - se crate to Thee.
mf Thy ransom'd ser-vant I cr Re - store to Thee Thy own, f And,
from this mo - ment, live or die To serve my God a lone;
mf
p God a - lone, God a lone, f To serve my God a - lone. A - men.

173

Great Builder, from whose perfect thought.

"CROFTON."

DR. CLAGUE.



1 *mf* GREAT Builder, from whose perfect thought,
Burst, like a flower, Creation's plan,
f Whose mighty Hand through ages wrought
To shape a dwelling-place for man.

2 *mf* Not with Thy wisdom or Thy might
Can we, Thy children, build to-day,
f Since Thou couldst poise the stars of light,
And hold them on their shining way.

3 *mf* Weak are our hands, but striving still
To bring Thy glorious kingdom near,
To work obedient to Thy will,
And claim Thy strength and feel no fear.

4 Builder Divine, beside each rope
Let Thy bright angels stand to-day,
Angels of Patience, Faith and Hope,
Unseen, our corner-stone to lay.

5 *f* Speed thou the work, until we raise
With thanks of joy, the topmost stone,
And grateful say, amid our praise,
mf We do but give Thee back Thine own. Amen.

EMILY MILLER.

174

Oh, sometimes gleams upon our sight.

Tune "CROFTON."

1 *mf* OH, sometimes gleams upon our sight
Through present wrong, the eternal right,
And step by step since time began
We see the steady gain of man!

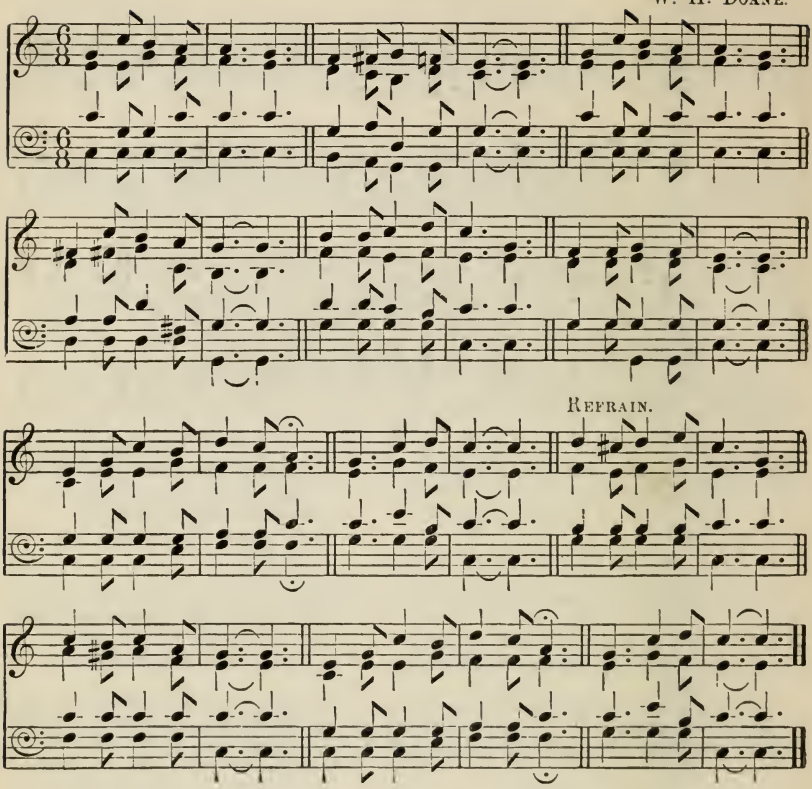
2 That all of good the past has had
Remains to make our own time glad,—
Our common daily life divine,
And every land a Palestine.

3 For still the new transcends the old,
In signs and tokens manifold:
Slaves rise up men; the olive waves,
With roots deep set in battle graves.

4 Through the harsh noises of our day,
p A low, sweet prelude finds its way;
Through clouds of doubt and creeds of fear
mf A light is breaking, calm and clear.

5 Henceforth my heart shall sigh no more
For olden time and holier shore!
f God's love and blessing, then and there,
Are now and here and everywhere.
Amen. WHITTIER.

One there is Who loves thee

W. H. Doane.

1 *p* One there is who loves thee,
Waiting still for thee;
cr Canst thou yet reject Him?
None so kind as He!
mf Do not grieve Him longer,
Come and trust Him now!
p He has waited all the day:
Why waitest thou?
f One there is who loves thee,
O receive Him now!
p He has waited all the day:
Why waitest thou?

2 *p* Tenderly He woes thee,
Do not slight His call;
pp Though Thy sins be many,
He'll forgive them all.
mf Turn to Him, repenting,
He will cleanse thee now:
p He is waiting at thy heart:
Why waitest thou?
f One there is Who loves thee,
O receive Him now!
p He has waited all the day:
Why waitest thou?

3 *p* Jesus still is waiting,
Sinner, why delay?
f To His arms of mercy
Rise and haste away!
Only come believing,
He will save thee now;
p He is waiting at the door:
Why waitest thou?
f One there is Who loves thee,
O receive Him now!
p He has waited all the day:
Why waitest thou? Amen.

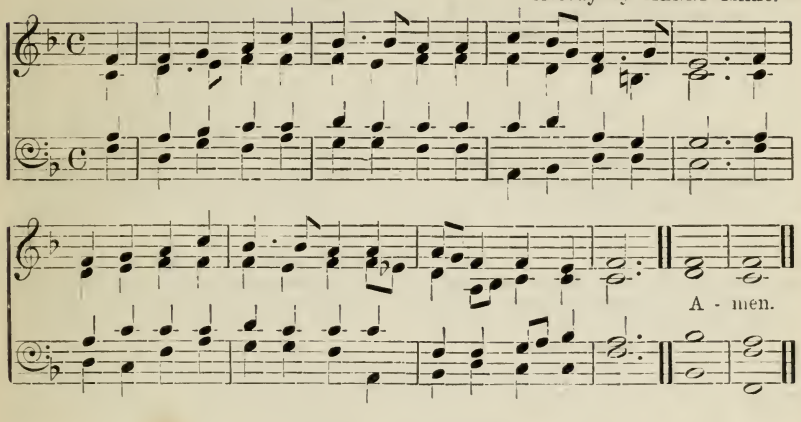
H. C. AYRES

176

Thousands of thousands Stand around.

"ISAAC."

Melody by HENRY ISAAC.



1

mf THOUSANDS of thousands stand around
Thy throne, O God most high;
f Ten thousand times ten thousand sound
mf Thy praise: but who am I?

2

mf Thy brightness unto them appears,
p While I Thy footsteps trace;
A sound of God comes to my ears,
But they behold Thy face.

3

f They sing because Thou art their Sun:
mf Lord, send a beam on me!
For where heaven is but once begun,
There hallelujahs be.

4

Enlighten with faith's light my heart,
Inflame it with love's fire:
f Then shall I sing and bear a part
With that celestial choir.

5

p I shall, I fear, be dark and cold,
With all my fire and light;
mf Yet, when Thou dost accept *their* gold
p Lord, treasure up *my* mite! Amen.

J. MASON.

177

When I survey Life's Varied Scene.

Tune, "ISAAC."

1

p WHEN I survey life's varied scene,
Amid the darkest hours,
mf Sweet rays of comfort shine between,
And thorns are mixed with flowers.

2

f Lord, teach me to hold fast Thy hand,
p And when my griefs increase,
mf To see beyond this lower land
The hills of heavenly peace.

3

p And oh, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign hand denies,
mf Accepted at Thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise;—

4

"Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of Thy grace impart,
And let me live to Thee.

5

"Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine
My path of life attend, [shine,
f Thy presence through my journey
And crown my journey's end."
Amen.

178

Speak gently, it is better far.

Tune, "ISAAC."

1

mf SPEAK gently: it is better far
To rule by love than fear!
Speak gently: let not harsh words mar
The good we might do here.

2

p Speak gently: love doth whisper low
To friends, when faults we find;
Gently let truthful accents flow,
Affection's voice is kind.

3

mf Speak gently to the young, for they
Will have enough to bear; [may
Pass through this world as best they
'Tis full of anxious care.

4

p Speak gently to the aged one,
Grieve not the careworn heart;
The sands of life are nearly run:
Let him in peace depart.

5

mf Speak gently, kindly, to the poor,
Let no harsh tone be heard;
They have enough they must endure
Without an unkind word.

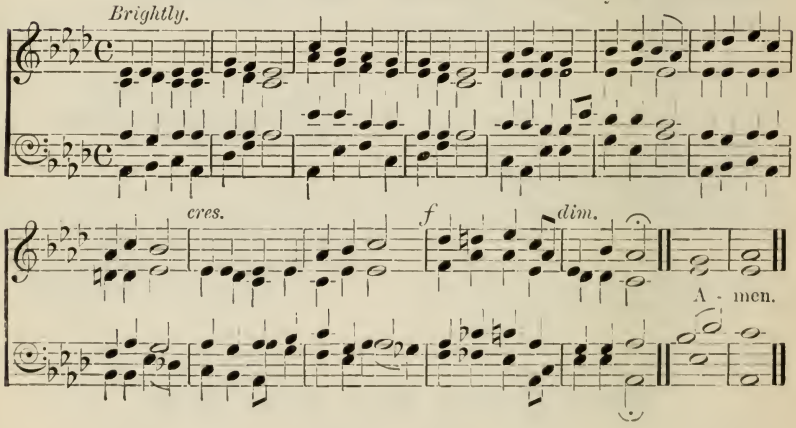
6

mf Speak gently: it is like the Lord,
Whose accents meek and mild
Proclaimed Him as the Son of God,
The gracious, holy Child. Amen.

G. W. HANGFORD.

179

Work is Sweet.

Tune—"ROSARIO." Arr. by W. W. RHODES.

1 *mf* WORK is sweet, for God has blest
p Honest work with quiet rest,
Rest below, and rest above
In the mansions of His love,
When the work of life is done,
When the battle's fought and won.

2 *f* Work ye, then, while yet 'tis day,
Work, ye Christians, while ye may,
Work for all that's great and good,
Working for your daily food,
Working whilst the golden hours,
Health, and strength, and youth are yours.

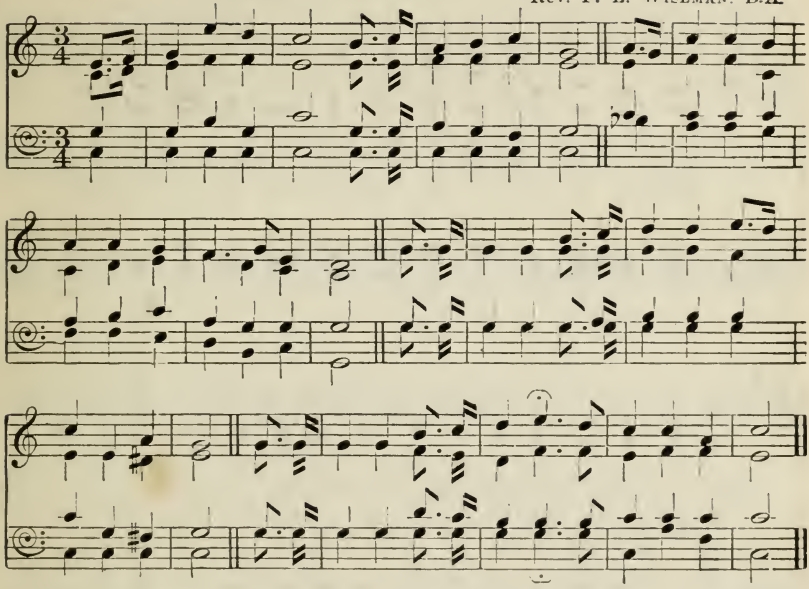
3 *mf* Working not alone for gold,
Not the work that's bought and sold,
Not the work that worketh strife,
But the working of a life,
Careless both of good or ill,
If ye can but do His will.

4 *p* Working ere the day is gone,
Working, till your work is done,
mf Not as traffickers at marts,
But as fitteth honest hearts,
Working till your spirits rest
With the spirits of the blest. Amen.

G. THRING.

Rejoice and be glad.

Rev. F. L. Wiseman, B.A.



1

mf Rejoice and be glad! the Redeemer has come:
dim Go look on His cradle, His cross, and His tomb.

f Sound His praises, (*p*) tell the story of Him who was slain
cr Sound His praises, tell with gladness (*f*) He liveth again.

2

mf Rejoice and be glad! it is sunshine at last!
The clouds have departed, the shadows are past.

3

p Rejoice and be glad! for the blood hath been shed!
Redemption is finished, the price hath been paid!

4

f Rejoice and be glad! now the pardon is free!
p The Just for the unjust has died on the tree.

5

mf Rejoice and be glad! for the Lamb that was slain,
O'er death is triumphant, and liveth again.

6

mf Rejoice and be glad! for our King is on high;
p He pleadeth for us, on His throne in the sky.

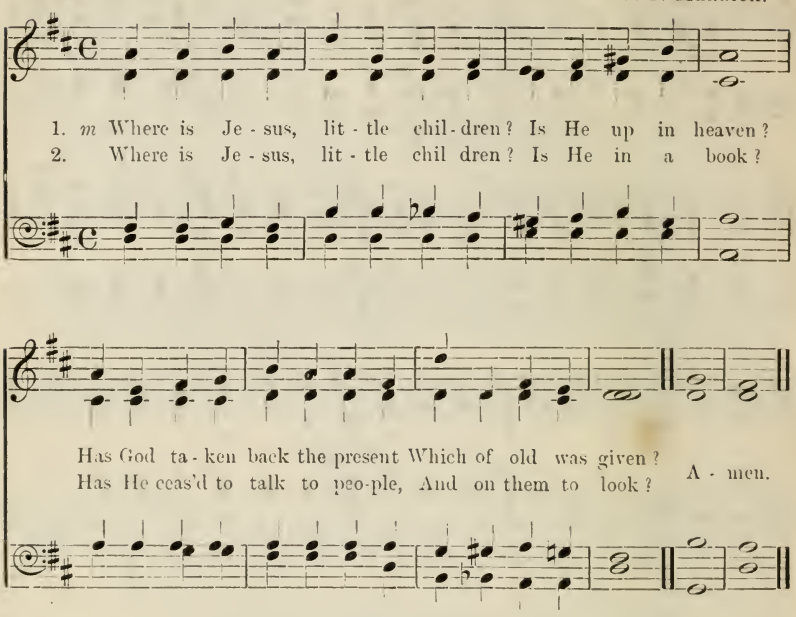
7

mf Rejoice and be glad! for He cometh again;
He cometh in glory, the Lamb that was slain. Amen.

DR. BONAR.

Where is Jesus, Little Children?

B. Waugh. G. P. Merrick.


1. m Where is Je - sus, lit - tle chil - dren? Is He up in heaven?
2. Where is Je - sus, lit - tle chil dren? Is He in a book?
Has God ta - ken back the present Which of old was given?
Has He ceas'd to talk to peo-ple, And on them to look?
A - men.

3. Where is Jesus, little children?
With us ever more
He is here, and we may find Him
Shut within this door.

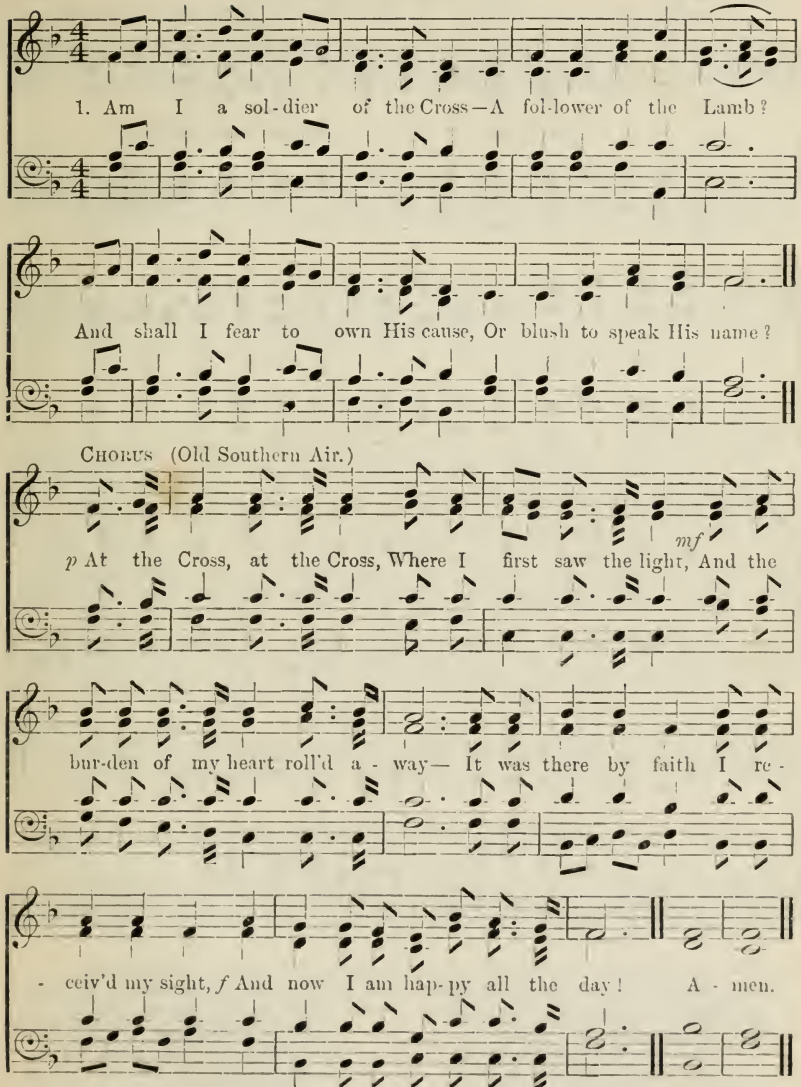
4. *p* Jesus is a lovely Spirit—
Lowly, pure, and kind;
Feeling in the hearts of people,
Thinking in their mind.

m Self forgetting, gentle mercy,
Love that will not die—
These reveal the heart of Jesus,
Tell us He is nigh.

5. *p* Shut within the souls of children,
Jesus makes His home;
Where the heart has heard Him knocking,
And has bid Him come.

7. *m* Jesus, make in us Thy dwelling;
Come with us to live;
And to each and all our doings,
Thy dear beauty give. Amen.

Happy at the Cross.

M. J. MAXWELL.

1. Am I a sol-dier of the Cross—A fol-lower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
CHORUS (Old Southern Air.)
p At the Cross, at the Cross, Where I first saw the light, And the
mf
bur-den of my heart roll'd a-way— It was there by faith I re-
- ceiv'd my sight, f And now I am hap-py all the day! A-men.

2.

mf Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
cr. While others tought to win the prize,
f And sailed through stormy seas?
At the Cross, etc.

3.

mf Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?
At the Cross, etc.

4.

mf Sure I must fight if I would reign!
cr. Increase my courage, Lord;
f I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy Word.
At the Cross, etc.

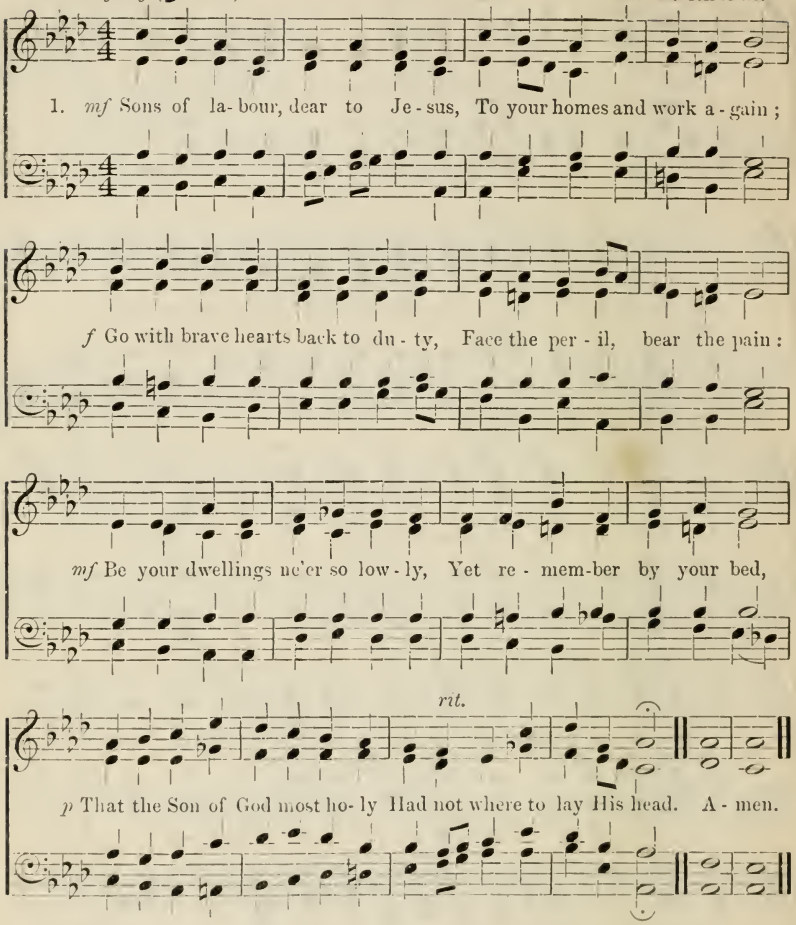
5.

mf When that illustrious day shall rise,
cr. And all Thine armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
f The glory shall be Thine!
At the Cross, etc.

Sons of Labour, Dear to Jesus.

DEAN HOLE.

Brightly (♩=108). *Tune*—"RAINFORTH." W. W. RHODES.


1. mf Sons of la- bour, dear to Je - sus, To your homes and work a - gain ;
f Go with brave hearts back to du - ty, Face the per - il, bear the pain :
mf Be your dwellings ne'er so low - ly, Yet re - mem-ber by your bed,
rit.
p That the Son of God most ho- ly Had not where to lay His head. A - men.

2. *mf* Sons of labour, think of Jesus,
As you rest your homes within ;
p Think of that sweet Babe of Mary
In the stable of the inn !
Think how in the sacred story
Jesus took a humble grade,
And the Lord of life and glory
Worked with Joseph at his trade !

3. Sons of labour, be like Jesus—
Undefiled, chaste, and pure ;
And tho' passions tempt you sorely,
By His grace you shall endure :
Husband, father, son, or brother,
Be ye gentle, just, and true ;
cr. Be ye kind to one another,
As the Lord is kind to you.

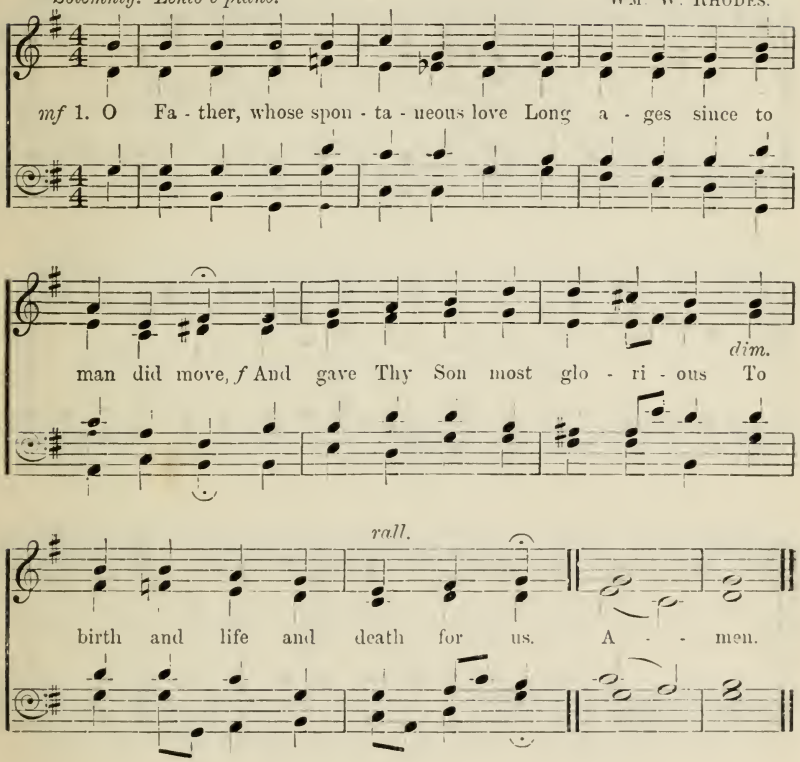
4. *p* Sons of labour, go to Jesus
In your sorrow, shame, and loss ;
He is nearest, you are dearest
When you bravely bear His cross ;
Go to Him who died to save you,
cr. And is still the sinners' Friend,
f And the great love which forgave
Will forgive you to the end. [you

5. *mf* Sons of labour, live for Jesus,
Let your work be worship too ;
In His name and to His glory,
Do whate'er you find to do,
p Till this night of sin and sorrow
Be for ever overpast,
f And we see the golden morrow—
ff Home with Jesus, home at last !
Amen.

A Prayer for all Men.

T. B. Stephenson. *Tune*—"Swinnow House."

Solemnly. Lento e piano. Wm. W. Rhodes.


mf 1. O Fa - ther, whose spon - ta - neous love Long a - ges since to
man did move, f And gave Thy Son most glo - ri - ous To
dim.
rall.
birth and life and death for us. A - - men.

2.

mf We thank Thee that the greedy grave
Could not keep Him who came to save;
cr But, Conqueror o'er death's vast domain,
f He rose at Thy right hand to reign.

3.

p Thro' Him, our Brother, yet our Lord;
Flesh of our flesh, yet Thine own Word:
Who for us men doth intercede—
For all in sin and woe we plead.

4.

mf For those who still in heathen night
Reject or have not seen the light;
And those who here, 'mid light of day,
dim Love heathen darkness, Lord, we pray.

5.

mf For those who proudly bear Thy name,
Yet, bigot-hearted, do Thee shame;
p Or who, in this Thy Spirit's day,
Live cold, mean, useless lives, we pray.

6.

p For those who, 'mid doubt's shivering night,
cr Wage silent, strenuous, mental fight:
Or who, amid red passion's play, pray.
f Strive for clean hearts and hands, we

7.

mf For those who in the peril are
Of wealth and fashion's fevered glare;
p For toil-worn lives, so dull and gray,
pp And almost hopeless, Lord, we pray.

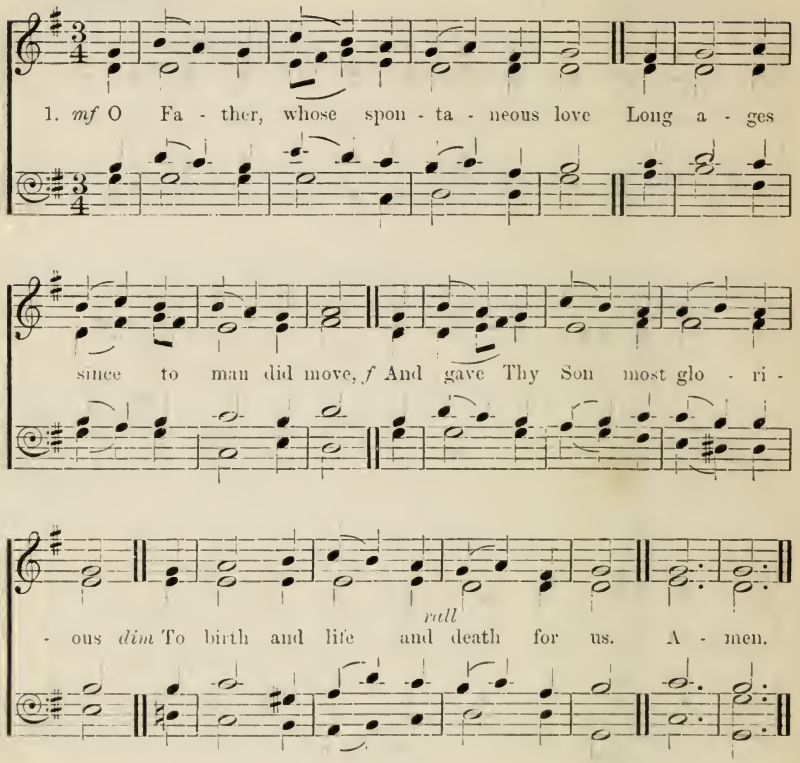
8.

mf Earth has no help for such as these:
Thou only giv'st the true heart's-ease:
p Lord, lead the weary, wandering feet
Of sinners to Thy mercy-seat.

9.

mf There, where the Crucified doth sit,
Mighty to save, His work complete,
cr O grant to each the saving grace,
f And show them heaven in Jesu's face.
Amen.

A Prayer for all Men.

T. B. Stephenson. [Second Tune.]

1. mf O Fa - ther, whose spon - ta - neous love Long a - ges
since to man did move, f And gave Thy Son most glo - ri -
rall
- ous dim To birth and life and death for us. A - men.

2.

mf We thank Thee that the greedy grave
Could not keep Him who came to save;
cr But, Conqueror o'er death's vast domain,
f He rose at Thy right hand to reign.

3.

p Through Him, our Brother, yet our Lord;
Flesh of our flesh, yet Thine own Word;
Who for us men doth intercede—
For all in sin and woe we plead.

4.

mf For those who still in heathen night
Reject or have not seen the light;
And those who here, 'mid light of day,
dim Love heathen darkness, Lord, we pray.

5.

mf For those who proudly bear Thy name,
Yet, bigot-hearted, do Thee shame;
p Or who, in this Thy Spirit's day,
Live cold, mean, useless lives, we pray.

6.

p For those who, 'mid doubt's shivering night,
cr Wage silent, strenuous, mental fight;
Or who, amid red passion's play,
f Strive for clean hearts and hands, we pray.

7.

mf For those who in the peril are
Of wealth and fashion's fevered glare;
p For toil-worn lives, so dull and gray,
pp And almost hopeless, Lord, we pray.

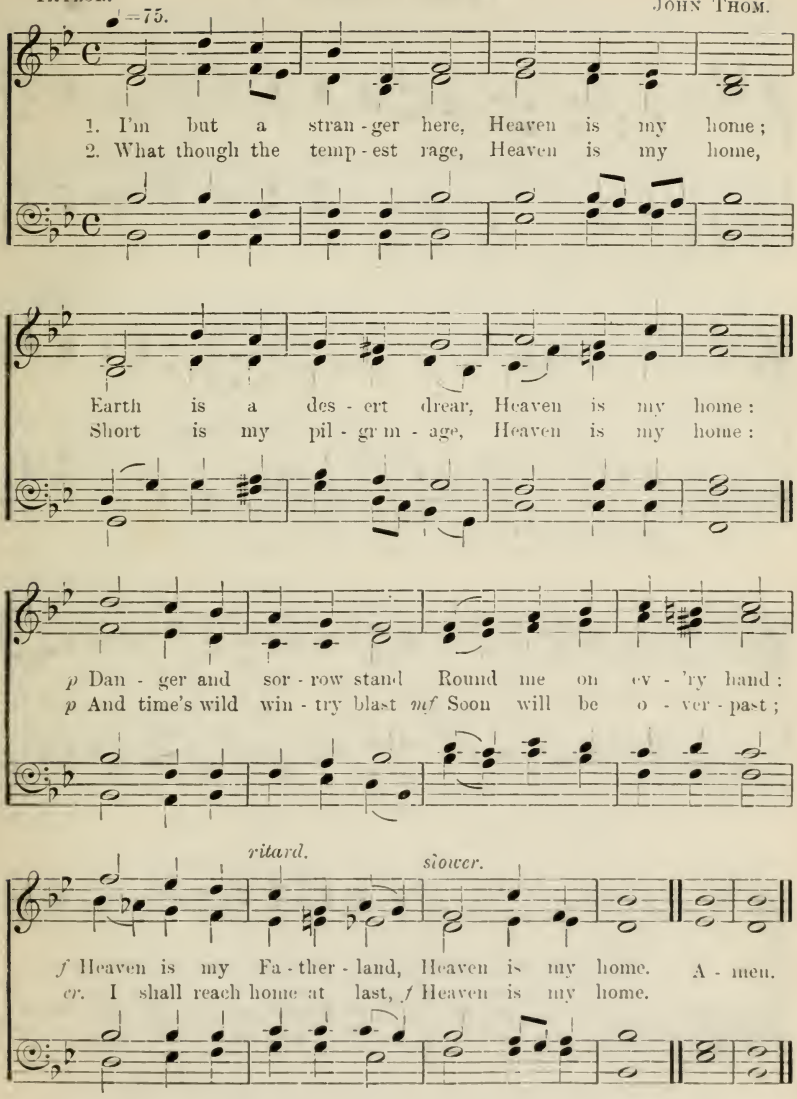
8.

mf Earth has no help for such as these:
Thou only giv'st the true heart's-ease:
p Lord, lead the weary, wandering feet
Of sinners to Thy mercy-seat.

9.

mf There, where the Crucified doth sit,
Mighty to save, His work complete,
cr O grant to each the saving grace,
f And show them heaven in Jesu's face.
Amen.

Heaven is my Home.

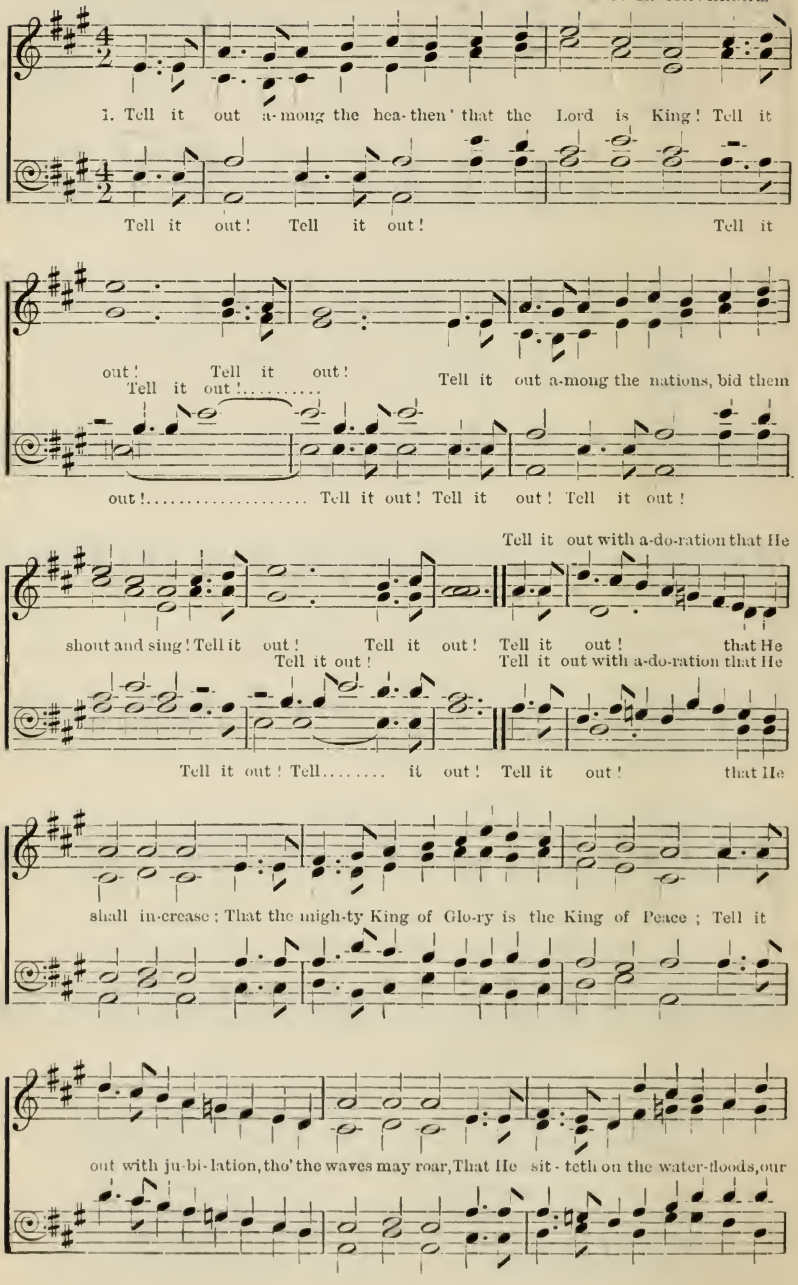
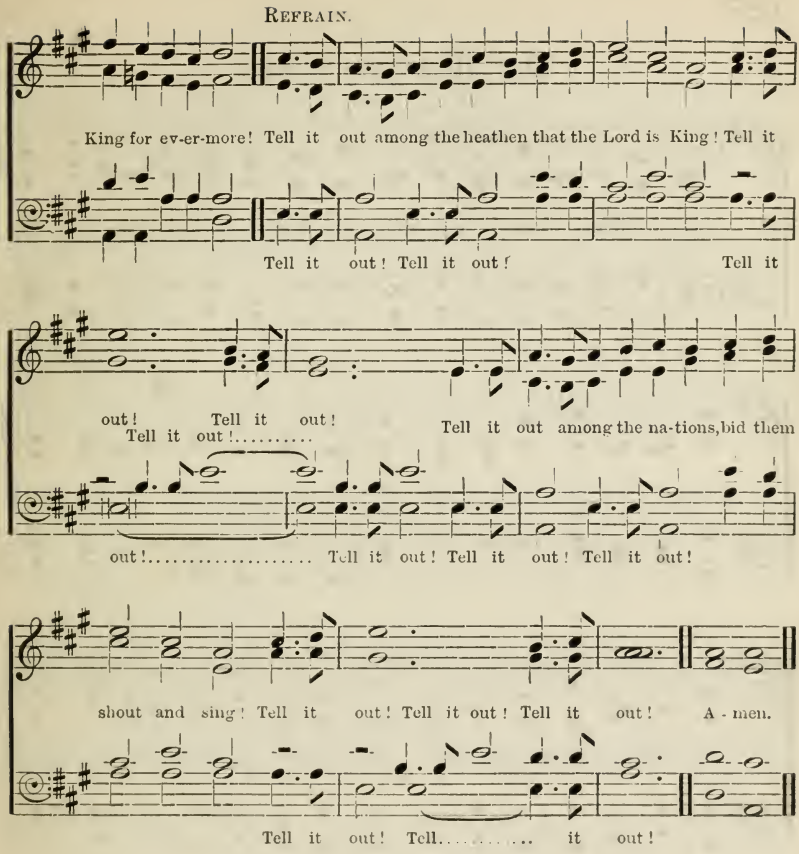
TAYLOR. JOHN THOM.

♩=75.
1. I'm but a stran - ger here, Heaven is my home;
2. What though the temp - est rage, Heaven is my home,
Earth is a des - ert drear, Heaven is my home:
Short is my pil - gr m - age, Heaven is my home:
p Dan - ger and sor - row stand Round me on ev - 'ry hand:
p And time's wild win - try blast mf Soon will be o - ver - past;
ritard.
slower.
f Heaven is my Fa - ther - land, Heaven is my home. A - men.
cr. I shall reach home at last, f Heaven is my home.

3. *p* There at my Saviour's side,
Heaven is my home;
I shall be glorified,
Heaven is my home:
dim. There are the good and blest,
Those I love most and best;
And there I too shall rest,
Heaven is my home.

4. *mf* Therefore I'll murmur not,
Heaven is my home,
Whate'er my earthly lot,
Heaven is my home.
cr. For I shall surely stand,
There at my Lord's right hand,
f Heaven is my Fatherland,
Heaven is my home. Amen.

Tell it Out!

Tune—"EPENETUS."

F. R. HAVERGAL.

1. Tell it out a-mong the hea-then that the Lord is King! Tell it
Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it
out! Tell it out!
Tell it out!.....
Tell it out a-mong the nations, bid them
out!..... Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out!
Tell it out with a-do-ration that He
shout and sing! Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out! that He
Tell it out! Tell it out with a-do-ration that He
Tell it out! Tell..... it out! Tell it out! that He
shall in-crease; That the migh-ty King of Glo-ry is the King of Peace; Tell it
out with ju-bi-lation, tho' the waves may roar, That He sit-teth on the water-floods, our

Refrain.
King for ev-er-more! Tell it out among the heathen that the Lord is King! Tell it
Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it
out! Tell it out!
Tell it out!.....
Tell it out among the na-tions, bid them
out!..... Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out!
shout and sing! Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out! A - men.
Tell it out! Tell..... it out!

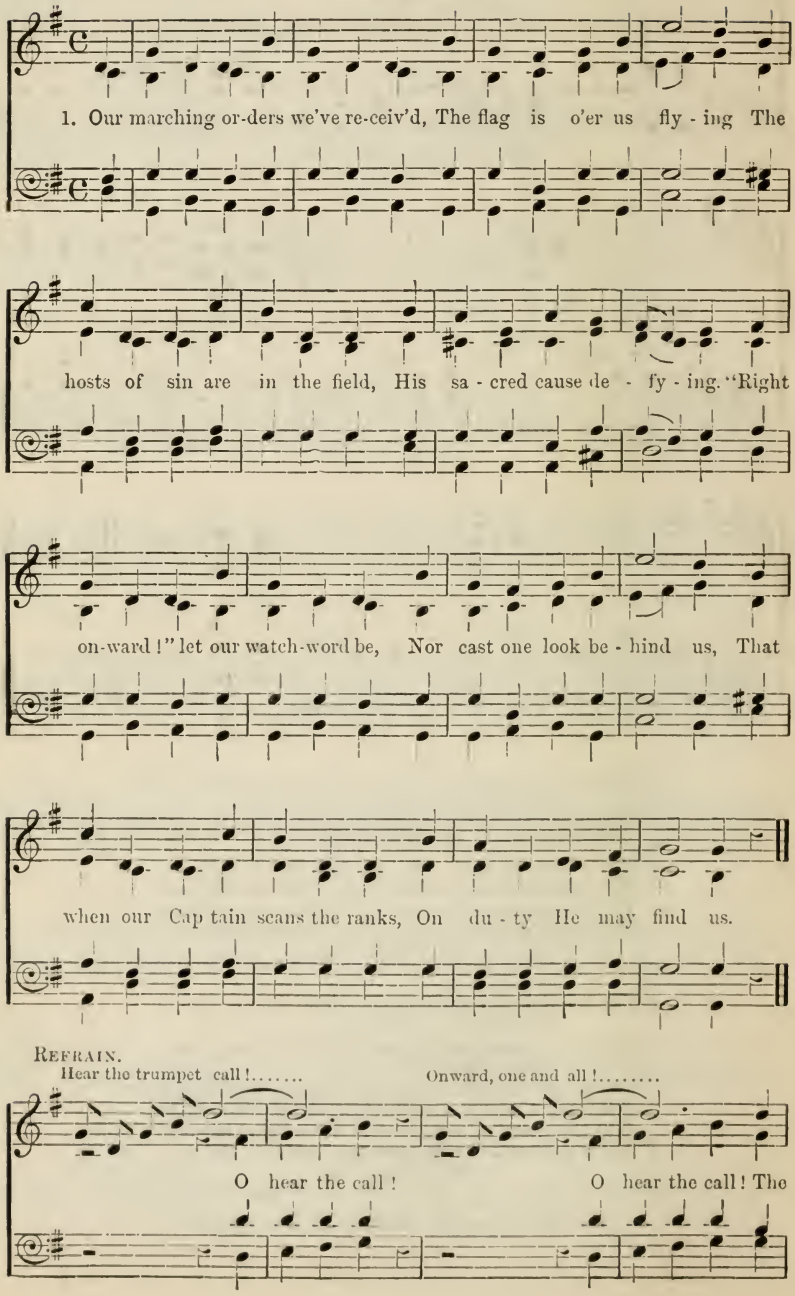
2. *f* Tell it out among the heathen* that the Saviour reigns;
Tell it out! Tell it out!
Tell it out among the nations, bid them burst their chains;
Tell it out! Tell it out!
p Tell it out among the weeping ones that Jesus lives;
Tell it out among the weary ones what rest He gives;
cr. Tell it out among the sinners that He came to save;
f Tell it out among the dying that He triumphed o'er the grave.
Tell it out! etc.

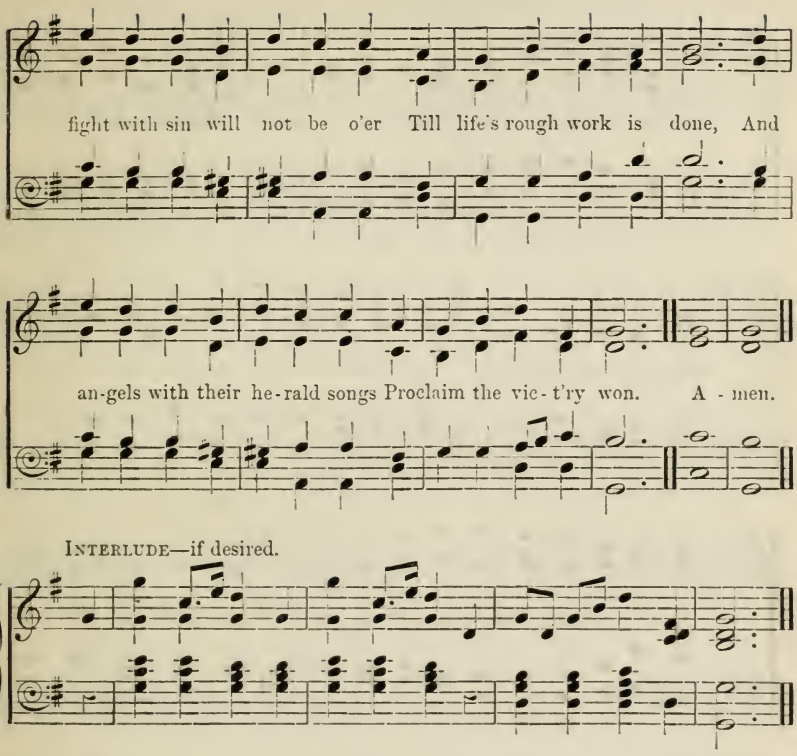
3. *f* Tell it out among the heathen* Jesus reigns above;
Tell it out! Tell it out!
Tell it out among the nations that His reign is love;
Tell it out! Tell it out!
Tell it out among the highways and the lanes at home;
Tell it out across the mountains and the ocean foam;
Like the sound of many waters let our glad shout be,
ff Till it echo and re-echo from the islands of the sea.
Tell it out! etc.

Amen.

* For ordinary purposes, substitute the word "people."

Our Marching Orders.


1. Our marching or-ders we've re-ceiv'd, The flag is o'er us fly - ing The
hosts of sin are in the field, His sa - cred cause de - fy - ing. "Right
on-ward!" let our watch-word be, Nor cast one look be - hind us, That
when our Cap tain scans the ranks, On du - ty He may find us.
Refrain.
Hear the trumpet call!.....
Onward, one and all!.....
O hear the call!
O hear the call! The


fight with sin will not be o'er Till life's rough work is done, And
an-gels with their he-rald songs Proclaim the vic-t'ry won. A - men.
INTERLUDE—if desired.

2.

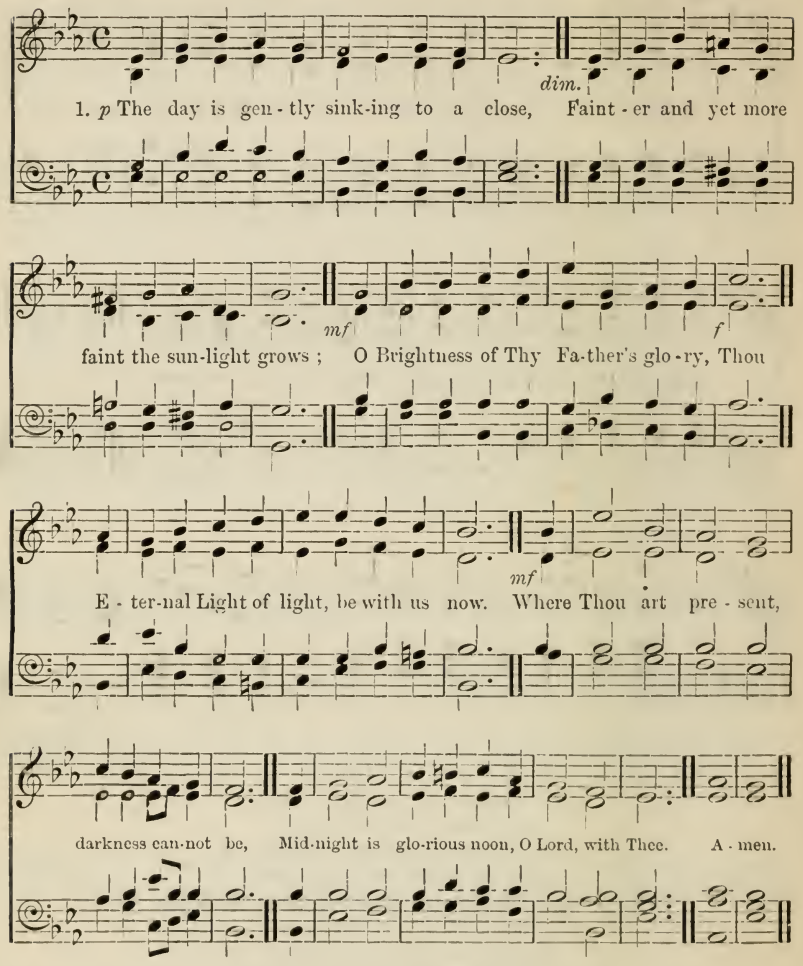
To conquer in the dreadful fight
Our Leader goes before us;
But we must trust His mighty arm,
And keep His banner o'er us:
His two-edged sword will sweep the field;
His pathway must be glorious;
And over all the hosts of sin
He'll make His own victorious.
Hear the trumpet call! etc.

3.

So as we triumph by His grace,
And each new heart rejoices,
We'll press along the toilsome way,
And sing with thankful voices
The praises of our Leader-King,
Whose presence fails us never—
Whose own right hand His people saves
To reign with Him for ever.
Hear the trumpet call! etc.
Amen.

Everlasting Light.

Bishop Christopher Wordsworth. Dr. Bullinger.


dim.
1. p The day is gen - tly sink-ing to a close, Faint - er and yet more
mf
f
faint the sun-light grows ; O Brightness of Thy Fa-ther's glo - ry, Thou
mf
E - ter-nal Light of light, be with us now. Where Thou art pre - sent,
darkness can-not be, Mid-night is glo-rious noon, O Lord, with Thee. A - men.

mf 2.

Our changeful lives are ebbing to an end,
Onward to darkness and to death we tend ;
O Conqueror of the grave, be Thou our Guide,
Be Thou our Light in death's dark even-tide ;
Then in our mortal hour will be no gloom,
No sting in death, no terror in the tomb.

f 3.

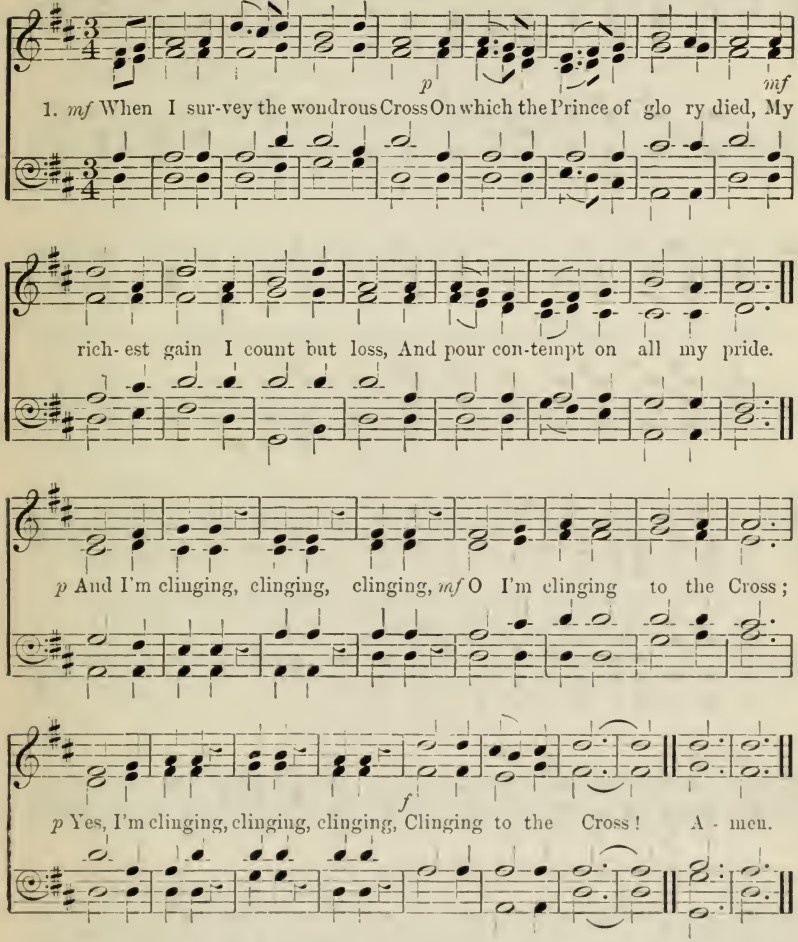
Thou who in darkness walking didst appear
Upon the waves, and Thy disciples cheer,
Come, Lord, in lonesome days, when storms assail,
And earthly hopes and human succours fail,
When all is dark, may we behold Thee nigh,
And hear Thy voice, "Fear not, for it is I."

4.

mf The weary world is mouldering to decay,
p Its glories wane, its pageants fade away :
mf In that last sunset, when the stars shall fall,
cr. May we arise, awakened by Thy call,
f With Thee, O Lord, for ever to abide
In that blest day which has no eventide !

When I Survey the Wondrous Cross.

ISAAC WATTS, 1709. Arranged by G. C. WELLS.


p
mf
1. mf When I sur-vey the wondrous Cross On which the Prince of glo ry died, My
rich- est gain I count but loss, And pour con-tempt on all my pride.
p And I'm clinging, clinging, clinging, mf O I'm clinging to the Cross;
f
p Yes, I'm clinging, clinging, clinging, Clinging to the Cross! A - men.

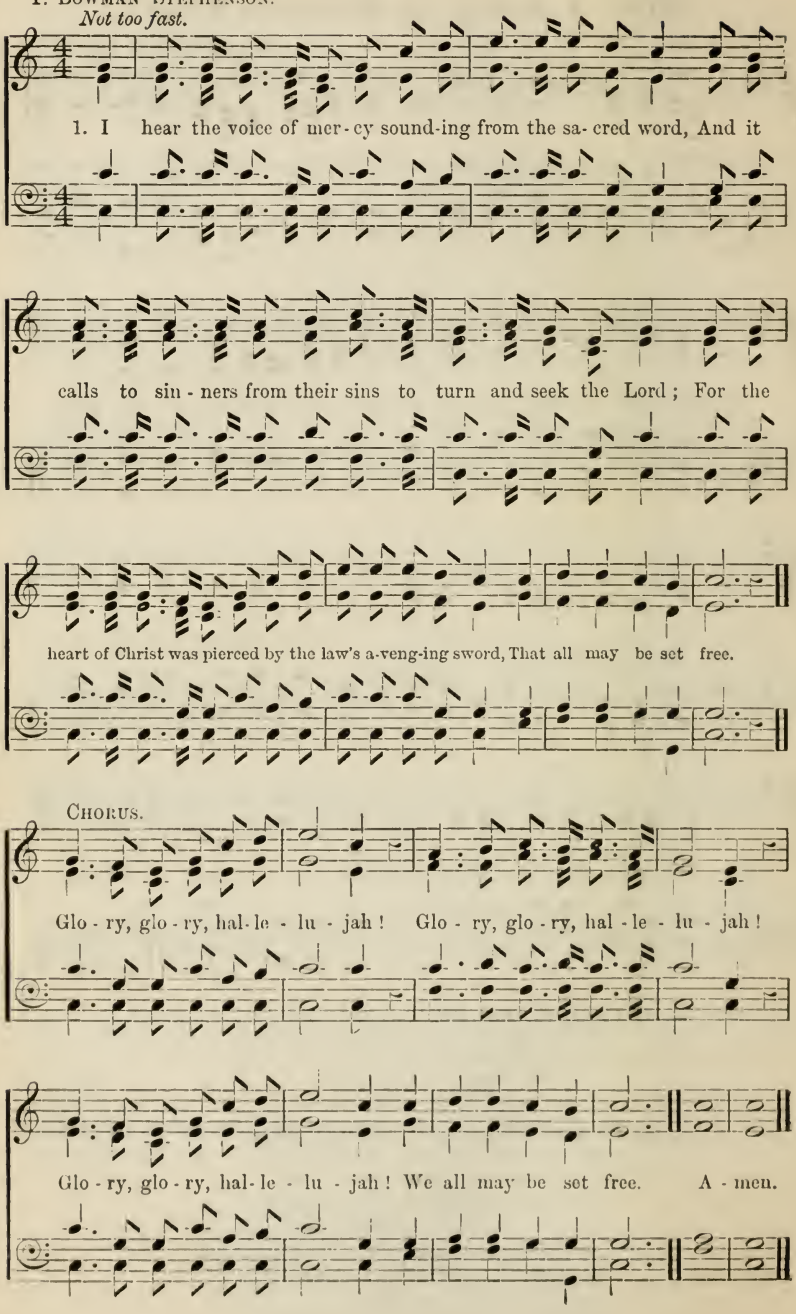
2. *p* Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my Lord;
mf All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.
And I'm clinging, etc.

3. *pp* See from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
mf Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
And I'm clinging, etc.

4. *mf* Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
cr. Love so amazing, so divine,
f Demands my soul, my life, my all!
And I'm clinging, etc. Amen.

I Hear the Voice of Mercy.

T. Bowman Stephenson.

Not too fast.

1. I hear the voice of mer-cy sound-ing from the sa-cred word, And it
calls to sin-ners from their sins to turn and seek the Lord; For the
heart of Christ was pierced by the law's a-veng-ing sword, That all may be set free.
Chorus.
Glo-ry, glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah! Glo-ry, glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah!
Glo-ry, glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah! We all may be set free. A-men.

I Hear the Voice of Mercy.—*Continued.*

2 *mf* Though your heart has been a rebel's, serving Satan in the fight;
Though your sins may be as crimson, they shall all as wool be white;
cr For the fount of our salvation rolls its red waves in our sight,
f And all may be set free.

3 *p* Though the past has seen your helpless soul enchained in bonds of steel,
Though beneath temptation's deadly shock the future see you reel,
mf You may conquer still, for Christ shall crush your foe beneath His heel,
f We all may be set free.

4 *p* And when the grim relentless face of Death shall on you peer,
And shall summon you to part from all on earth you hold most dear,
cr Though your heart and flesh may fail, your brother Christ shall still
mf And you shall be set free. [be near.

5 *mf* And then amidst the joy-bells ringing from celestial towers,
You shall enter through the pearly gates to join the heavenly powers;
cr And the service of your crownéd Lord shall fill the golden hours,
f And all shall then be free.

---

191 Mine eyes have seen the Glory.

Tune, No. 190.

1 *mf* Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord:
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
f He hath loosed the fatal lightning of His terrible swift sword:
His truth is marching on.
Chorus:—Glory, glory, hallelujah. Our God is marching on.

2 He hath sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat,
mf He is sifting out the hearts of men before His Judgment seat:
Oh, be swift, my soul! to answer Him; be jubilant, my feet!
f Our God is marching on.

3 *p* In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
mf With a beauty in His bosom that transfigures you and me:
p As He died to make men holy, let us live to make men free!
f While God is marching on. Amen. O. W. Howe.

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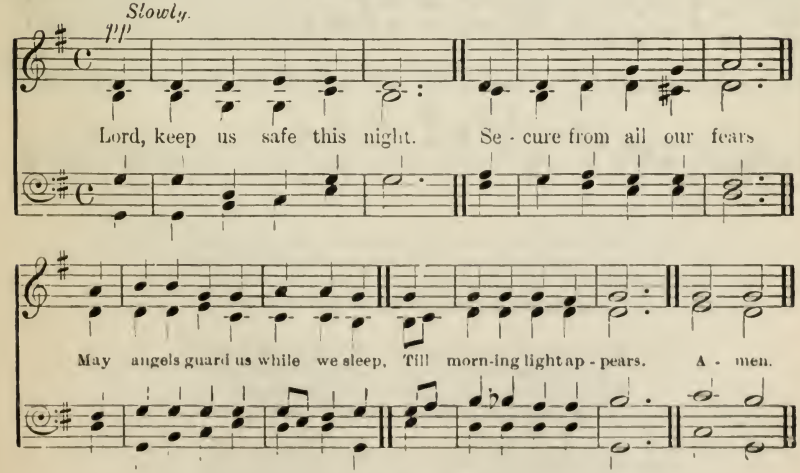
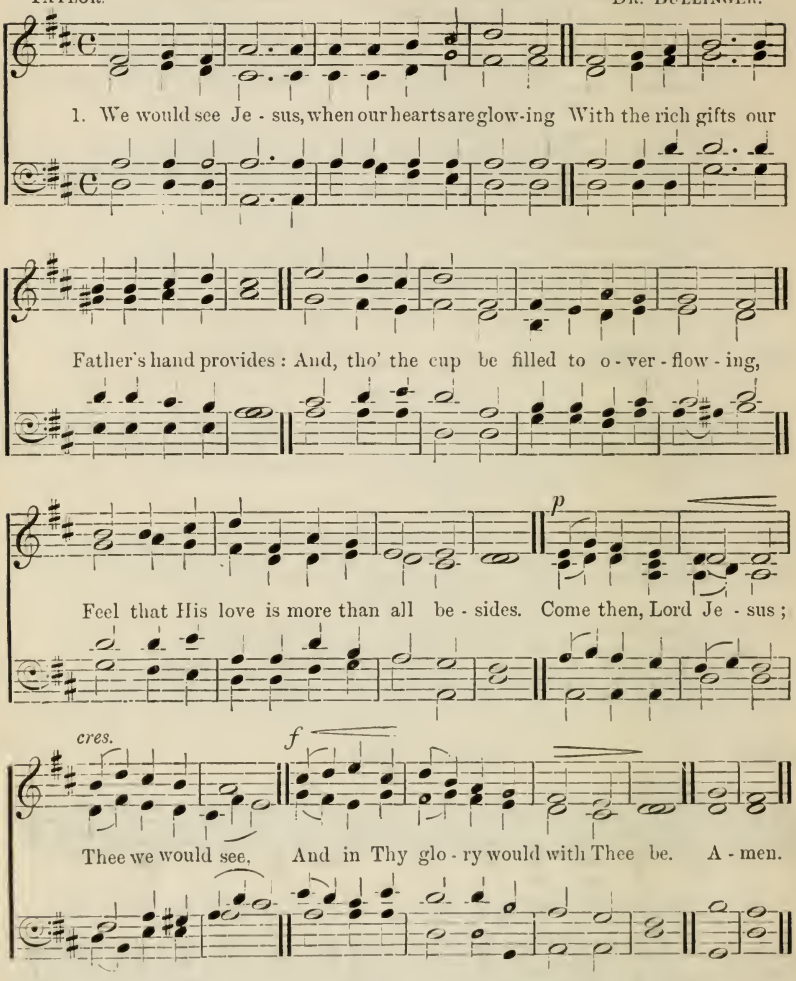
192 Vesper Verse.*


Slowly.
pp
Lord, keep us safe this night. Se - cure from all our fears
May angels guard us while we sleep, Till morn-ing light ap - pears. A - men.

* To be sung after the Benediction, all kneeling.

We would see Jesus.

TAYLOR. DR. BULLINGER.


1. We would see Je - sus, when our hearts are glow-ing With the rich gifts our
Father's hand provides: And, tho' the cup be filled to o - ver - flow - ing,
p
Feel that His love is more than all be - sides. Come then, Lord Je - sus;
cres.
f
Thee we would see. And in Thy glo - ry would with Thee be. A - men.

2 *mf* We would see Jesus, when the world's alluring
Would draw our giddy steps away from Him:
f See the bright promise of His peace enduring;
Making all earthly pleasures pale and dim.

3 *p* When faint and weary with the wild commotion
Of restless thoughts that baffle all our skill,
We would see Jesus walking on that ocean,
And hear His calming whisper "Peace, be still."

4 *pp* We would see Jesus, when, in sorrow kneeling,
We ask deliverance from our sin and guilt—
mf Would hear Him speak the gracious words of healing,
"Be it unto thee even as thou wilt."

We would see Jesus.—*Continued.*

5 *mf* We would see Jesus, when a fierce temptation
Has well nigh 'whelmed us in its fearful wave;
Our sure defence, the Rock of our salvation,
Still near at hand to succour and to save.

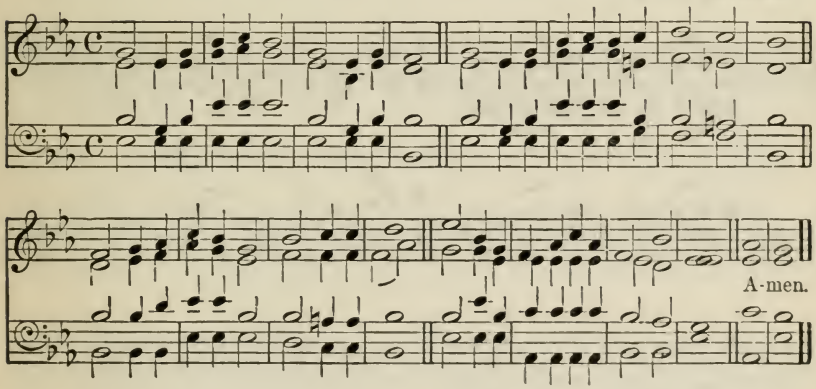
6 *p* We would see Jesus, in the hour of sickness,
And trust the wisdom of the loving hand
That rightly orders all our pain and weakness,
pp And bids our life or death wait His command.

7 *mf* We would see Jesus, when from heaven descending,
Coming to take us to His promised rest;
cr For He will count us pure and unoffending,
f Clothed in His own unspotted righteousness.

194

Break Thou the Bread of Life.

W. F. Sherwin.



1 *mf* Break Thou the bread of life,
O Lord, to me,
As Thou didst break the loaves
Beside the sea;
cr Beyond the sacred page
I seek Thee, Lord;
f My spirit pants for Thee,
p O living Word!

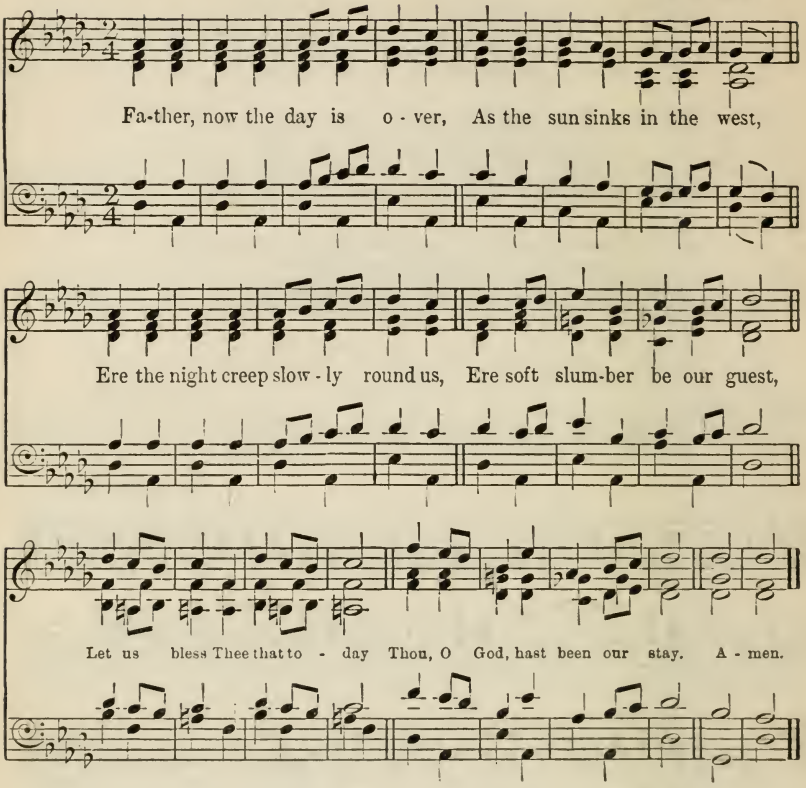
2 *mf* Bless Thou the truth, O Lord,
To me, to me,
As Thou didst bless the bread
By Galilee;
cr Then shall all bondage cease,
f All fetters fall,
And I shall find my peace,
My All in All.

3 *mf* Thou art the Bread of Life,
O Lord, to me,
Thy holy word the truth
That saveth me.
Give me to eat and live
With Thee above:
f Teach me to love Thy truth,
p For Thou art love.

4 *p* O send Thy Spirit, Lord,
Now unto me,
That He may touch my eyes,
And make me see.
cr Show me the truth concealed
Within Thy word,
f And in Thy book revealed
I see the Lord.

Father, How the Day is Over.

F. A. Mann.


Fa-ther, now the day is o - ver, As the sun sinks in the west,
Ere the night creep slow - ly round us, Ere soft slum-ber be our guest,
Let us bless Thee that to - day Thou, O God, hast been our stay. A - men.

2 For the birds and flowers we thank Thee,
For each song and perfume sweet,
For the faith that dare address Thee,
For the love that may Thee greet;
Most, that we for every gift
May our souls to Thee uplift.

3 *p* For the love of friends we bless Thee,
cr Who to-day our joys have shared,
mf Whose true hearts spread out before us,
Have Thy love to us declared;
For each thought of truth and love
They have echoed from above.

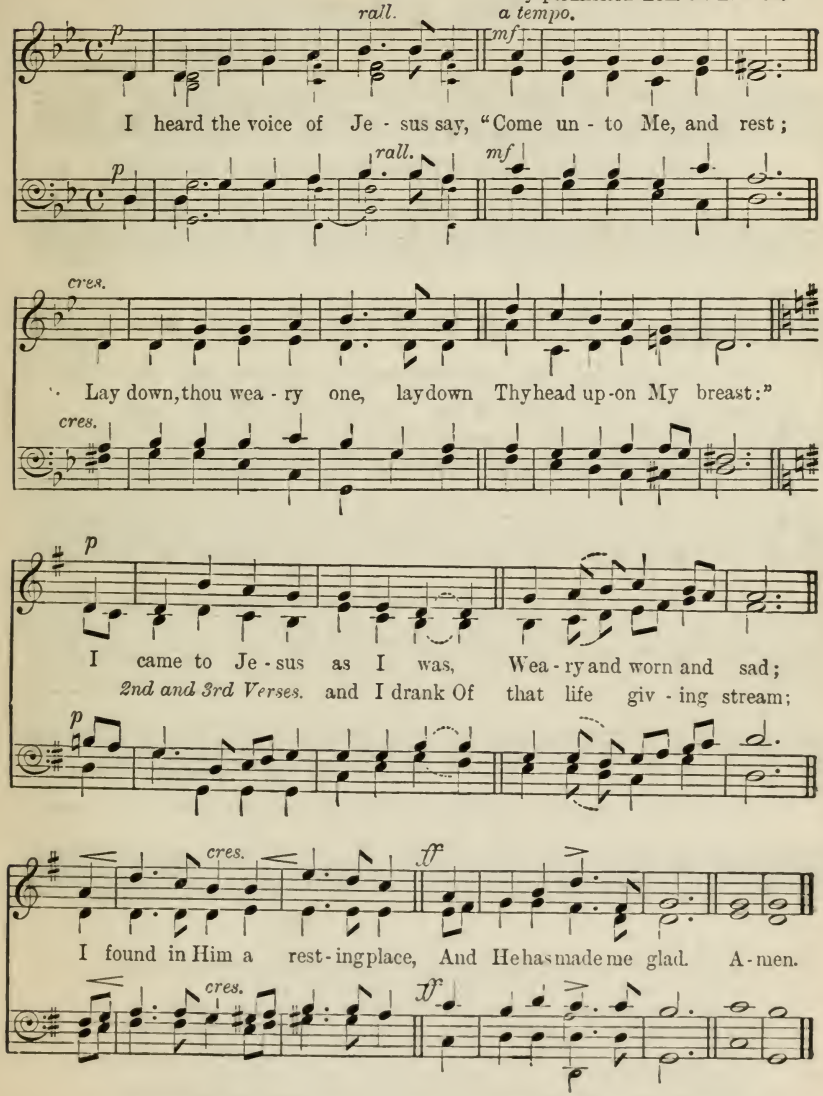
4 *p* For the mystic band which binds us
cr Each to each, and all to Thee,
mf And with all the past entwines us,
In the world's long harmony;
f For each striving human soul
ff Which is part of Thy great whole.

5 *p* For each gift Thou hast withholden
From our foolish, grasping hands;
pp For each pang which quick has chidden
Every breach of Thy commands;
ppp For the weariness and pain
Which Thou hast not sent in vain.

6 *mf* Pour Thy Spirit, Lord, upon us.
Guard us in unconscious sleep:
dim Be that Spirit ever with us,
pp While death slumbers o'er us creep,
cr And, our life's long journey past,
f We are safe with Thee at last.

I heard the Voice of Jesus say.

Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc.
By permission from *H. A. & M.*

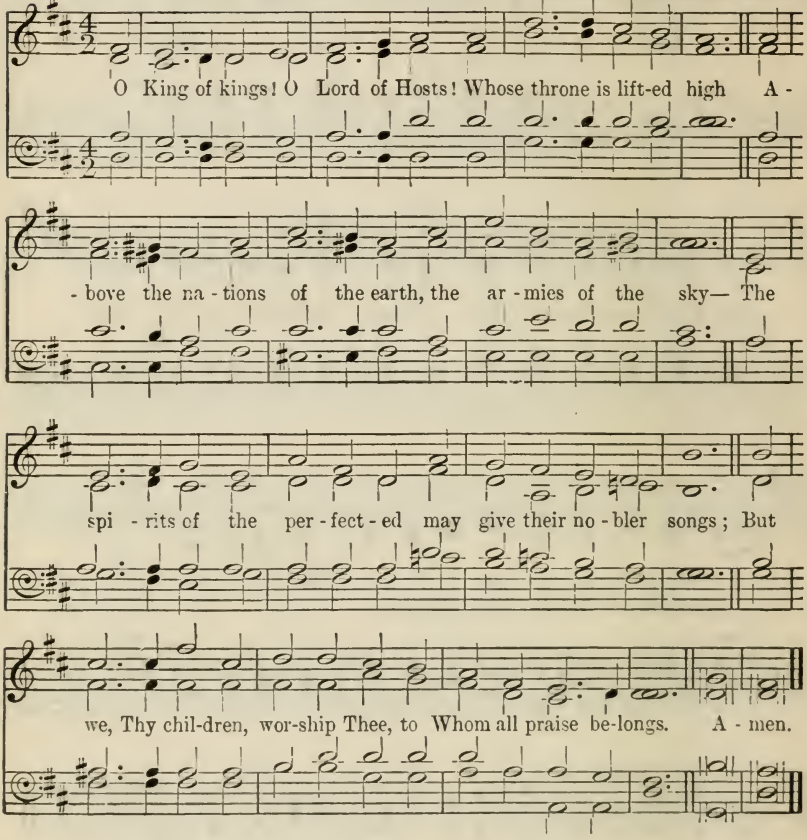

rall.
a tempo.
mf
I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to Me, and rest;
p
rall.
mf
cres.
Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy head up-on My breast:"
cres.
p
I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea - ry and worn and sad;
2nd and 3rd Verses. and I drank Of that life giv - ing stream;
p
cres.
ff
I found in Him a rest - ing place, And He has made me glad. A - men.
cres.
ff

2 *p* I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold, I freely give
The living water—thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live."
mf I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
cr My thirst was quenched, my soul revived.
And now I live in Him.

3 *mf* I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's Light:
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright."
cr I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun;
f And in that Light of life I'll walk
Till travelling days are done.

O King of Kings.

Sir JOHN STAINER.
By permission of Dr. STEPHENSON.


O King of kings! O Lord of Hosts! Whose throne is lift-ed high A-
-bove the na-tions of the earth, the ar-mies of the sky— The
spi-rits of the per-fect-ed may give their no-bler songs; But
we, Thy chil-dren, wor-ship Thee, to Whom all praise be-longs. A-men.

TENOR SOLO.

2 *p* Thy hand has made the worlds above, Thy sceptre rules them still;
cr The circles of stars and ages *f* are rounded by Thy will,
p And over all the strifes of men Thy sovereign purpose runs,
Forward Thy thought of mercy moves and broadens with the suns.

HARMONY.

3 *pp* Thou who didst lead Thy people forth, and make the captive free
cr Hast drawn around our native land, the curtain of the sea,
dim To make another Holy Place *cr* where golden lamps should shine
f And human hearts keep loving watch, around the Ark divine.

ALTO SOLO.

4 *mf* Our bounds of Empire Thou hast set in many a distant isle;
While in the shadow of our Throne the desert places smile,
cr For in our laws, and in our faith, 'tis Thine own light they see,
The truth that brings to captive souls, the wider liberty.

O King of Kings.— *Continued.*

UNISON.

5 *ff* Thy hand has hid within our fields, treasures of countless worth;
The light, the suns of other years, shine from the depths of earth.
The very dust inbreathed by Thee, the clods all cold and dead,
Wake into beauty and to life, to give Thy children bread.

MEN'S VOICES.

6 *f* Thou, who hast sown the sky with stars, setting Thy thoughts in gold,
Hast crowned our nation's life and ours, with blessings manifold.
dim Thy mercies have been numberless, Thy love, Thy grace, Thy care,
cr Were wider than our utmost need, and higher than our prayer.

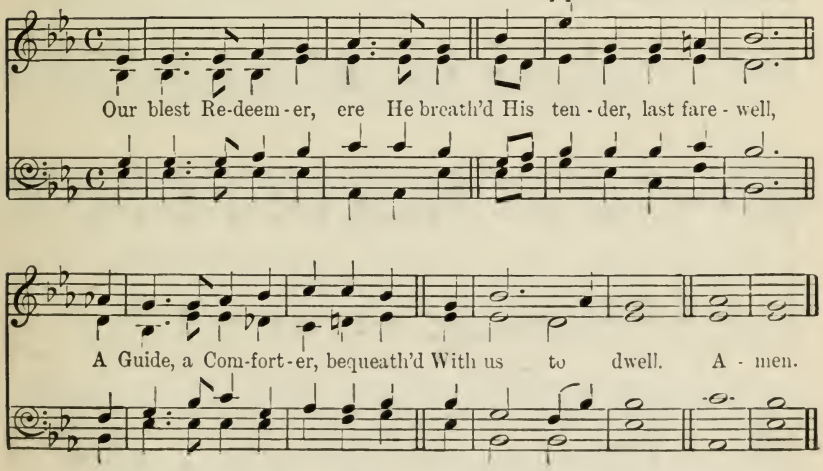
HARMONY.

7 *f* O King of kings! O Lord of lords! our fathers' God and ours!
Be with us in the future years, and if the tempest lowers
Look through the cloud with light of love, and smile our fears away;
rall And lead us through the brightening years, *ff* to Heaven's Eternal Day.
Amen.

198

Our Blest Redeemer, ere He breathed.

J. B. DYKES, Mus. Doc.
By permission from *H. A. & M.*



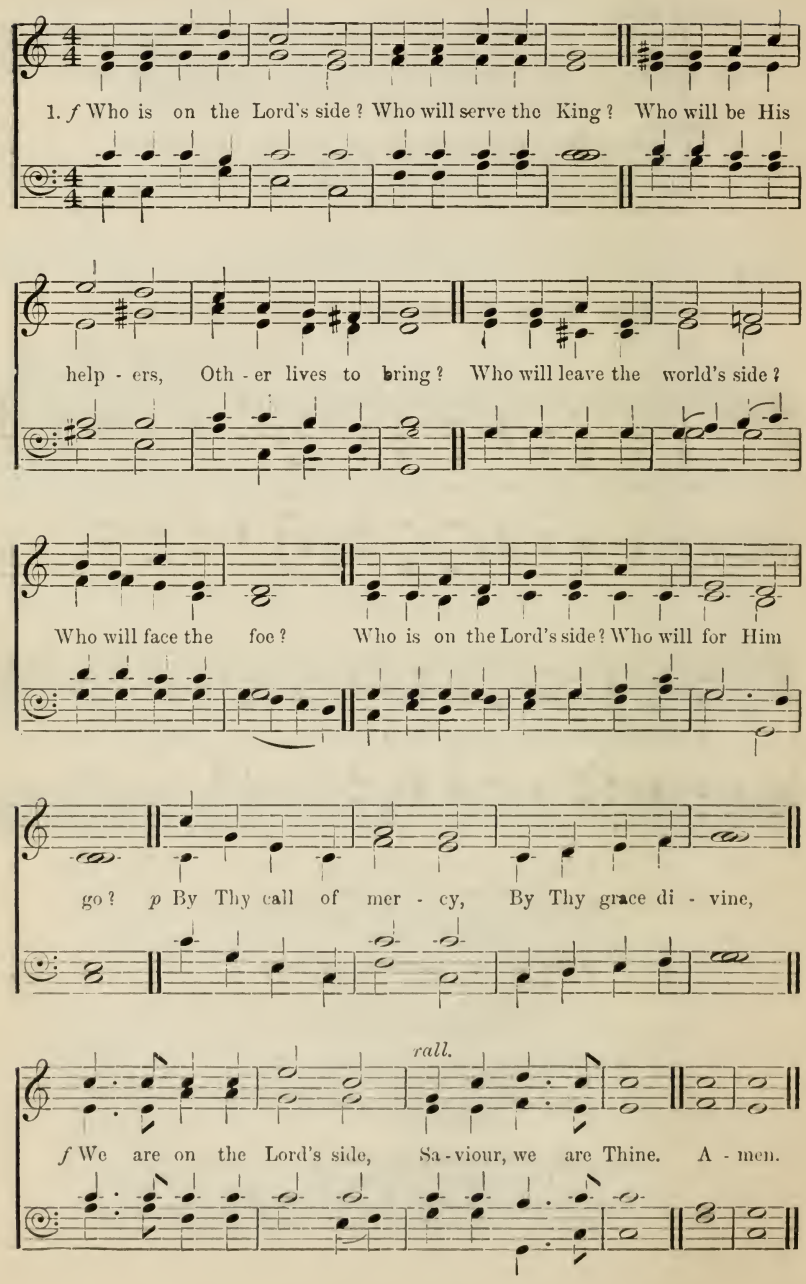
2 *p* He comes sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing Guest,
mf While He can find one humble heart
p Wherein to rest.

3 *p* And His that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even
mf That checks each thought, that calms each fear,
f And speaks of heaven.

4 *mf* And every virtue we possess,
f And every conquest won,
p And every thought of holiness,
Are His alone.

5 *p* Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see:
mf O make our hearts Thy dwelling place,
f And worthier Thee! Amen.

Who is on the Lord's Side?

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

1. f Who is on the Lord's side? Who will serve the King? Who will be His
help - ers, Oth - er lives to bring? Who will leave the world's side?
Who will face the foe? Who is on the Lord's side? Who will for Him
go? p By Thy call of mer - cy, By Thy grace di - vine,
rall.
f We are on the Lord's side, Sa - viour, we are Thine. A - men.

Who is on the Lord's side?—*Continued.*

2 *mf* Not for weight of glory,
Nor for crown and palm,
Enter we the army,
Raise the warrior psalm;
p But for love that claimeth
Lives for whom He died,
mf He whom Jesus nameth
Must be on His side.
By Thy love constraining,
By Thy grace divine,
f We are on the Lord's side,
p Saviour, we are Thine!

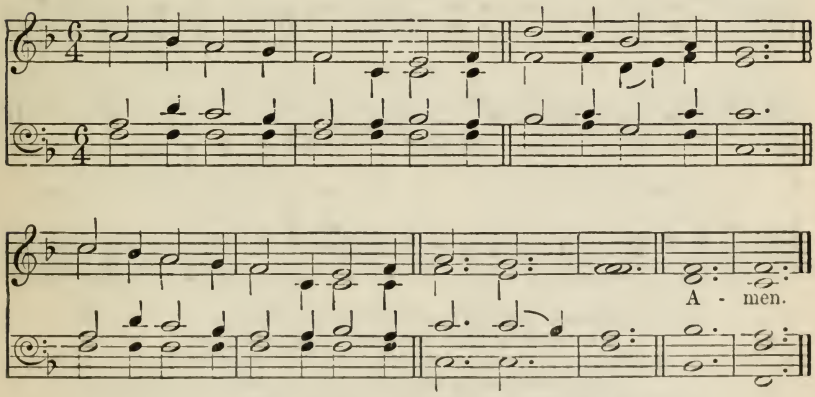
3 *mf* Fierce may be the conflict,
Strong may be the foe,
f But the King's own army
None can overthrow.
Round His standard ranging,
Victory is secure!
For His truth unchanging
Makes the triumph sure.
mf Joyfully enlisting
By Thy grace divine,
f We are on the Lord's side,
Saviour, we are Thine!

4 *mf* Chosen to be soldiers
In an alien land,
"Chosen, called, faithful,"
For our Captain's band,
In the service royal
Let us not grow cold:
f Let us be right loyal,
Noble, true, and bold.
mf Master, Thou wilt keep us,
By Thy grace divine,
Always on the Lord's side,
Saviour, always Thine!
Amen.

200

I am Trusting Thee, Lord Jesus.

F. R. Havergal.



1

mf I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus,
Trusting only Thee!
cr Trusting Thee for full salvation,
f Great and free.

2

p I am trusting Thee for pardon,
At Thy feet I bow;
For Thy grace and tender mercy,
Trusting now.

3

mf I am trusting Thee for cleansing
In the crimson flood;
Trusting Thee to make me holy
By Thy blood.

4

p I am trusting Thee to guide me;
Thou alone shalt lead,
Every day and hour supplying
All my need.

5

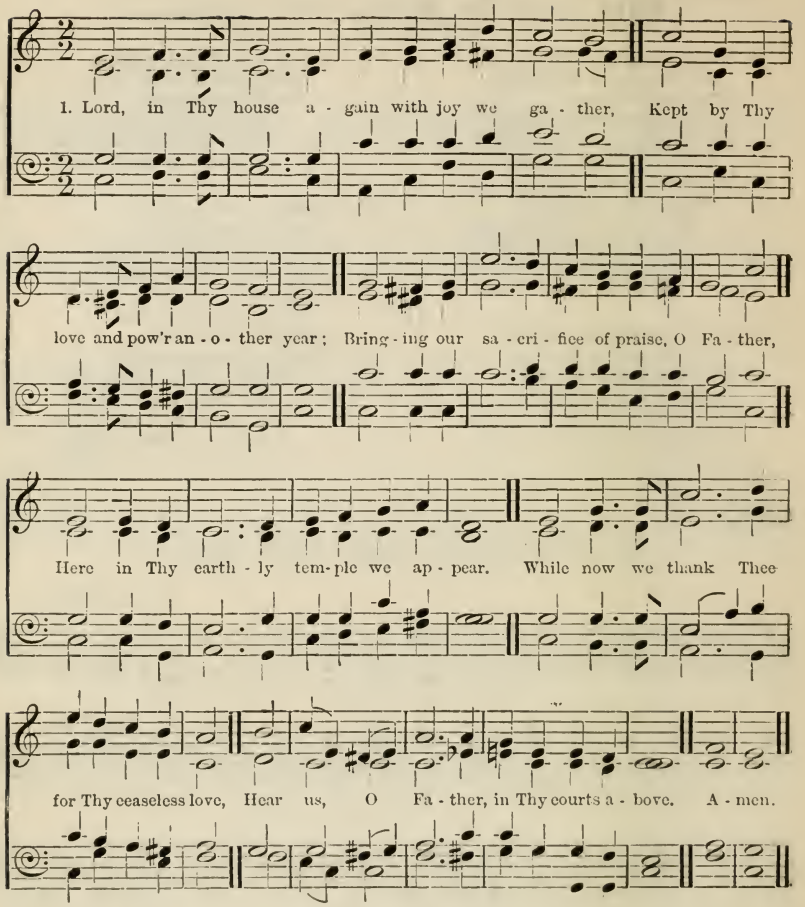
mf I am trusting Thee for power,
Thine can never fail;
cr Words which Thou Thyself shalt give me
Must prevail.

6

mf I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus;
Never let me fall;
cr I am trusting Thee for ever,
f And for all.

Anniversary Hymn.

REV. H. J. FOSTER.


1. Lord, in Thy house a - gain with joy we ga - ther, Kept by Thy
love and pow'r an - o - ther year; Bring - ing our sa - cri - fice of praise, O Fa - ther,
Here in Thy earth - ly tem - ple we ap - pear. While now we thank Thee
for Thy ceaseless love, Hear us, O Fa - ther, in Thy courts a - bove. A - men.

2 *mf* We cannot praise Thee like those angels holy,
Who worship Thee with lips that know no sin;
p We needs must come with contrite heart and lowly;
Thy searching eye sees all the wrong within.
mf Only through Jesus we our voice may raise;
Forgive our sins; accept again our praise.

3 *p* Thy love has made each new day full of blessing;
Each night we laid us down in peace and slept,
mf And when at morn we woke, we rose confessing
How through the darkness Thou hadst safely kept.
cr By night, by day Thou hast been ever near,
f Filling with richest blessing all the year.

4 *mf* For homes we praise Thee, and a home in heaven;
For friends give thanks, and Jesus, our best Friend;
For all the daily store of mercies given,
Earth's many joys, and heaven's joy without end
p The Holy Book, and Sunday's holy rest,
mf For teachers' words, and for Thy Spirit blest.

Anniversary Hymn.—*Continued.*

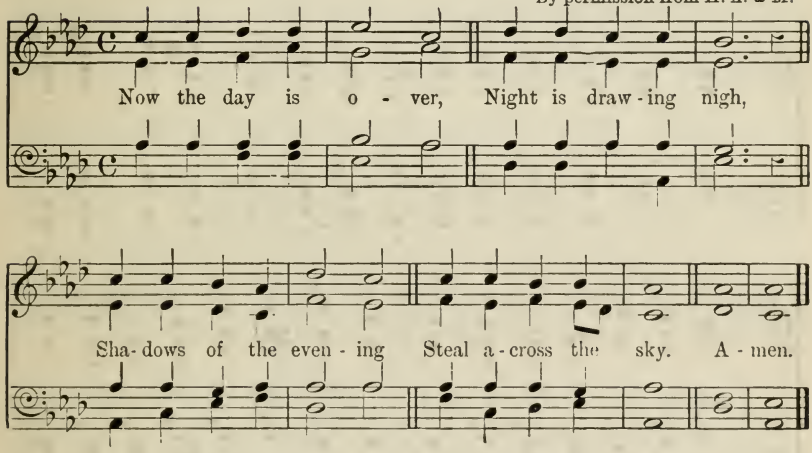
5 *p* Oft have we grieved Thee, all this love forgetting,
Help us to love Thee better, gracious God;
Help us to conquer every sin besetting;
Wash Thou our hearts in Jesu's cleansing blood,
cr And when our years of blessing here are o'er,
f Bring us to dwell with Thee for evermore.

202

Now the Day is over.

"EUDOXIA."

Rev. S Baring Gould.
By permission from *H. A. & M.*



2 Now the darkness gathers;
Stars begin to peep;
Birds and beasts and flowers
Soon will be asleep.

3 *mf* Jesu, grant the weary
Calm and sweet repose;
With Thy tenderest blessing
May their eyelids close.

4 *p* Grant to little children
Visions bright of Thee;
mf Guard the sailors tossing
On the deep blue sea.

5 *p* Comfort every sufferer
Watching late in pain;
mf Those who plan some evil
From their sin restrain.

6 *mf* Through the long night-watches
May Thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

7 *mf* When the morning wakens,
cr Then may I arise,
Pure, and fresh, and sinless
In Thy holy eyes.

203

Jesu, Stand among us.

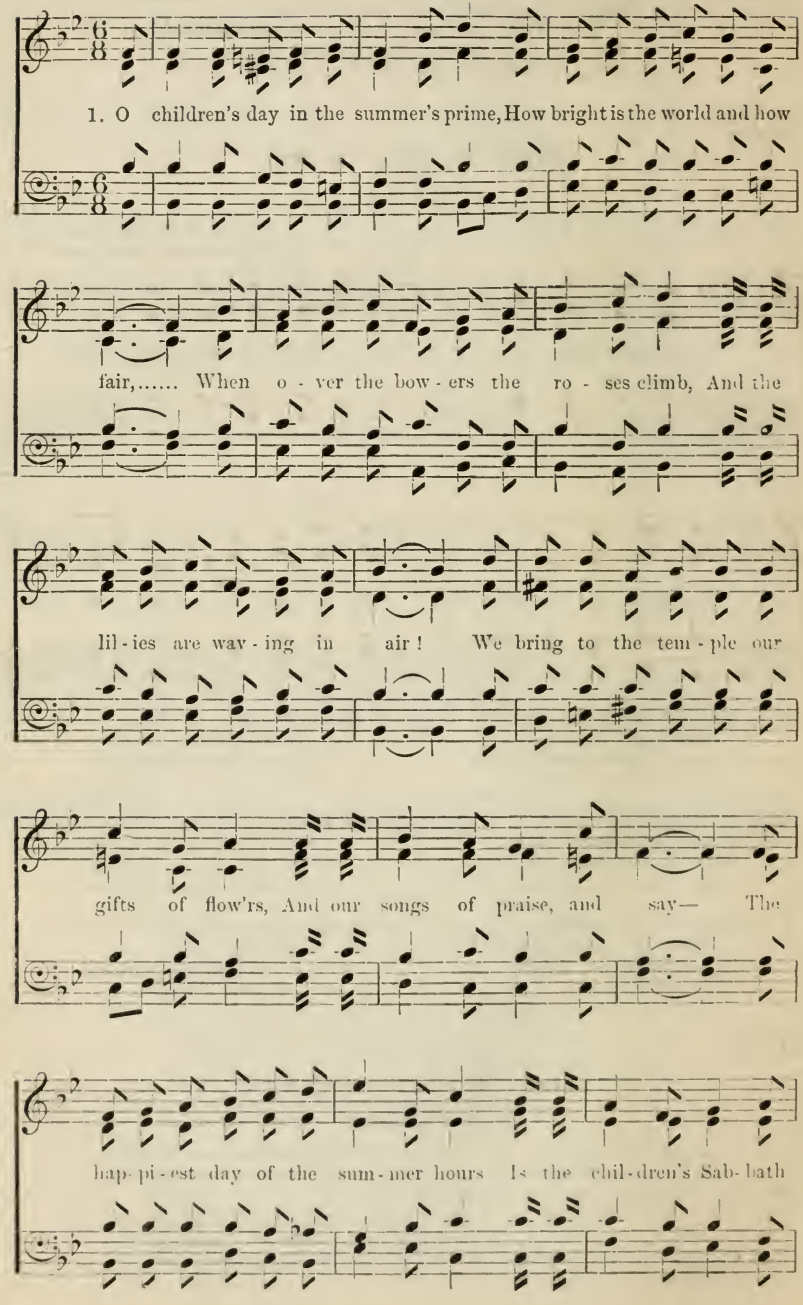
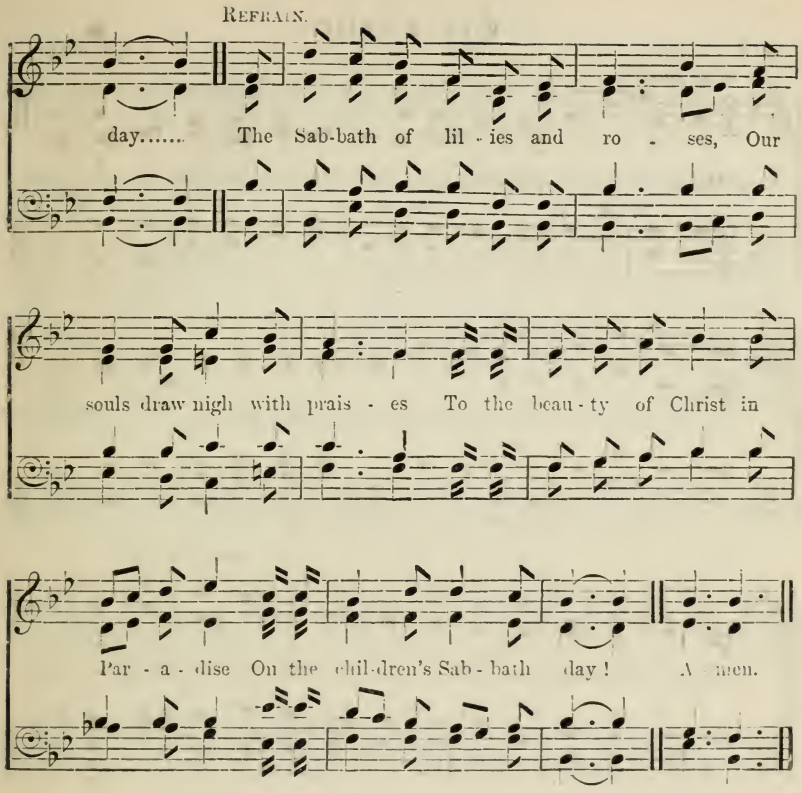
Tune, "EUDOXIA."

1 *mf* Jesu, stand among us
In Thy risen power;
dim Let this time of worship
Be a hallowed hour.

2 *mf* Breathe Thy Holy Spirit
Into every heart;
dim Bid the fears and sorrows
From each soul depart.

3 *cr* Thus with quickened footsteps
We will go our way,
f Watching for the dawning
Of eternal day.

O Children's Day!

H. Butterworth. W. F. Sherwin.

1. O children's day in the summer's prime, How bright is the world and how
fair,..... When o - ver the bow - ers the ro - ses climb, And the
lil - ies are wav - ing in air! We bring to the tem - ple our
gifts of flow'rs, And our songs of praise, and say— The
hap - pi - est day of the sum - mer hours Is the chil - dren's Sab - bath

Refrain.
day..... The Sab-bath of lil - ies and ro - ses, Our
souls draw nigh with prais - es To the beau - ty of Christ in
Par - a - dise On the chil-dren's Sab - bath day! A - men.

2.

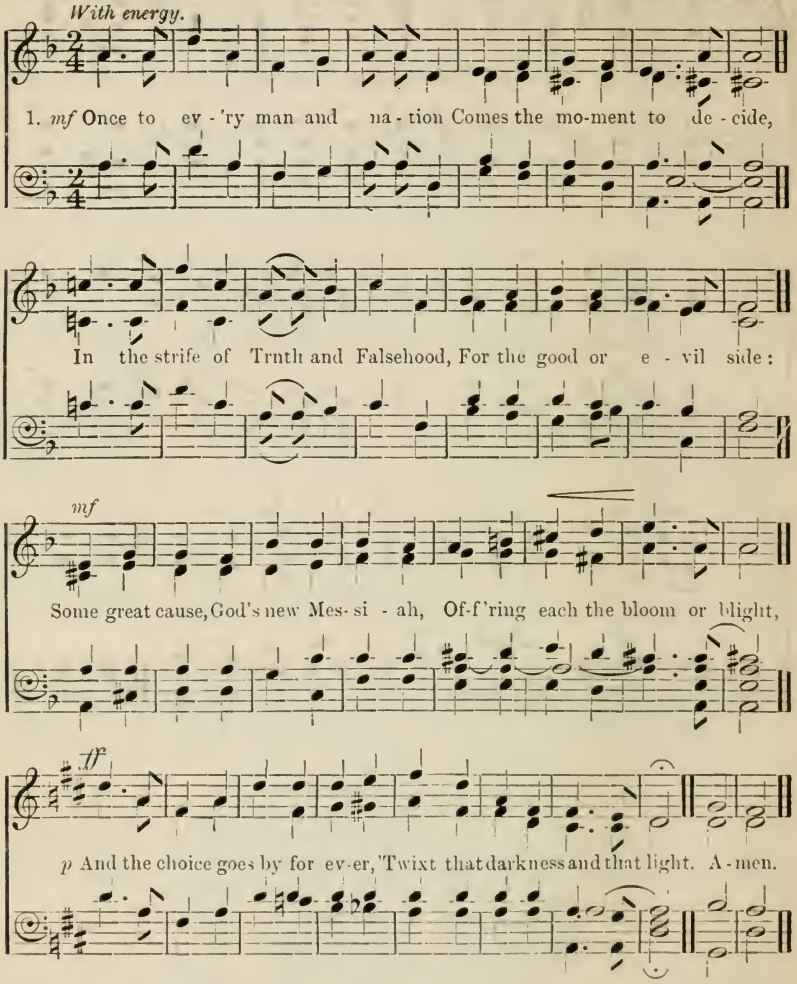
To-day the censers of roses swing
More sweet than the censers of gold,
And sweetly to Jesus the children sing,
As they sang in the temple of old:
We joyfully sing 'mid the fragrant flow'rs
To the praise of God, and say—
The happiest day of the summer hours
Is the children's Sabbath day.
The Sabbath of lilies, etc.

3.

O who is Sharon's fair Rose to-day?
And who is the Lily so white?
And whose is the love that leads our way
To the gardens of Paradise bright?
'Tis He who created the lovely flow'rs,
And our ransom price did pay;
We bless Him for all that His love makes ours
On the children's Sabbath day.
The Sabbath of lilies, etc.

Amen.

The Choice.

J. R. Lowell. W. B. Chinner.

With energy.
1. mf Once to ev - 'ry man and na - tion Comes the mo-ment to de - cide,
In the strife of Truth and Falsehood, For the good or e - vil side:
mf
Some great cause, God's new Mes- si - ah, Of-f'ring each the bloom or blight,
ff
p And the choice goes by for ev-er, 'Twixt that darkness and that light. A-men.

2.

mf *Then* to side with Truth is noble,
When we share her wretched crust,
Ere her cause brings fame and profit,
And 'tis prosperous to be just;
Then it is the brave man chooses,
While the coward stands aside,
Till the multitude make virtue
Of the faith they had denied.

3.

p By the fires lit for truth's martyrs
Jesus' bleeding feet I track,
Toiling up new Calvaries ever
mf With the cross that turns not back;
New occasions teach new duties,
Time makes ancient good uncouth:
f They must upward still and onward,
Who would keep abreast of Truth.

4.

mf Though the cause of evil prosper,
f Yet 'tis Truth alone is strong;
mf Though her portion be the scaffold,
And upon the throne be Wrong—
f Yet that scaffold sways the future,
p And behind the dim unknown
Standeth God within the shadow,
mf Keeping watch above His own.

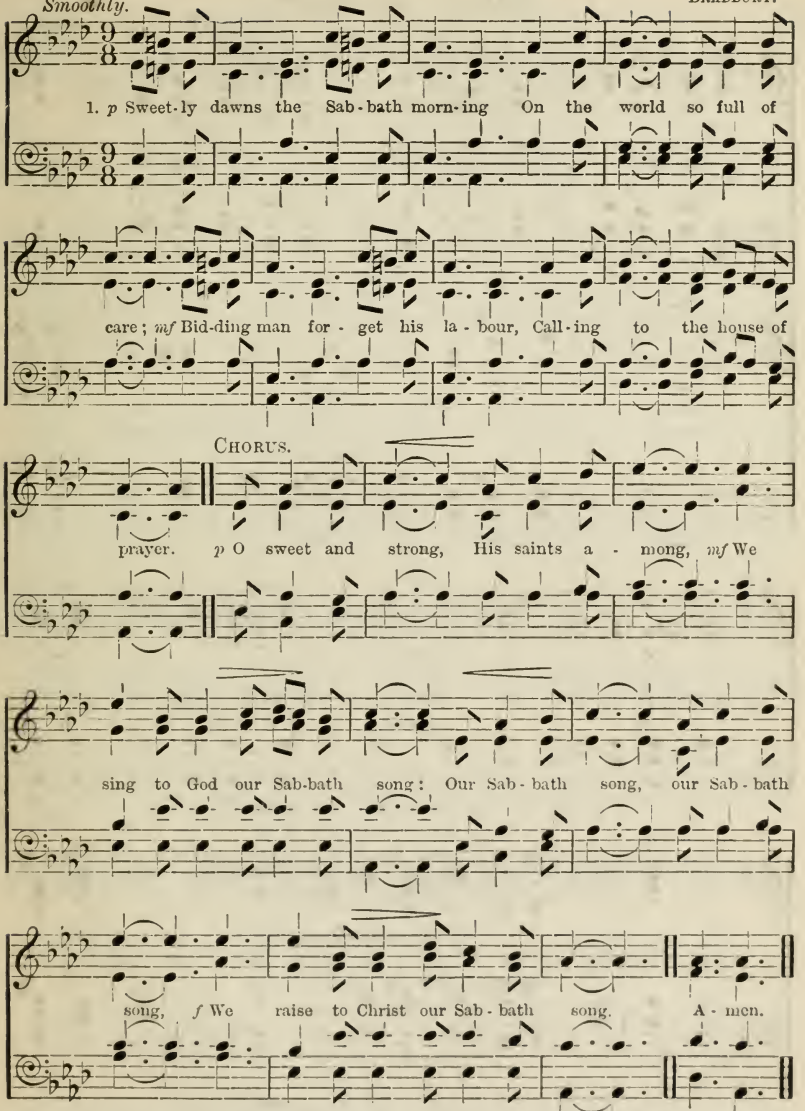
Amen.

Our Sabbath Song.

T. B. Stephenson.

Bradbury.

Smoothly.


1. p Sweet-ly dawns the Sab-bath morn-ing On the world so full of
care; mf Bid-ding man for-get his la-bour, Call-ing to the house of
Chorus.
prayer. p O sweet and strong, His saints a-mong, mf We
sing to God our Sab-bath song: Our Sab-bath song, our Sab-bath
song, f We raise to Christ our Sab-bath song. A-men.

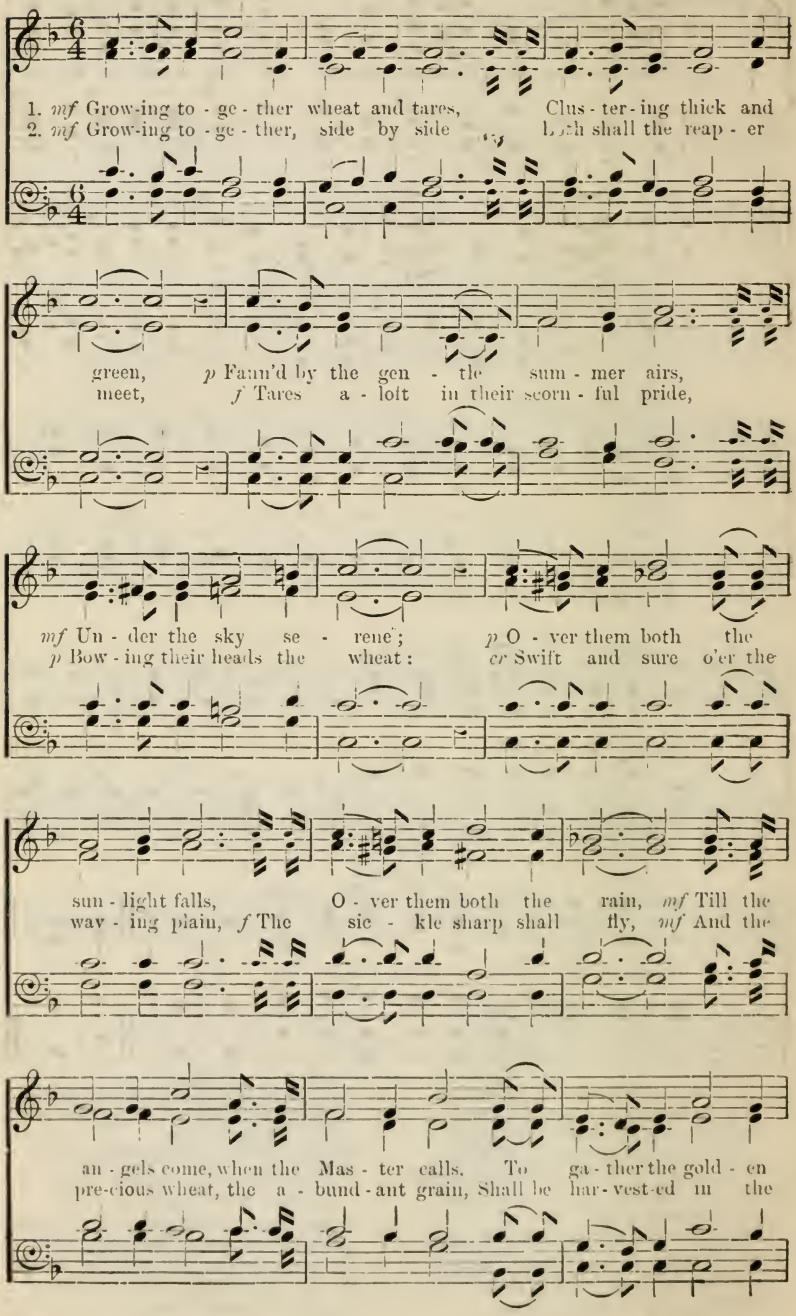
mf 'Tis the day when man's Redeemer
Rose triumphant o'er the grave:
Sealing thus His work completed,
Telling thus His power to save.
f Then loud and long, to Christ so strong,
To save the lost, we raise our song.
p Our Sabbath song,
f We raise to Christ our Sabbath song.

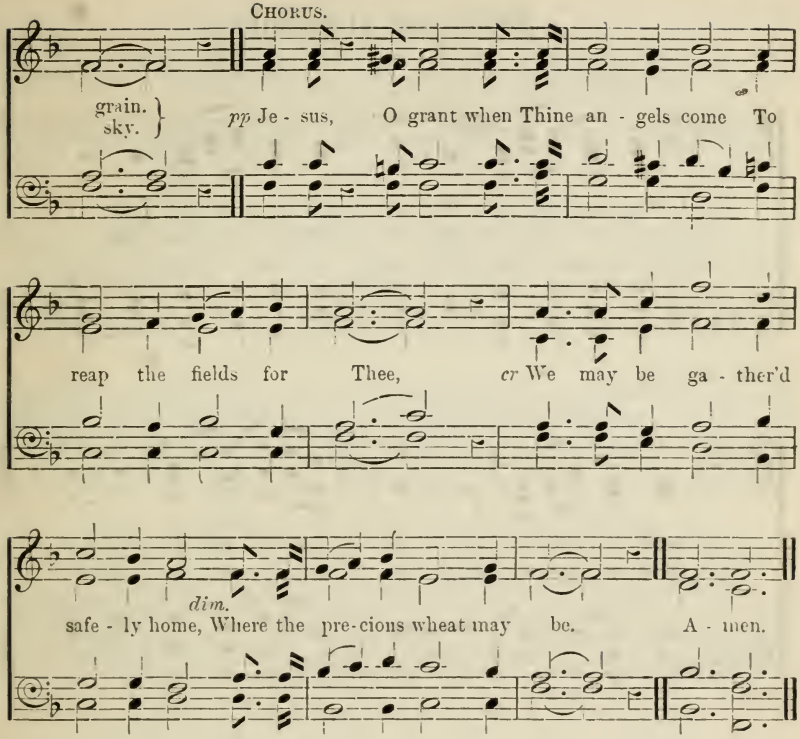
p 'Tis the day whose rest and gladness
Show what all my life should be;
mf Yielding all by faith to Jesus,
Finding Jesus all to me.

cr O how I long, in Christ made strong,
mf To sing each day faith's Sabbath song.
p Faith's Sabbath song,
f I'd sing each day faith's Sabbath song.

pp 'Tis the day whose calm so holy
Shadows forth the better rest;
mf Where the crowned saints are singing,
With their Lord supremely blest.
cr 'Twill not be long, till 'mid that throng
mf We sing th' eternal Sabbath song.
p Heaven's Sabbath song,
f We'll sing th' eternal Sabbath song.

Wheat and Tares.

REV. H. KINGSBURY.

1. mf Grow-ing to - ge - ther wheat and tares, Clus - ter - ing thick and
2. mf Grow-ing to - ge - ther, side by side Both shall the reap - er
green, p Fann'd by the gen - tle sum - mer airs,
meet, f Tares a - loft in their scorn - ful pride,
mf Un - der the sky se - rene; p O - ver them both the
p Bow - ing their heads the wheat: cr Swift and sure o'er the
sun - light falls, O - ver them both the rain, mf Till the
wav - ing plain, f The sic - kle sharp shall fly, mf And the
an - gels come, when the Mas - ter calls. To ga - ther the gold - en
pre-cious wheat, the a - bund - ant grain, Shall be har - vest-ed in the


Chorus.
grain.
sky.
pp Je - sus, O grant when Thine an - gels come To
reap the fields for Thee, cr We may be ga - ther'd
dim.
safe - ly home, Where the pre-cious wheat may be. A - men.

3.

p But for the tares, for them the word
Of a terrible doom is cast
pp "Bind and burn," said the blessed Lord;
They shall leave the wheat at last.
mf Never again the summer rain,
Never the sunshine sweet,
That were lavished freely, all in vain,
On the tares among the wheat.
pp Jesus, O grant, etc.

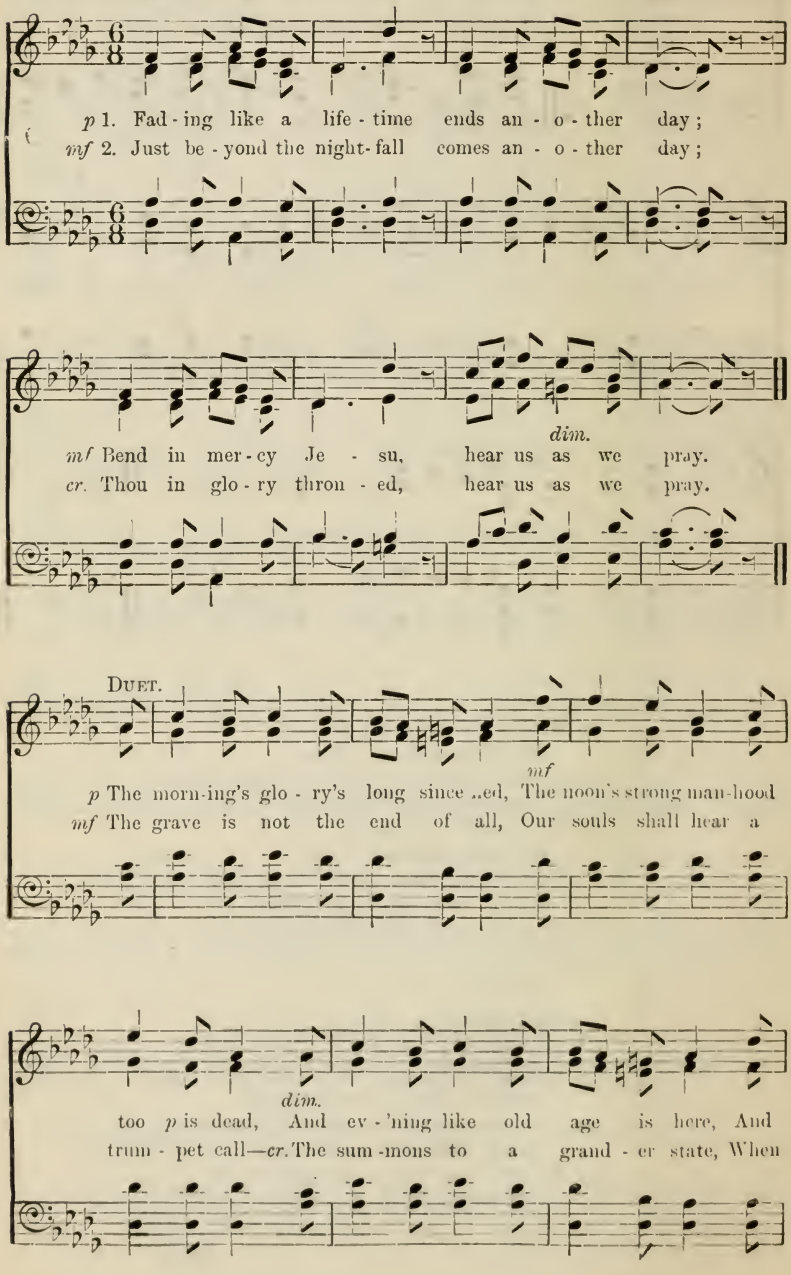
4.

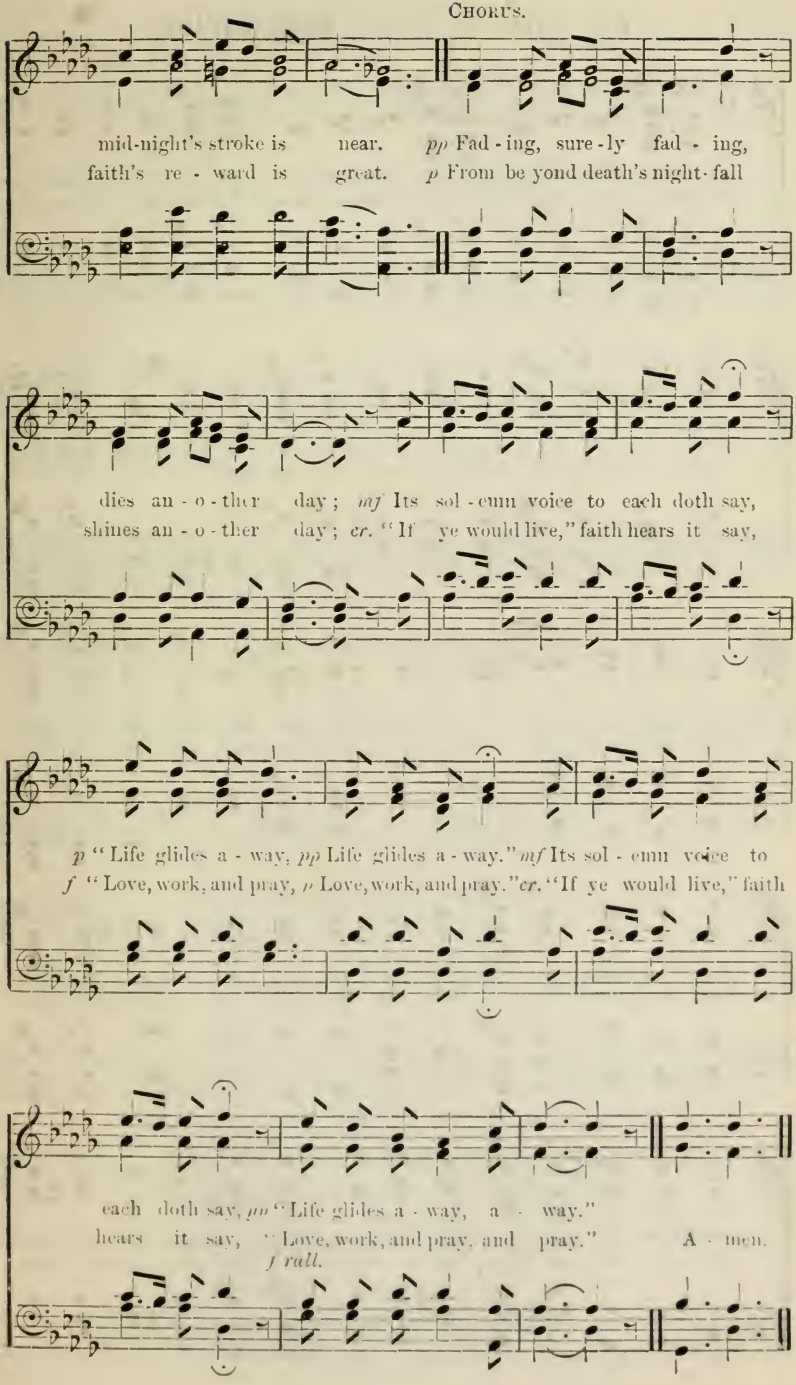
mf Where shall the reapers look for us,
When that day of days shall come?
p Solemn the thought, with grandeur fraught,
Of that wondrous harvest home.
mf None but the wheat shall be gathered in
By the Master's own command,
pp For the tares alone, the doom of sin,
And the flame in the Judge's hand.
pp Jesus, O grant, etc.

Amen.

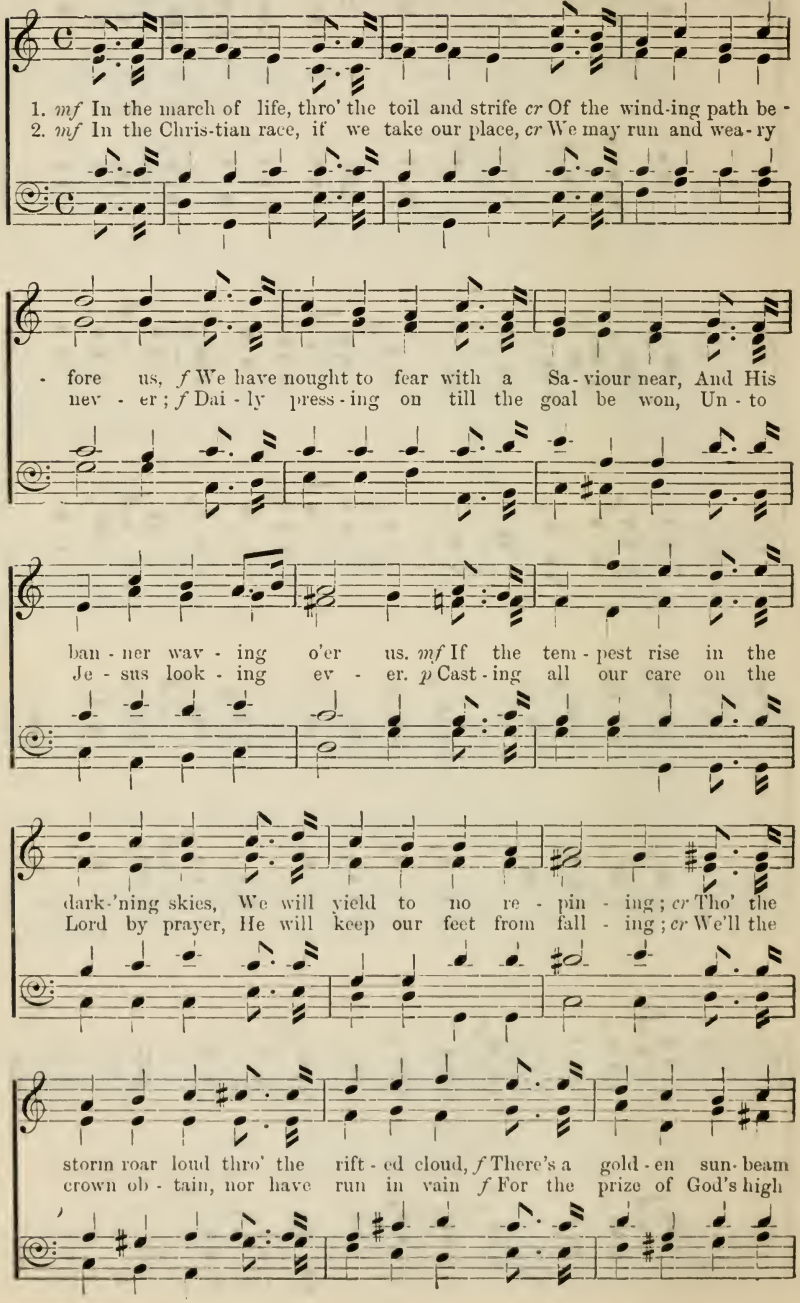
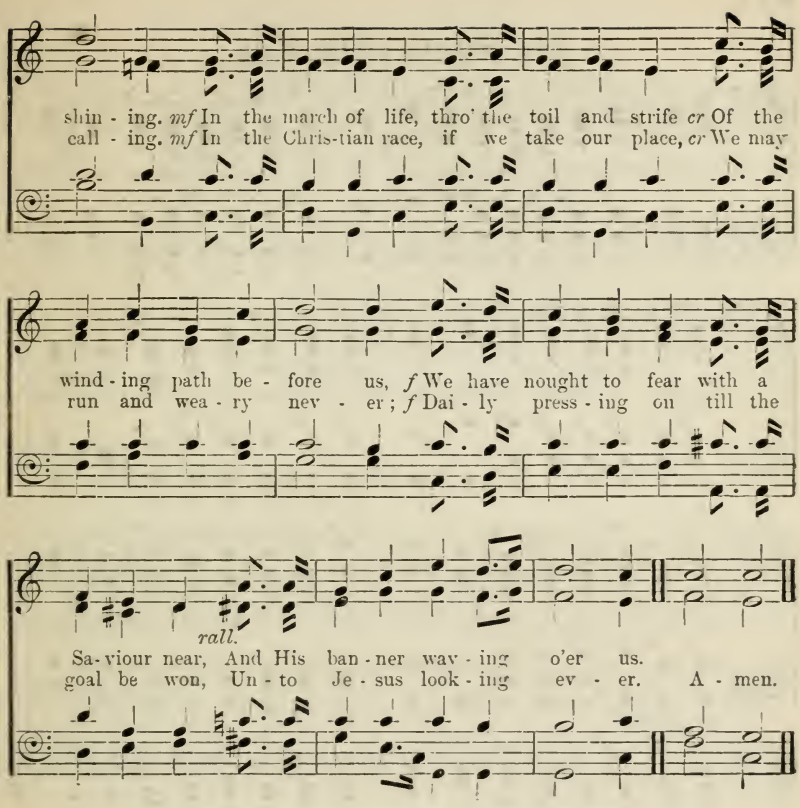
Hymn for Nightfall.

T. B. Stephenson. Mrs. Knapp.


p 1. Fad-ing like a life-time ends an-o-ther day;
mf 2. Just be-yond the night-fall comes an-o-ther day;
mf Bend in mer-cy Je-su, hear us as we pray.
dim.
cr. Thou in glo-ry thron-ed, hear us as we pray.
Duet.
p The morn-ing's glo-ry's long since ..ed, The noon's strong man-hood
mf
mf The grave is not the end of all, Our souls shall hear a
dim.
too p is dead, And ev-'ning like old age is here, And
trum-pet call—cr. The sum-mons to a grand-er state, When


Chorus.
mid-night's stroke is near. pp Fad - ing, sure - ly fad - ing,
faith's re - ward is great. p From be yond death's night - fall
dies an - o - ther day; mf Its sol - emn voice to each doth say,
shines an - o - ther day; cr. "If ye would live," faith hears it say,
p "Life glides a - way, pp Life glides a - way." mf Its sol - emn voice to
f "Love, work, and pray, p Love, work, and pray." cr. "If ye would live," faith
each doth say, pp "Life glides a - way, a - way."
hears it say, "Love, work, and pray, and pray." A - men.
f rall.

The Prize of God's High Calling.

J. T. Lightwood.

1. mf In the march of life, thro' the toil and strife cr Of the wind-ing path be-
2. mf In the Chris-tian race, if we take our place, cr We may run and wea-ry
-fore us, f We have nought to fear with a Sa-viour near, And His
nev-er; f Dai-ly press-ing on till the goal be won, Un-to
ban-ner wav-ing o'er us. mf If the tem-pest rise in the
Je-sus look-ing ev-er. p Cast-ing all our care on the
dark-'ning skies, We will yield to no re-pin-ing; cr Tho' the
Lord by prayer, He will keep our feet from fall-ing; cr We'll the
storm roar loud thro' the rift-ed cloud, f There's a gold-en sun-beam
crown ob-tain, nor have run in vain f For the prize of God's high

shin - ing. mf In the march of life, thro' the toil and strife cr Of the
call - ing. mf In the Chris-tian race, if we take our place, cr We may
wind - ing path be - fore us, f We have nought to fear with a
run and wea - ry nev - er; f Dai - ly press - ing on till the
rall.
Sa-viour near, And His ban - ner wav - ing o'er us.
goal be won, Un - to Je - sus look - ing ev - er. A - men.

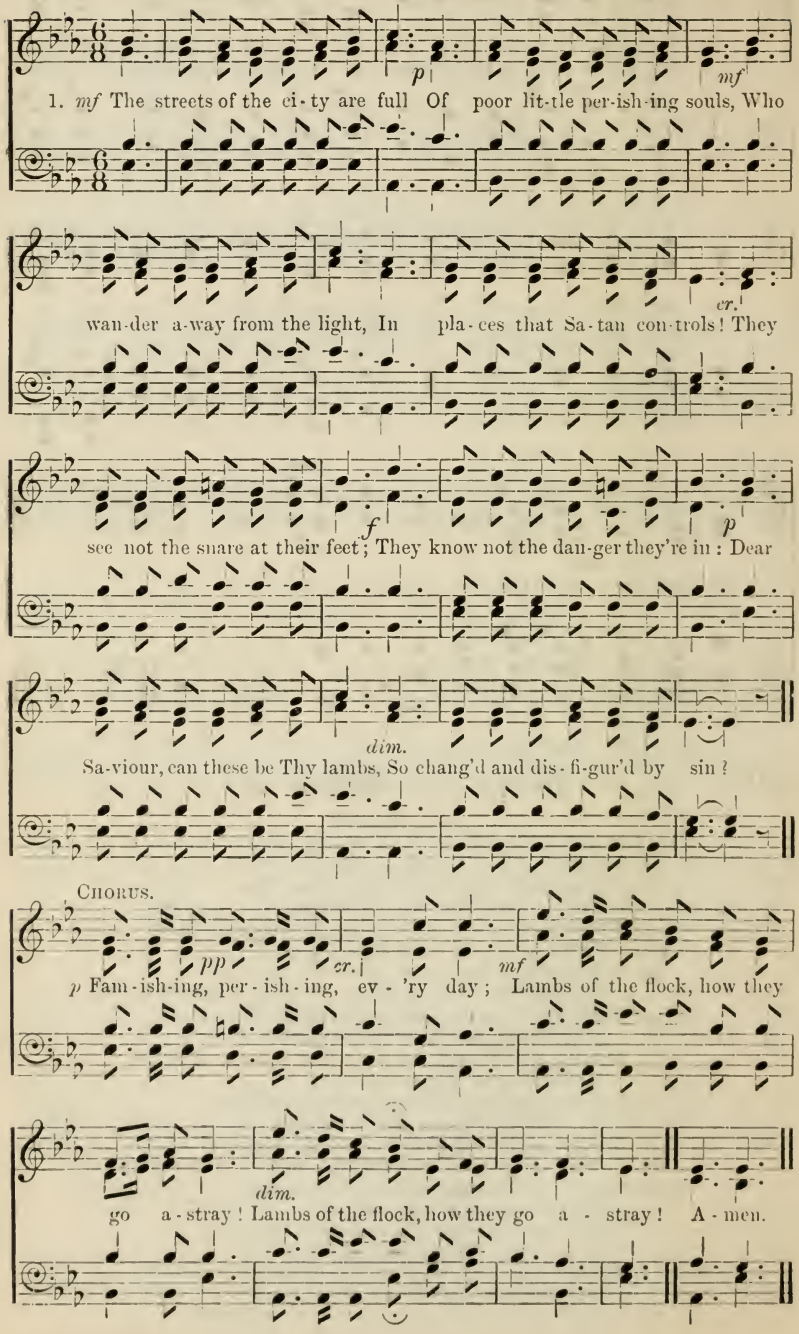
210 March on! March on!

Tune, No. 209.

1 *f* March on, march on, O ye soldiers true!
In the cross of Christ confiding,
For the field is set, and the hosts are met
And the Lord His own is guiding.
Through earth's wide round let the tidings sound
Of the Lord who came from heaven;
mf Of the mighty hope that with death can cope,
And the love so freely given. March on, march on, etc.

2 *mf* We fight with wrong, and our weapon strong
Is the love which hate shall banish;
And the chains shall fall from each ransomed thrall,
As the thrones of tyrants vanish.
O'er realms of night let our standard bright
Be unfurled, their darkness clearing;
p And the souls long dead to the Lord who bled
mf Shall revive at His appearing. March on, march on, etc.

3 *mf* Long wears the fight, but the God of right
Though unseen is ever near us:
And the prayers that rise to the list'ning skies,
Like a song of hope, shall cheer us.
f Till the sunrise broad of the day of God
Shall declare the Victor's glory,
mf And the world shall rest, in her Lord confessed,
And shall sing the finished story. March on, march on, etc.

The Streets of the City.

1. mf The streets of the ci-ty are full Of poor lit-tle per-ish-ing souls, Who
p
mf
wan-der a-way from the light, In pla-ces that Sa-tan con-trols! They
cr.
see not the snare at their feet; They know not the dan-ger they're in: Dear
f
p
Sa-viour, can these be Thy lambs, So chang'd and dis-fi-gur'd by sin?
dim.
Chorus.
p Fam-ish-ing, per-ish-ing, ev-'ry day; Lambs of the flock, how they
pp
cr.
mf
go a-stray! Lambs of the flock, how they go a-stray! A-men.
dim.

2 *p* Each day there are victories won,
By thousands and thousands they fall;
Shall Satan continue his war,
Until he has conquered them all?
f No, no, with the armour of God,
His darts you may safely defy;
p And, oh, you must seek for the lambs,
Where Satan has left them to die.

3 *mf* Then out of the mire of sin,
And out of the darkness of night,
Go, bring the dear lambs to the flock
f And lead them up into the light.
mf Their natures with tenderness train,
dim Their wilfulness try to subdue,
p Be patient and tender with them,
pp As Christ has been patient with you.

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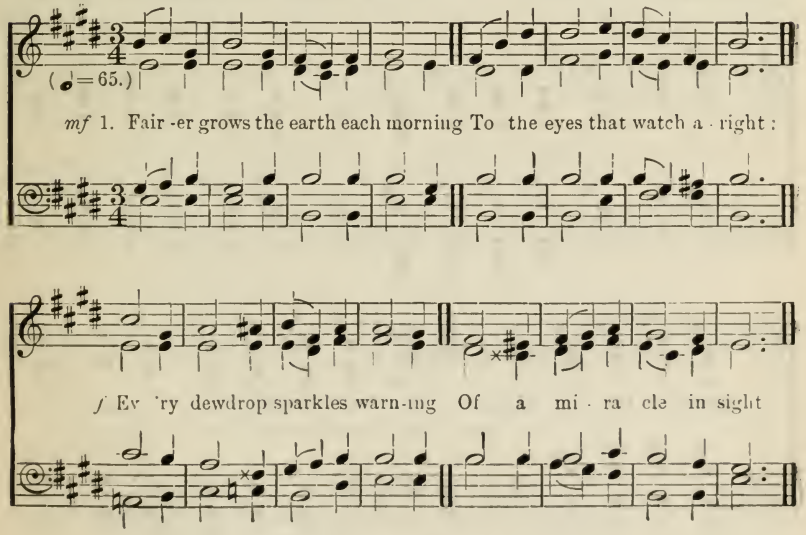
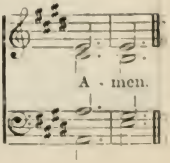
212 Fairer Grows the Earth each Morning.

Words from "Songs of the Church." JOHN THOM.

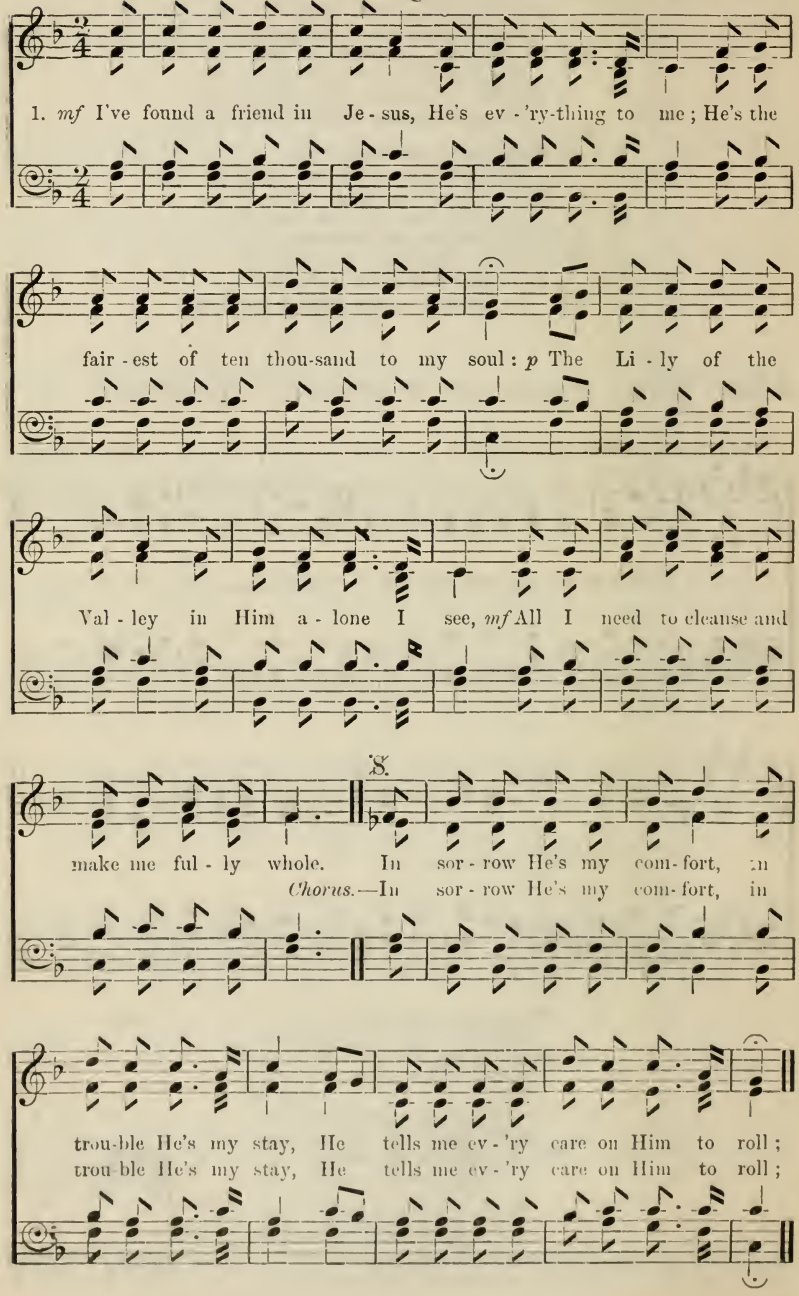
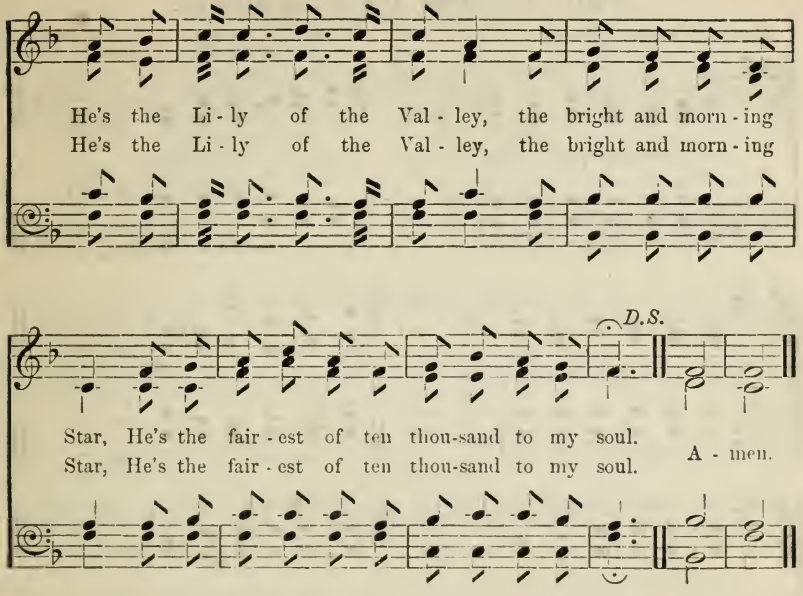

(♩=65.)
mf 1. Fair -er grows the earth each morning To the eyes that watch a - right:
f Ev 'ry dewdrop sparkles warn-ing Of a mi - ra cle in sight

2 Of some unsuspected glory
Waiting in the old and plain;
Poet's dream nor traveller's story
Paints such wonders as remain.

3 *mf* Everywhere the gate of beauty
cr Fresh across the pathway swings,
As we follow truth or duty,
All along new glory flings.

4 *mf* Grace to grace still daily added,
mp Lift us, Lord, earth's portals thro';
cr Lead us onward, upward ever,
From the old unto the new.

The Lily of the Valley.

J. R. MURRAY.
Arranged by JOSHUA GILL.


1. mf I've found a friend in Je - sus, He's ev - 'ry-thing to me; He's the
fair - est of ten thou-sand to my soul: p The Li - ly of the
Val - ley in Him a - lone I see, mf All I need to cleanse and
8.
make me ful - ly whole. In sor - row He's my com- fort, in
Chorus.—In sor - row He's my com- fort, in
trou-ble He's my stay, He tells me ev - 'ry care on Him to roll;
trou-ble He's my stay, He tells me ev - 'ry care on Him to roll;

He's the Li - ly of the Val - ley, the bright and morn - ing
He's the Li - ly of the Val - ley, the bright and morn - ing
D.S.
Star, He's the fair - est of ten thou-sand to my soul.
Star, He's the fair - est of ten thou-sand to my soul.
A - men.

2.

mf He all my griefs has taken, and all my sorrows borne ;
cr In temptation He's my strong and mighty tower ;
mf I've all for Him forsaken, I've all my idols torn
From my heart, and now He keeps me by His power.
p Though all the world forsake me, and Satan tempts me sore,
Through Jesus I shall safely reach the goal :
mf He's the Lily of the Valley, the bright and morning Star,
He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul.

In sorrow He's my comfort, in trouble He's my stay,
He tells me every care on Him to roll ;
He's the Lily of the Valley, the bright and morning Star,
He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul.

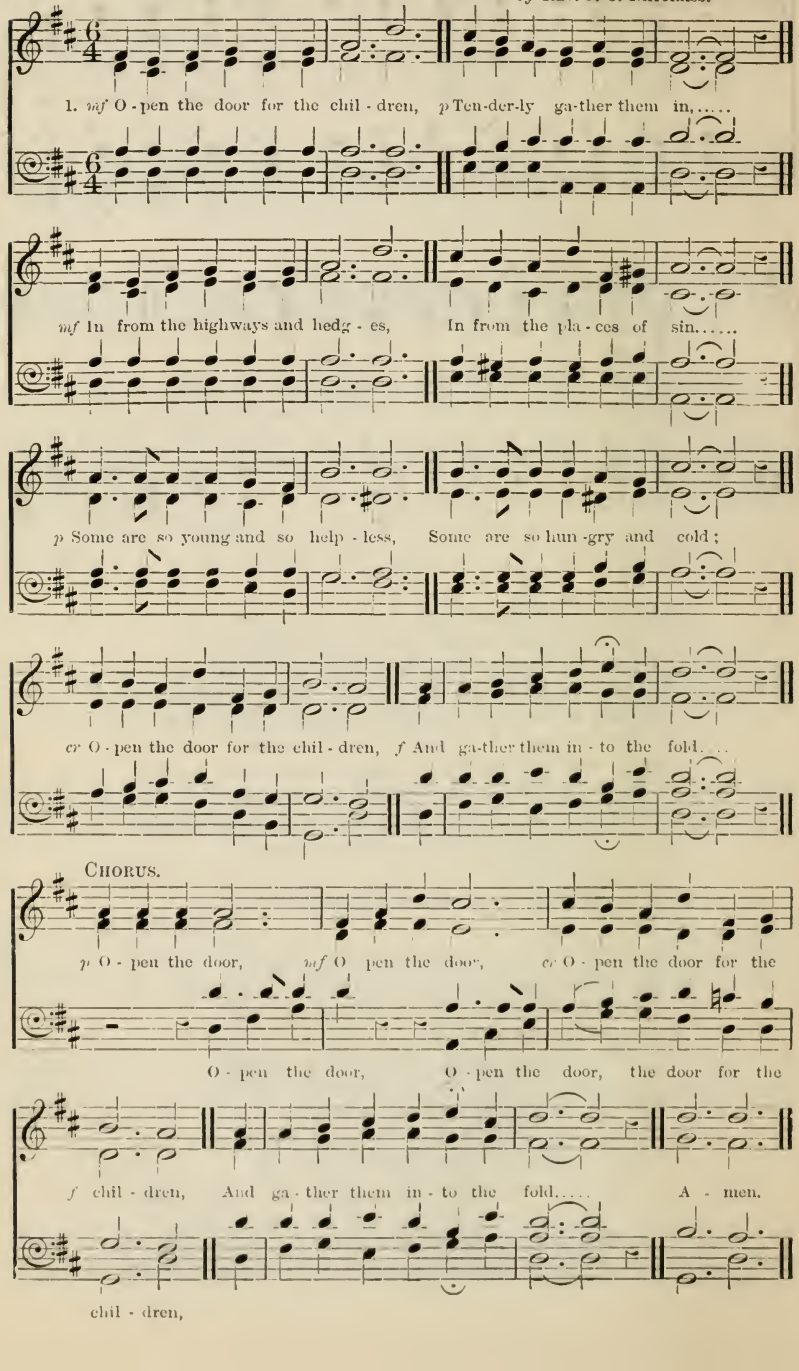
3.

mf He'll never, never leave me, nor yet forsake me here,
While I live by faith and do His blessed will ;
A wall of fire about me, I've nothing now to fear ;
With the manna He my hungry soul shall fill :
cr Then sweeping up to glory we see His blessed face,
Where rivers of delight shall ever roll :
f He's the Lily of the Valley, the bright and morning Star,
He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul.

In sorrow He's my comfort, in trouble He's my stay,
He tells me every care on Him to roll ;
He's the Lily of the Valley, the bright and morning Star,
He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul. Amen.

Open the Door for the Children.

MRS. M. A. KIDDER (*altered*).

Composed for "Norton S. S. Anniversary," *by* REV. J. C. NATTRASS.

1. mf O - pen the door for the chil - dren, p Ten-der-ly ga-ther them in,.....
mf In from the highways and hedg - es, In from the pla - ces of sin.....
p Some are so young and so help - less, Some are so hun - gry and cold;
cr O - pen the door for the chil - dren, f And ga-ther them in - to the fold.....
CHORUS.
p O - pen the door, mf O pen the door, cr O - pen the door for the
O - pen the door, O - pen the door, the door for the
f chil - dren, And ga - ther them in - to the fold..... A - men.
chil - dren,

Open the Door for the Children.—*Continued.*

2 *mf* Open the door for the children;
See! they are coming in throngs;
Bid them sit down to the banquet;
Teach them your beautiful songs!
p Pray you the Father to bless them,
Pray that the Spirit be given;
cr Open the door for the children,
mf 'Of such is the kingdom of heav'n.'

3 *p* Open the door for the children,'
Take the dear lambs by the hand,
Point them to truth and to goodness;
Lead to Immanuel's land.
pp Some are so young and so helpless,
Satan is wary and bold;
mf Open the door for the children,
And gather them into the fold.
Amen. M. A. KIDDER.

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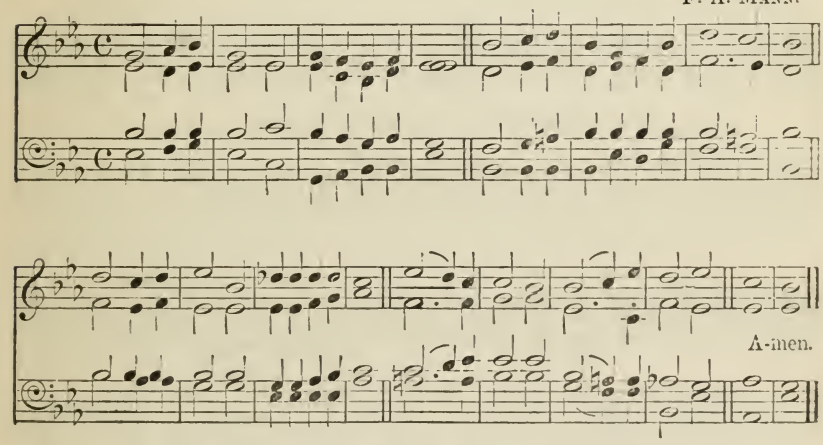
For all the Saints.

F. A. Mann.



1 *mf* For all the saints who from their labours rest,
Who Thee by faith before the world confessed,
Thy name, O Jesu, be for ever blest.
Alleluia!

2 *f* Thou wast their rock, their fortress, and their might;
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight;
p Thou in the darkness drear their one true light.
Alleluia!

3 *p* O may Thy soldiers, faithful, true and bold,
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
f And win, with them, the victor's crown of gold.
Alleluia!

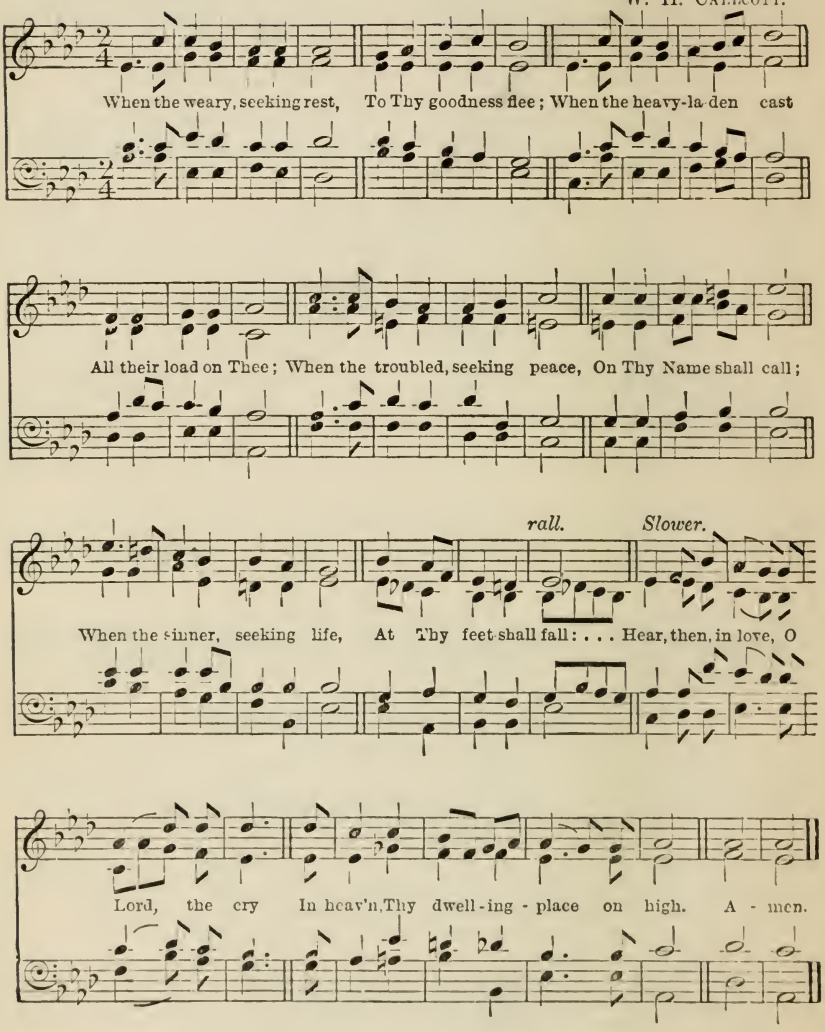
4 *p* O blest communion! fellowship divine!
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;
mf Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine.
Alleluia!

5 *mf* The golden evening brightens in the west,
Soon, soon to faithful warriors cometh rest,
pp Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest.
Alleluia!

6 *f* But lo! there breaks a yet more glorious day!
The saints triumphant rise in bright array;
ff The King of Glory passes on His way.
Alleluia!

7 *p* From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
cr Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
ff Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost—
Alleluia!

When the Weary, Seeking Rest.

W. H. Callcott.

When the weary, seeking rest, To Thy goodness flee; When the heavy-la den cast
All their load on Thee; When the troubled, seeking peace, On Thy Name shall call;
rall.
Slower.
When the sinner, seeking life, At Thy feet shall fall: . . . Hear, then, in love, O
Lord, the cry In heav'n, Thy dwell-ing - place on high. A - men.

2 *p* When the worldling, sick at heart,
Lifts his soul above;
mf When the prodigal looks back
To his Father's love;
dim When the proud man, in his pride,
Stoops to seek Thy face;
p When the burdened brings his guilt
To Thy throne of grace:
cr Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven Thy dwelling-place on high.

3 *mf* When the stranger asks a home,
All his toils to end;
When the hungry craveth food
And the poor a friend;
p When the sailor on the wave
Bows the suppliant knee;
When the soldier on the field
Lifts His heart to Thee:
cr Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
f In heaven Thy dwelling-place on high.

When the Weary.—*Continued.*

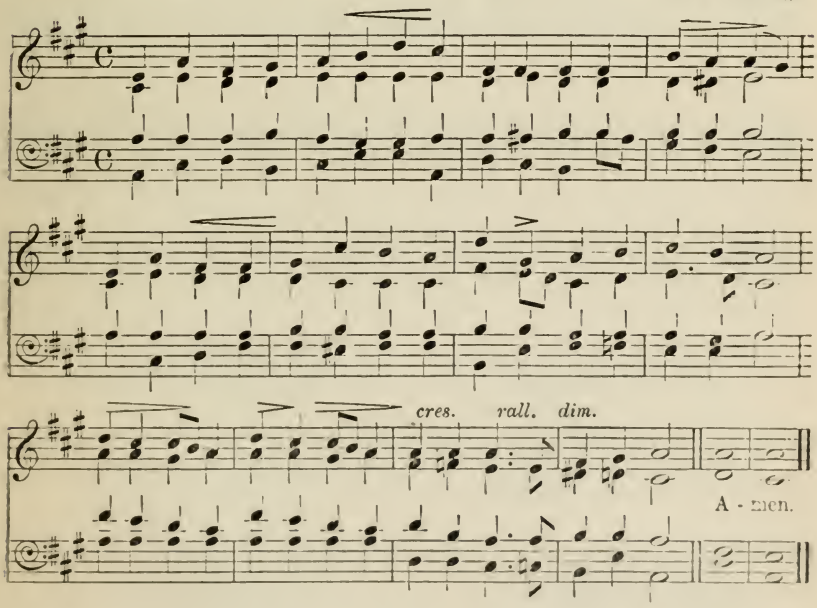
4 *mf* When the man of toil and care
In the city crowd;
When the shepherd on the moor
Names the Name of God;
f When the learnéd and the high,
Tired of earthly fame,
Upon higher joys intent,
Name the blesséd Name:
cr Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
f In heaven Thy dwelling-place on high.

5 *mf* When the child, with grave fresh lip,
Youth or maiden fair;
p When the agéd, weak and grey,
Seek Thy face in prayer;
pp When the widow weeps to Thee,
Sad and lone and low;
When the orphan brings to Thee
All his orphan-woe:
mf Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven Thy dwelling-place on high.

6 *mf* When creation, in her pangs,
Heaves her heavy groan;
When Thy Salem's exiled sons
Breathe their bitter moan;
p When Thy waiting, weeping Church,
Looking for a home,
dim Sendeth up her silent sigh,
Come, O Saviour, come:
cr Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
f In heaven Thy dwelling-place on high.
Amen. DR. BONAR.

217

The Children's Prayer.

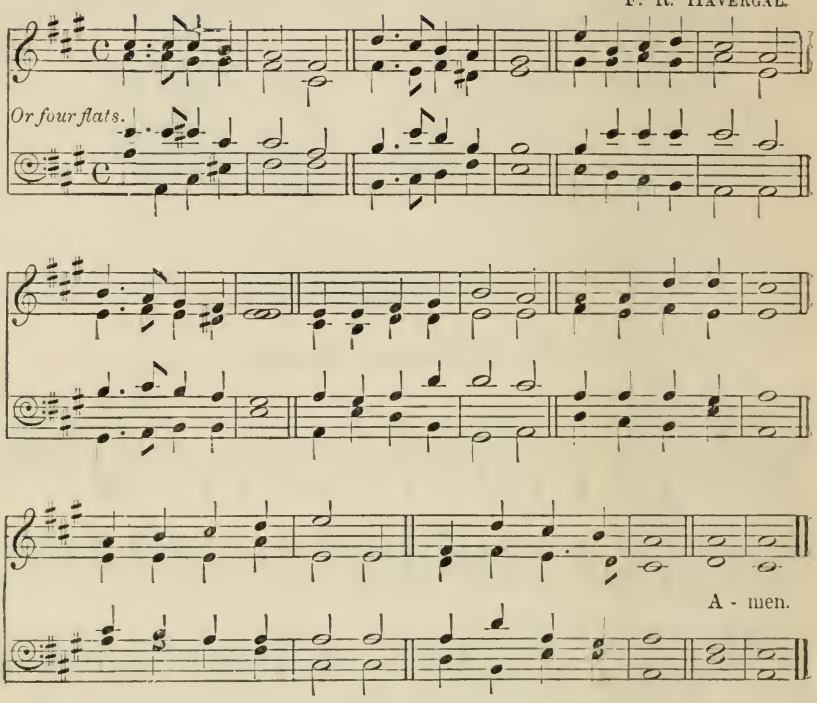
R. H. Mills.

1 *p* Hear us, Saviour, bowed before Thee,
Thou wast once a little child;
Weak and sinful, we adore Thee,
Thee, Almighty, undefiled.
mf Hear us children, we implore Thee,
f Mighty God, and *p* Saviour mild.

2 *mf* Though the universe possessing,
p Thou wast once as poor as we;
cr Thou wast pure whilst sin was pressing
f Round Thee, like a raging sea,
p Therefore, sins and wants confessing,
Jesus, Lord, we come to Thee.

3 *mf* Thou hast left for us a pattern
In Thy childhood, free from stain,
p Thou didst pay for us a ransom
On Thy cross of grief and pain.
cr May we follow Thee, believing,
f Till we die with Thee to reign.

Jesus, I will trust Thee.

F. R. Havergal.



1 *mf* Jesus I *will* trust Thee,
Trust Thee with my soul;
p Guilty, lost and helpless,
Thou canst make me whole.
cr There is none in heaven
Or on earth like Thee;
f Thou hast died for sinners,
p Therefore, Lord, for me.

2 *mf* Jesus, I *may* trust Thee,
Name of matchless worth,
f Spoken by the angel
At Thy wondrous birth;
mf Written, and for ever,
On Thy cross of shame;
Sinners, read and worship,
Trusting in that Name.

3 *p* Jesus I *must* trust Thee,
Pondering Thy ways,
Full of love and mercy
All Thine earthly days;
Sinners gathered round Thee,
Lepers sought Thy face,
None too vile or loathsome
For a Saviour's grace.

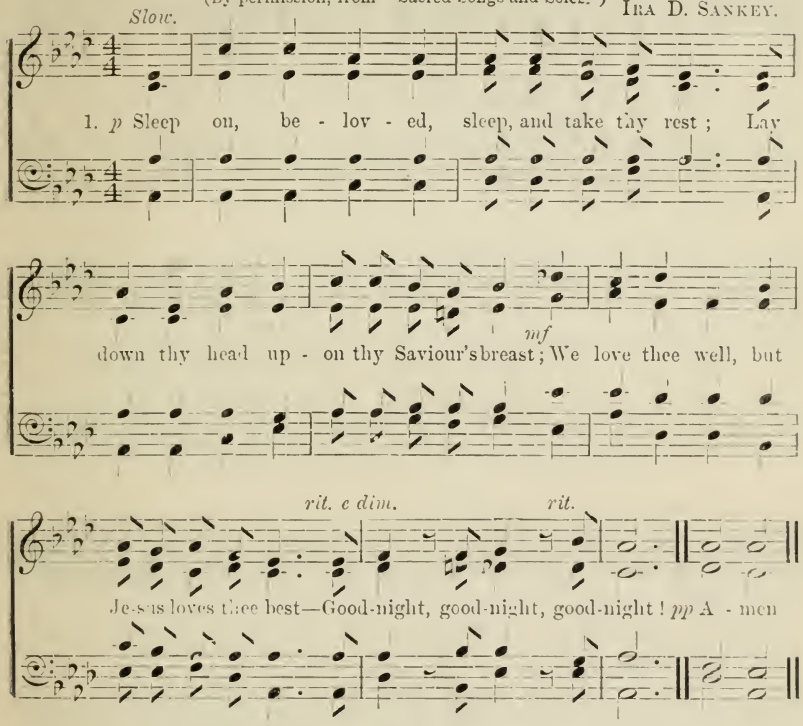
4 *mf* Jesus, I *can* trust Thee,
Trust Thy written word,
Though Thy voice of pity
I have never heard;
cr When Thy Spirit teacheth,
To my taste how sweet!
p Only may I hearken,
Sitting at Thy feet.

5 *f* Jesus I *do* trust Thee,
Trust without a doubt;
p Whosoever cometh
Thou wilt not cast out.
mf Faithful is Thy promise
Precious is Thy blood,—
f These my soul's salvation,
Thou my Saviour God.

N. J. Walker.

The Christian's "Good-night."

[The early Christians were accustomed to bid their dying friends "Good-night," so sure were they of their awakening on the Resurrection Morning.]

(By permission, from "Sacred Songs and Solos.") IRA D. SANKEY.

Slow.
1. p Sleep on, be - lov - ed, sleep, and take thy rest; Lay
mf
down thy head up - on thy Saviour's breast; We love thee well, but
rit. e dim.
rit.
Je-sus loves thee best—Good-night, good-night, good-night! pp A - men

2. *p* Calm is thy slumber as an infant's sleep,
mf But thou shalt wake no more to toil and weep:
Thine is a perfect rest, secure and deep—
p Good-night!

3. *mf* Until the shadows from this earth are cast,
Until He gathers in His sheaves at last,
Until the twilight gloom is over-past—
p Good-night!

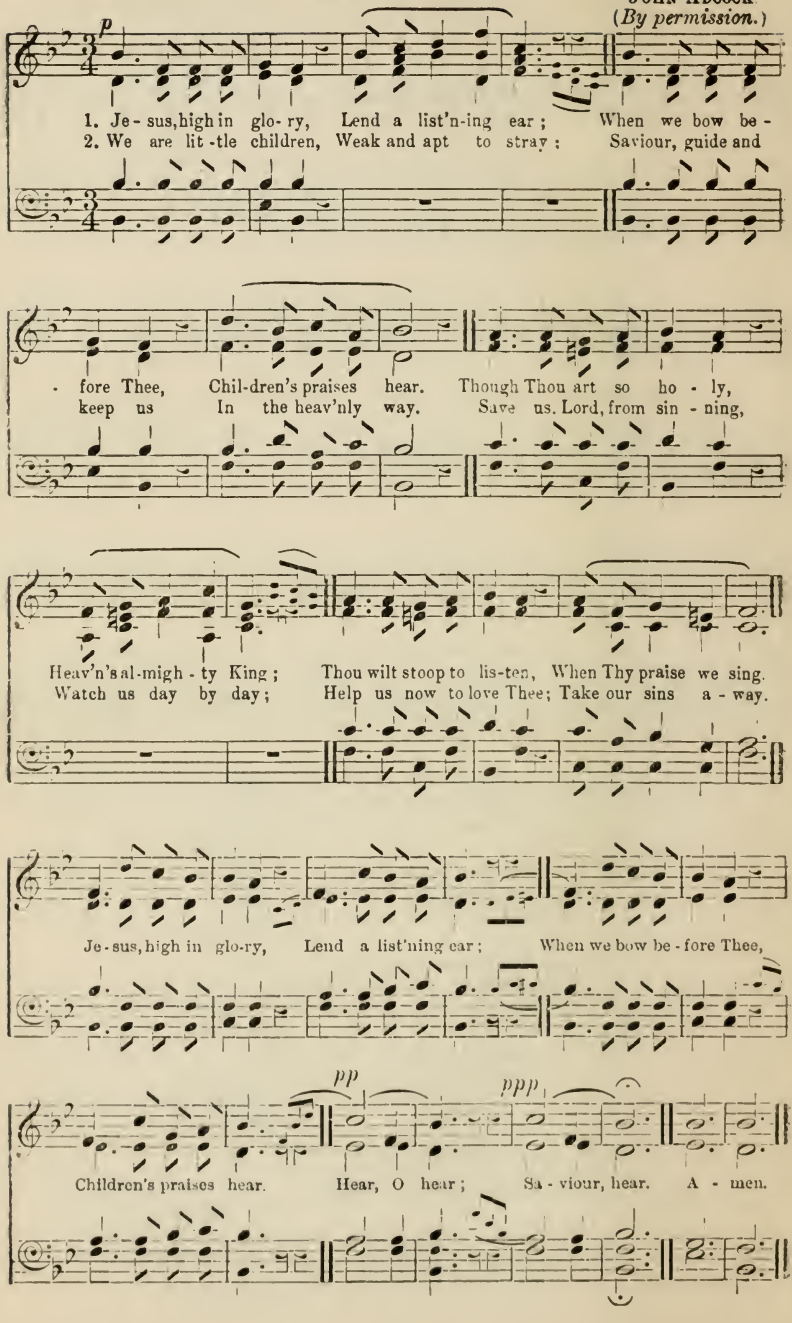
4. *mf* Until the Easter glory lights the skies,
cr Until the dead in Jesus shall arise,
f And He shall come, but not in lowly guise—
p Good night!

5. *mf* Until made beautiful by Love Divine,
Thou in the likeness of thy Lord shalt shine,
And He shall bring that golden crown of thine—
p Good-night!

6. *p* Only "good-night," beloved—not "farewell!"
mf A little while, and all His saints shall dwell
f In hallowed union, indivisible—
p Good-night!

7 *mf* Until we meet again before His throne,
cr Clothed in the spotless robe He gives His own,
f Until we know even as we are known—
p Good-night!

Supplication.

JOHN ADCOCK
(By permission.)

p
1. Je - sus, high in glo - ry, Lend a list'n-ing ear; When we bow be -
2. We are lit - tle children, Weak and apt to stray; Saviour, guide and
- fore Thee, Chil-dren's praises hear. Though Thou art so ho - ly,
keep us In the heav'nly way. Save us. Lord, from sin - ning,
Heav'n's al-migh - ty King; Thou wilt stoop to lis-ten, When Thy praise we sing.
Watch us day by day; Help us now to love Thee; Take our sins a - way.
Je - sus, high in glo-ry, Lend a list'ning ear; When we bow be - fore Thee,
pp
ppp
Children's praises hear. Hear, O hear; Sa - viour, hear. A - men.

In the Rifted Rock.

Andantino tranquillo. A. Thornton.

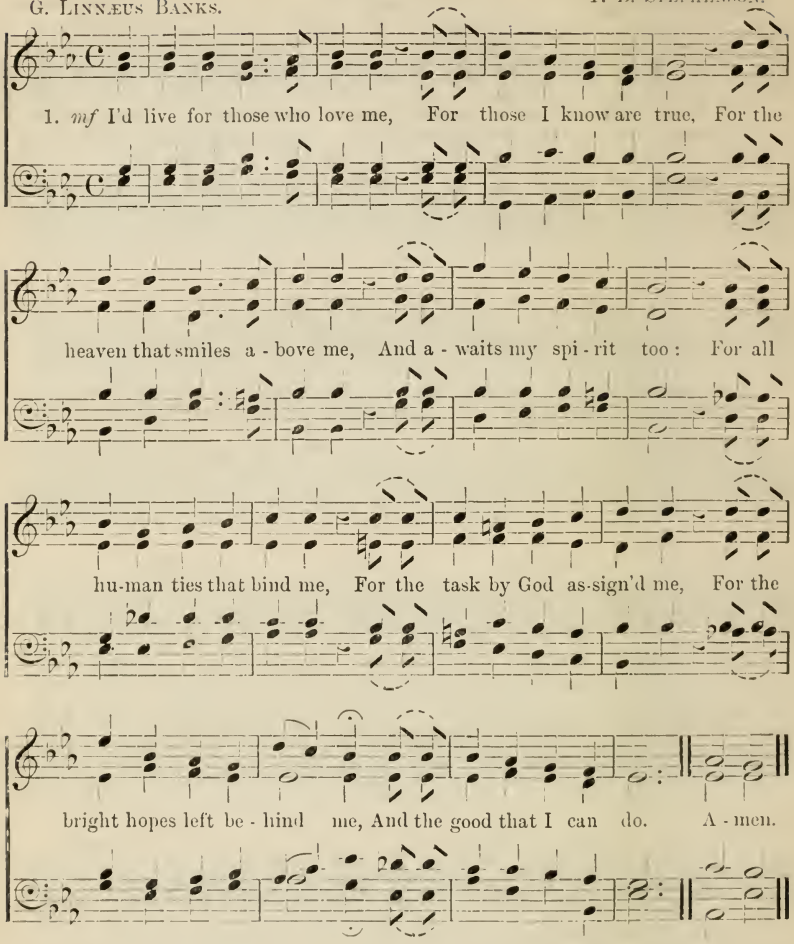
1. In the Rift- ed Rock I'm rest-ing, Sure and safe from all a - larm, Storms and bil-lows have u - ni - ted All in vain to do me harm. In the Rift- ed Rock I'm rest- ing, Surf is dashing at my feet, Storm clouds dark are o'er me hov'ring, Yet my
2. Many a storm-y sea I've traversed, Many a tem-pest shock have known, Have been dri-ven without an-chor, On the bar- ren shore and lone, Yet I now have found a ha - ven, Ne-ver moved by tem-pest shock, Where my soul is safe for e - ver, In the

Chorus.

rest is all com - plete. bles-sed Rift-ed Rock. } In the Rift- ed Rock I'm rest-ing, Sure and safe from all a - larm, Storms and bil- lows have u - ni - ted All in vain to do me harm.

I'd Live for those who Love me.

G. Linnæus Banks. T. B. Stephenson.


1. mf I'd live for those who love me, For those I know are true, For the
heaven that smiles a - bove me, And a - waits my spi - rit too: For all
hu-man ties that bind me, For the task by God as-sign'd me, For the
bright hopes left be - hind me, And the good that I can do. A - men.

2. I'd live to learn their story
Who suffered for my sake,
To emulate their glory,
And follow in their wake:
f Bards, martyrs, patriots, sages,
The noble of all ages,
Whose deeds crowd history's pages,
And time's great volume make.

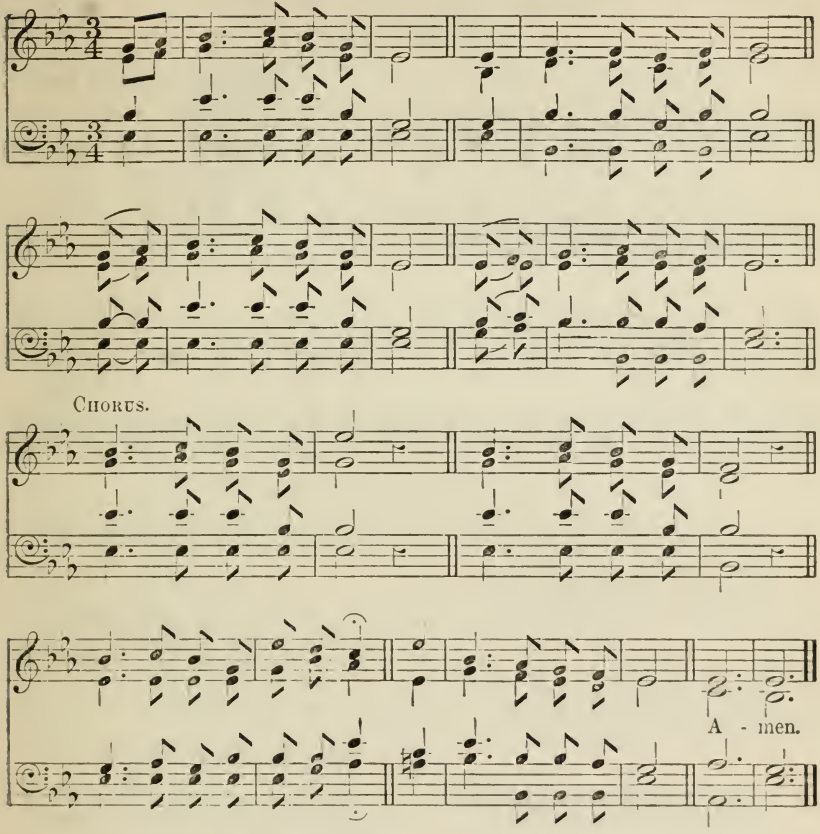
3. *mf* I'd live to hail that season
By gifted minds foretold,
When men shall live by reason,
And not alone for gold—
f When man to man united,
And every wrong thing righted,
The whole world shall be lighted
As Eden was of old.

4. *mf* I'd live to hold communion
With all that is divine,
To feel there is a union
'Twixt Nature's heart and mine;
To profit by affliction,
Reap truth from fields of fiction,
Grow wiser from conviction,
And fulfil each great design.

5 I'd live for those who love me,
For those who know me true,
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit too:
f For the wrong that needs resistance,
For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do.
Amen.

I hear the Saviour say.

J. T. GRAPE.



1 *mf* I HEAR the Saviour say,
"Thy strength indeed is small:
Child of weakness, watch and pray,
Find in Me thine all in all."
f Jesus paid it all—
p All to Him I owe;
pp Sin has left a crimson stain;
mf He washed it white as snow.

2 *mf* Lord, now indeed I find
Thy blood and Thine alone,
Can change the leper's spots,
And melt the heart of stone.

3 *p* For nothing good have I
Whereby Thy grace to claim:
cr I'll wash my garments white
In the blood of Calvary's Lamb.

5 *mf* When from my dying bed
My ransomed soul shall rise,
Then, "Jesus paid it all;"
ff Shall rend the vaulted skies.

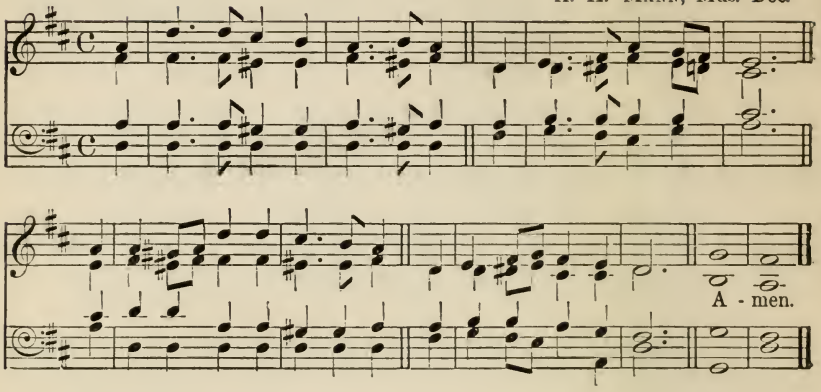
6 *ff* And when before the throne
I stand in Him complete,
p I'll lay my trophies down,
pp All down at Jesu's feet. Amen.

MRS. E. M. HALL.

Though lowly here our lot.

"ARISTIDES."

A. H. MANN, Mus. Doc.



1

THOUGH lowly here our lot may be,
High work have we to do;
p In faith and trust to follow Him
Whose lot was lowly too.

2

mf Our days of darkness we may bear,
Strong in a Father's love,
Leaning on His almighty arm,
And fixed our hopes above.

3

p Our lives enriched with gentle thoughts
And loving deeds may be,
mf A stream that still the nobler grows
The nearer to the sea.

4

mf To duty firm, to conscience true,
However tried and pressed,
f In God's clear sight high work we do,
If we but do our best.

5

mf Thus may we make the lowliest lot
With rays of glory bright:
p Thus may we turn a crown of thorns
f Into a crown of light. Amen.

A Little Kingdom I Possess.

Tune, "ARISTIDES."

1 *mf* A LITTLE kingdom I possess,
Where thoughts and feelings dwell;
And very hard I find the task
Of governing it well;

2 For passion tempts and troubles me,
A wayward will misleads,
p And selfishness its shadow casts
On all my will and deeds.

3 *mf* How can I learn to rule myself,
To be the child I should,
Honest and brave, nor ever tire
Of trying to be good?

4 How can I keep a sunny soul
To shine along life's way?
How can I tune my little heart
To sweetly sing all day?

5 *mf* Dear Father, help me with the love
That casteth out my fear;
Teach me to lean on Thee, and feel
That Thou art very near:

6 That no temptation is unseen,
No childish grief too small,
p Since Thou, with patience infinite,
Dost soothe and comfort all.

7 *mf* I do not ask for any crown
But that which all may win;
Nor try to conquer any world
Except the one within.

8 Be Thou my Guide until I find,
Led by a tender hand,
f Thy happy kingdom in myself,
And dare to take command.
Amen. LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

226 I'll come to Thee, O Jesus Christ.

Tune, "ARISTIDES."

1 *mf* I"LL come to Thee, O Jesus Christ!
I'll Thy disciple be;
p Not tears, not deeds, but self I'll bring,
Because Thou callest me.

2 *mf* I'll follow Thee to watch Thy ways,
From manger on to grave;
For step by step, 'tis thus I learn
Thy sovereign power to save.

3 *mf* I'll strive to do Thy blessed will,
Renounce my foolish ways,
And live a life, though stained by sin,
More worthy of Thy grace.

4 I'll hope through all my mortal days
Thee by my side to find:
To feast my eyes, to fire my heart,
To beautify my mind.

5 *f* I'll sing Thee here, my spirit's Prince,
And follow in Thy train,
mf Until Thy will my place shall change,
And death shall be my gain.
Amen. B. WAUGH.

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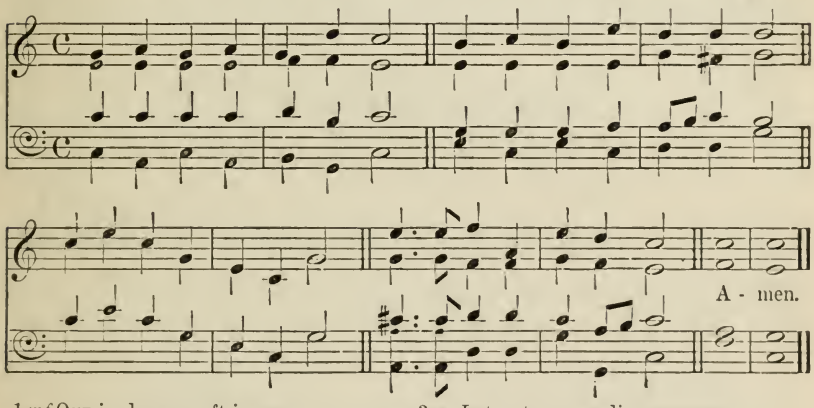
227 Oft in danger, Oft in woe.

F. A. MANN.

1 *mf* OFT in danger, oft in woe,
Onward Christians, onward go;
cr Fight the fight, maintain the strife,
f Strengthened with the bread of life.

2 *mf* Let your drooping hearts be glad;
March in heavenly armour clad:
cr Fight, nor think the battle long,
f Soon shall victory tune your song.

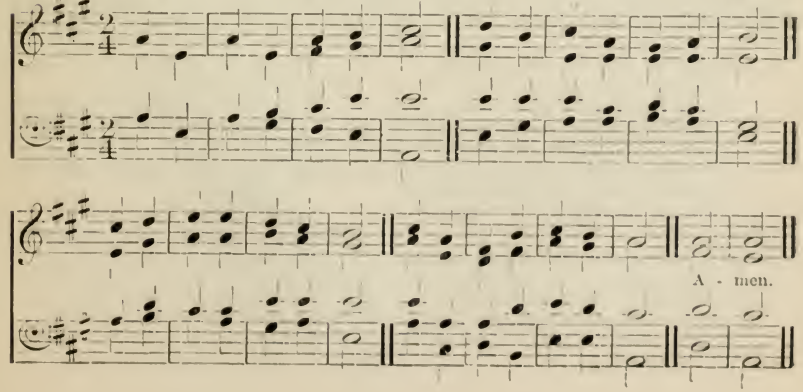
3 *p* Let not sorrow dim your eye,
Soon shall every tear be dry;
mf Let not fears your course impede,
f Great your strength if great your need.

4 *mf* Onward, then, to glory move,
More than conquerors ye shall prove;
cr Though opposed by many a foe,
f Christian soldiers, onward go. Amen.

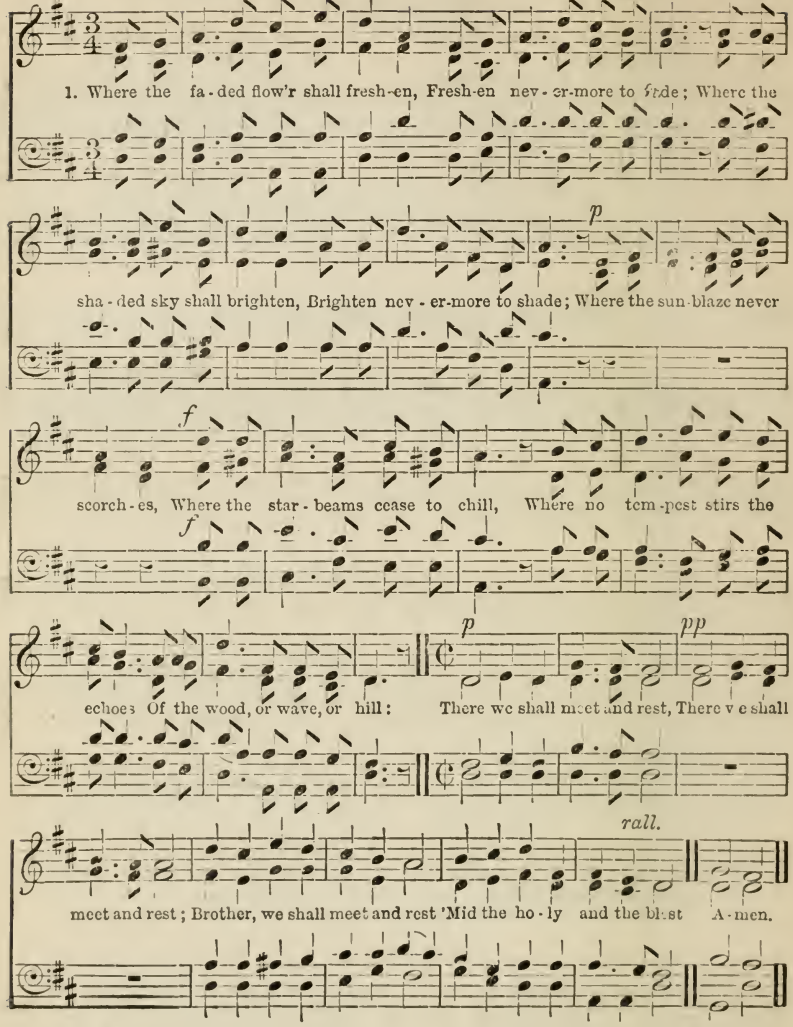
KIRKE WHITE AND MISS MAITLAND.

[SECOND TUNE.]

DR. H. LESLIE.



There we shall Meet and Rest.

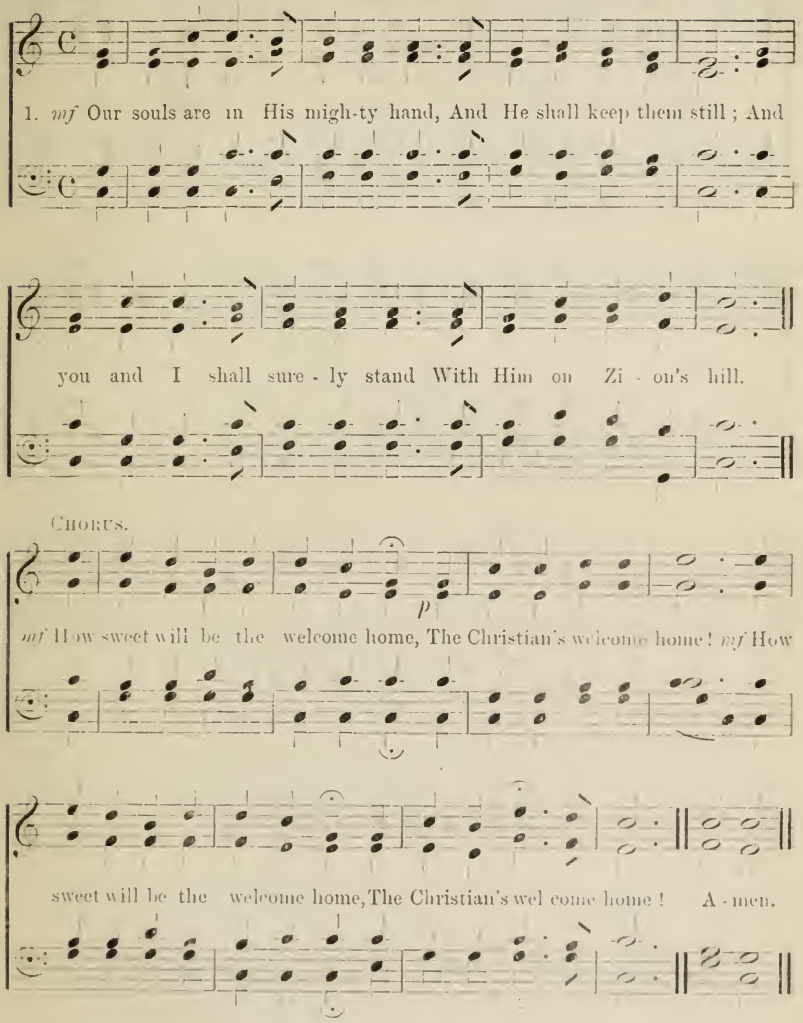
Words by Rev. H. Bonar, D.D. *Music by* J. C. Guest.

1. Where the fa-ded flow'r shall fresh-en, Fresh-en nev-er-more to fade; Where the
p
sha-ded sky shall brighten, Brighten nev-er-more to shade; Where the sun-blaze never
f
scorch-es, Where the star-beams cease to chill, Where no tem-pest stirs the
f
p
pp
echoes Of the wood, or wave, or hill: There we shall meet and rest, There we shall
rall.
meet and rest; Brother, we shall meet and rest 'Mid the ho-ly and the blest A-men.

2 *p* Where no shadow shall bewilder,
Where life's vain parade is o'er;
f Where the sleep of sin is broken,
And the dreamer dreams no more;
Where the bond is never sever'd,
dim Partings, claspings, sob, and moan,
Midnight waking, twilight weeping,
p Heavy noontide—all are done;—
pp There we shall meet, etc.

3 *mf* Where a blighted world shall brighten
Underneath a bluer sphere,
cr And a softer, gentler sunshine
Shed its healing splendour here
p Where earth's barren vales shall blossom,
cr Putting on their robes of green,
f And a purer, fairer Eden,
Be where only wastes have been;—
p There we shall meet, etc.

4 *mf* Where the morn shall wake in gladness,
cr And the noon the joy prolong,
p When the daylight dies in fragrance,
f 'Mid the burst of holy song;
p When the child has found its mother,
pp When the mother finds her child,
cr When the families are gathered,
That were scattered on the wild:—
pp There we shall meet, etc.

Our Souls are in His Mighty Hand.


1. mf Our souls are in His migh-ty hand, And He shall keep them still; And
you and I shall sure-ly stand With Him on Zi-on's hill.
Chorus.
p
mf How sweet will be the welcome home, The Christian's welcome home! mf How
sweet will be the welcome home, The Christian's welcome home! A-men.

2.

mf Him eye to eye we there shall see;
Our face like His shall shine:
f Oh, what a glorious company,
When saints and angels join!
How sweet, etc.

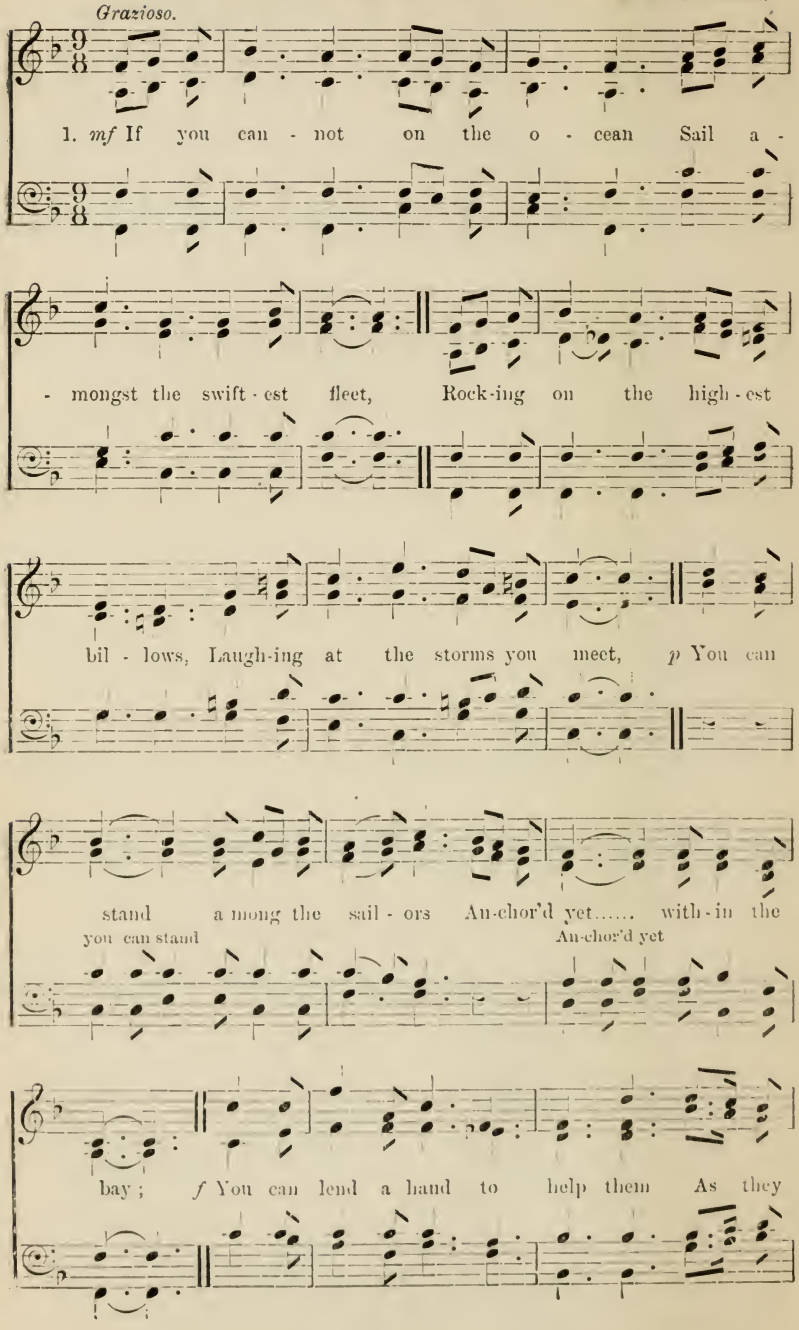
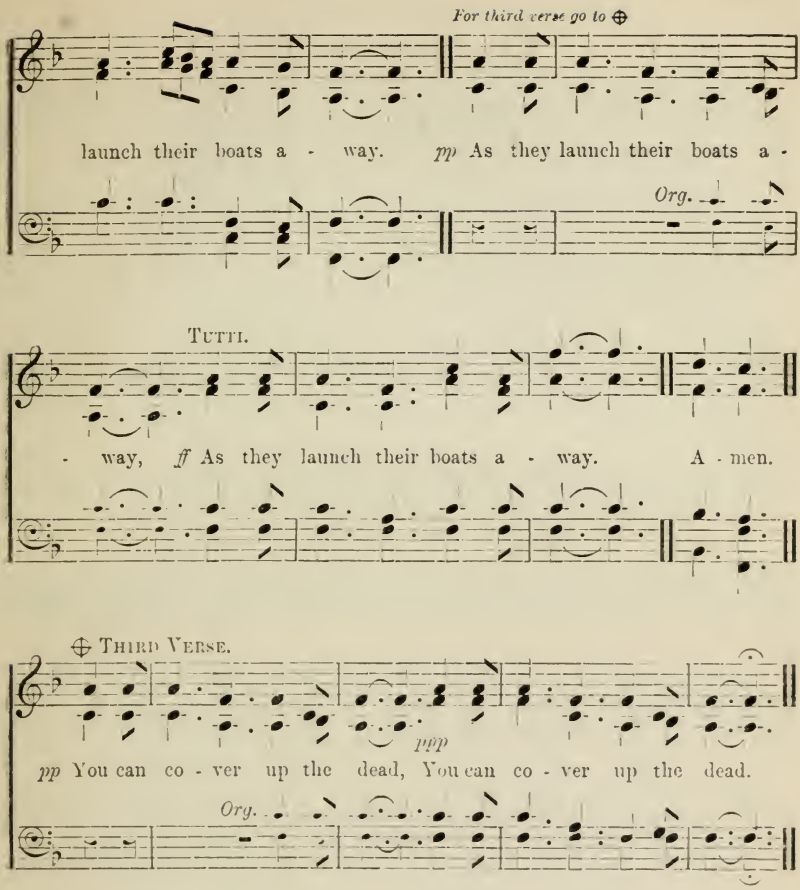
3.

mf Oh, what a joyful meeting there!
In robes of white arrayed,
p Palms in our hands we all shall bear,
And crowns upon our head.
How sweet, etc.

4.

mf Then let us lawfully contend,
And fight our passage through;
cr Bear in our faithful minds the end,
f And keep the prize in view.
How sweet, etc. Amen.

Melisma.

W. B. Chinner.

Grazioso.
1. mf If you can - not on the o - cean Sail a -
- mongst the swift - est fleet, Rock-ing on the high - est
bil - lows, Laugh-ing at the storms you meet, p You can
stand a mong the sail - ors An-chor'd yet..... with - in the
you can stand
An-chor'd yet
bay; f You can lend a hand to help them As they

For third verse go to ⊕
launch their boats a - way.
pp As they launch their boats a -
Org.
Tutti.
- way, ff As they launch their boats a - way. A - men.
⊕ Third Verse.
ppp
pp You can co - ver up the dead, You can co - ver up the dead.
Org.

2.

p If you are too weak to journey
Up the mountain steep and high,
mf You can stand within the valley
While the multitudes go by :
You can chant in happy measure
As they slowly pass along ;
f Though they may forget the singer,
They will not forget the song.
They will not, etc.

3.

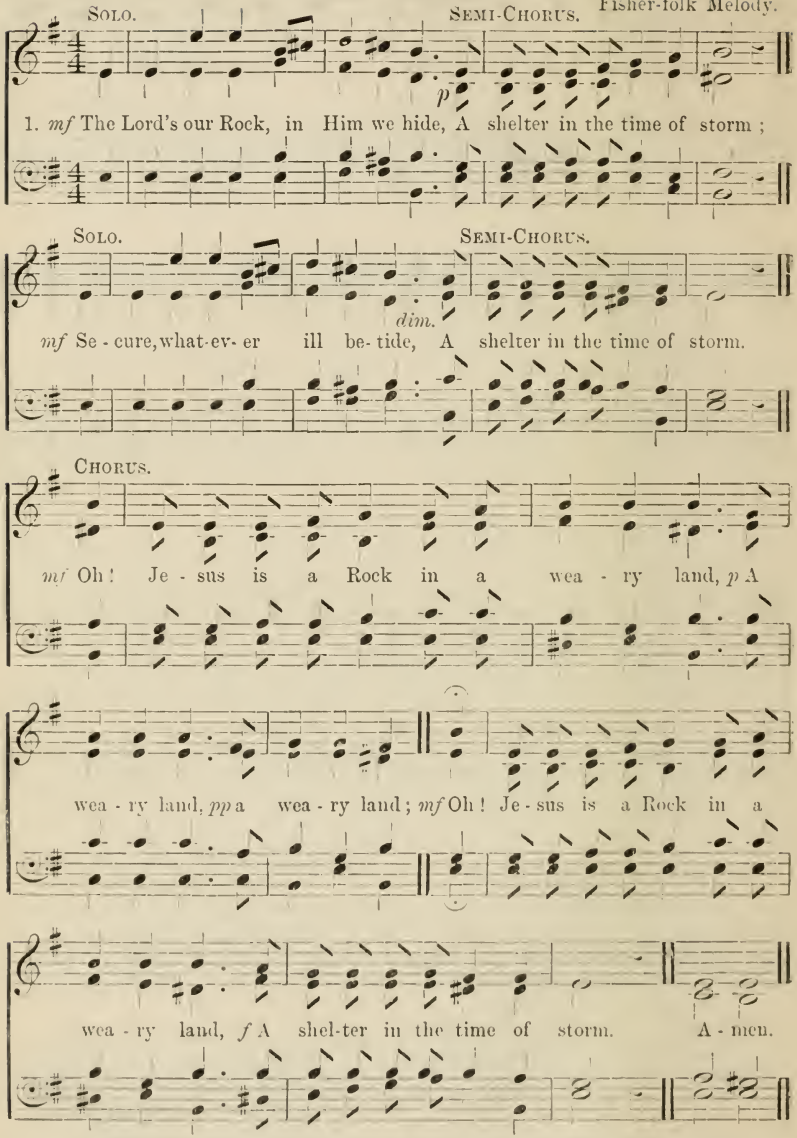
mf If you cannot in the conflict
Prove yourself a soldier true,
If when fire and smoke are thickest
There's no work for you to do ;
p When the battle-field is silent
You can go with careful tread,
pp You can bear away the wounded,
You can cover up the dead.
You can cover, etc.

4.

mf Do not then stand idly waiting
For some greater work to do ;
Oh improve each passing moment,
For these moments may be few :
cr Go and toil in any vineyard,
Do not fear to do or dare ;
If you want a field of labour
You can find it anywhere.
You can find, etc. Amen.

The Lord's our Rock.

Tune—"REFUGE." Fisher-folk Melody.


SOLO.
SEMI-CHORUS.
p
1. mf The Lord's our Rock, in Him we hide, A shelter in the time of storm ;
SOLO.
SEMI-CHORUS.
dim.
mf Se - cure, what-ev- er ill be-tide, A shelter in the time of storm.
CHORUS.
mf Oh! Je - sus is a Rock in a wea - ry land, p A
wea - ry land, pp a wea - ry land ; mf Oh! Je - sus is a Rock in a
wea - ry land, f A shel-ter in the time of storm. A - men.

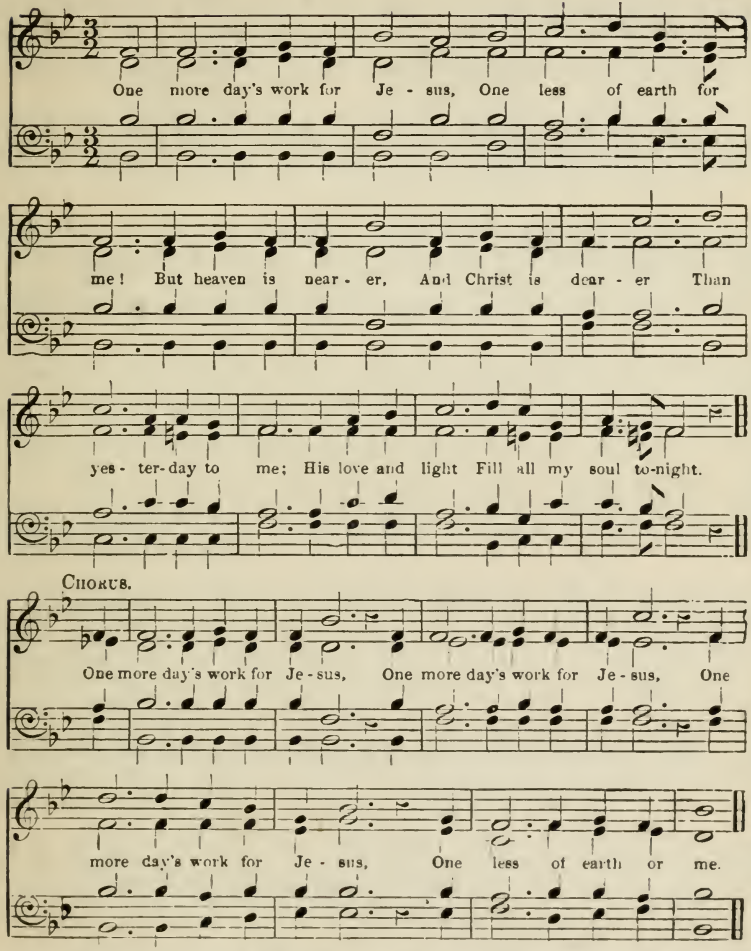
2. *mf* A shade by day, defence by night,
cr A shelter in the time of storm ;
mf No fears alarm, no foes affright,
p A shelter in the time of storm.
Oh! Jesus is a Rock, etc.

3. *mf* The fiercest storms may round us beat,
p A shelter in the time of storm ;
mf We'll never quit our safe retreat,
p A shelter in the time of storm.
Oh! Jesus is a Rock, etc.

4. *mf* O Rock divine! (*p*) O Refuge dear!
pp A shelter in the time of storm ;
mf When needed most be ever near,
pp A shelter in the time of storm.
Oh! Jesus is a Rock, etc.

Amen.

One more Day's Work for Jesus.

M. Warner. L. Lowry.

One more day's work for Je - sus, One less of earth for
me! But heaven is near - er, And Christ is dear - er Than
yes - ter-day to me; His love and light Fill all my soul to-night.
Chorus.
One more day's work for Je - sus, One more day's work for Je - sus, One
more day's work for Je - sus, One less of earth or me.

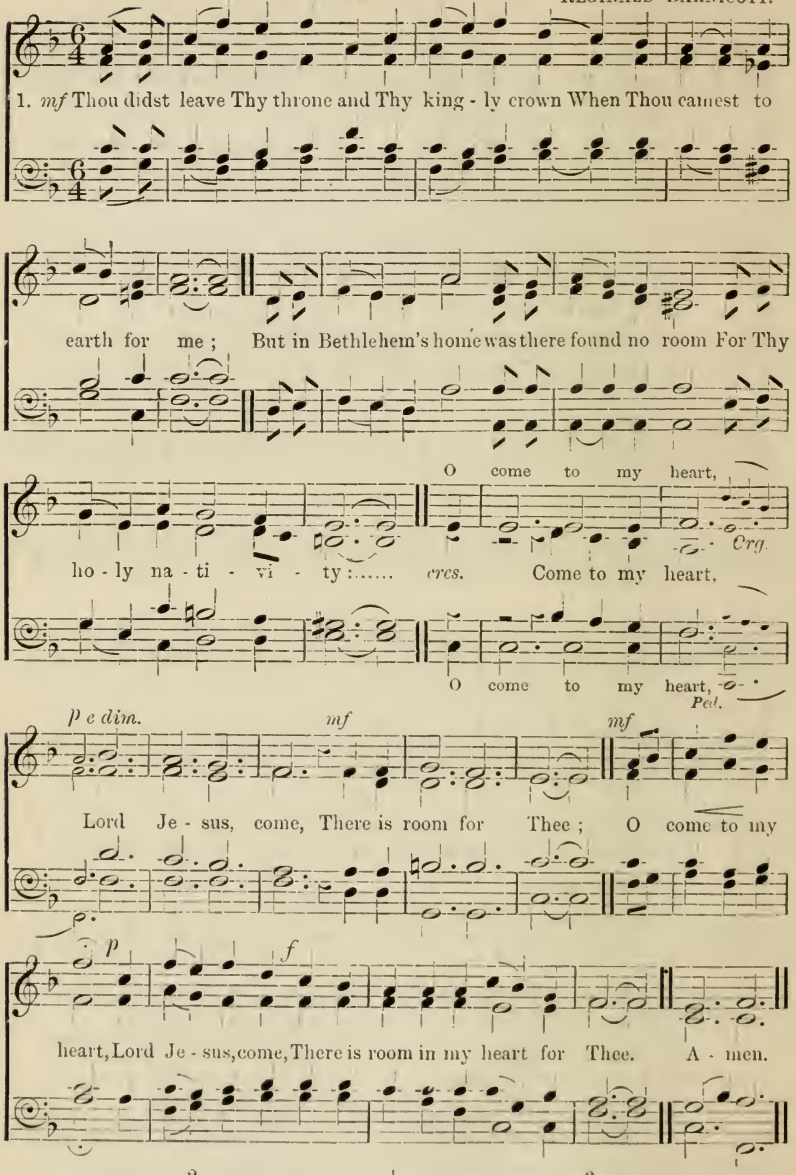
2 *mf* One more day's work for Jesus;
f How glorious is my King!
'Tis joy, not duty,
To speak His beauty;
My soul mounts on the wing
At the mere thought
How Christ my life has bought.
One more day's work, etc.

3 *p* One more day's work for Jesus;
cr How sweet the work has been
To tell the story,
To show the glory,
Where Christ's flock enter in!
f How it did shine
In this poor heart of mine!
One more day's work, etc.

4 *mf* One more day's work for Jesus—
p Oh, yes, a weary day;
cr But heaven shines clearer,
And rest comes nearer,
At each step of the way;
p And Christ in all—
pp Before His face I fall.
One more day's work, etc.

5 *f* Oh, blessèd work for Jesus:
p Oh, rest at Jesu's feet!
cr There toil seems pleasure,
My wants are treasure,
And pain for Him is sweet,
f Lord, if I may,
I'll serve another day!
One more day's work, etc.

Veni, Salvator.

REGINALD BARNICOTT.

1. mf Thou didst leave Thy throne and Thy king - ly crown When Thou camest to
earth for me ; But in Bethlehem's home was there found no room For Thy
O come to my heart,
ho - ly na - ti - vi - ty :..... cres. Come to my heart,
Crg.
O come to my heart,
Ped.
p e dim.
mf
mf
Lord Je - sus, come, There is room for Thee ; O come to my
p
f
heart, Lord Je - sus, come, There is room in my heart for Thee. A - men.

2.

f Heaven's arches rang when the angels sang,
Proclaiming Thy royal degree ;
p But in lowly birth didst Thou come to earth,
And in great humility.
O come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
There is room in my heart for Thee

3.

mf The foxes found rest, and the birds had their nest,
In the shade of the cedar tree ;
p But Thy couch was the sod, O Thou Son of God,
In the deserts of Galilee.
O come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
There is room in my heart for Thee.

4.

f Thou camest, O Lord, with the living Word,
That should set Thy people free ;
pp But with mocking scorn, and with crown of thorn,
They bore Thee to Calvary.
O come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
There is room in my heart for Thee.

5.

ff When Heaven's arches shall ring, and her choir shall sing
At Thy coming to victory,
mf Let Thy voice call me home, saying, "Yet there is room,
f There is room at My side for thee."
O come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
There is room in my heart for Thee. Amen.

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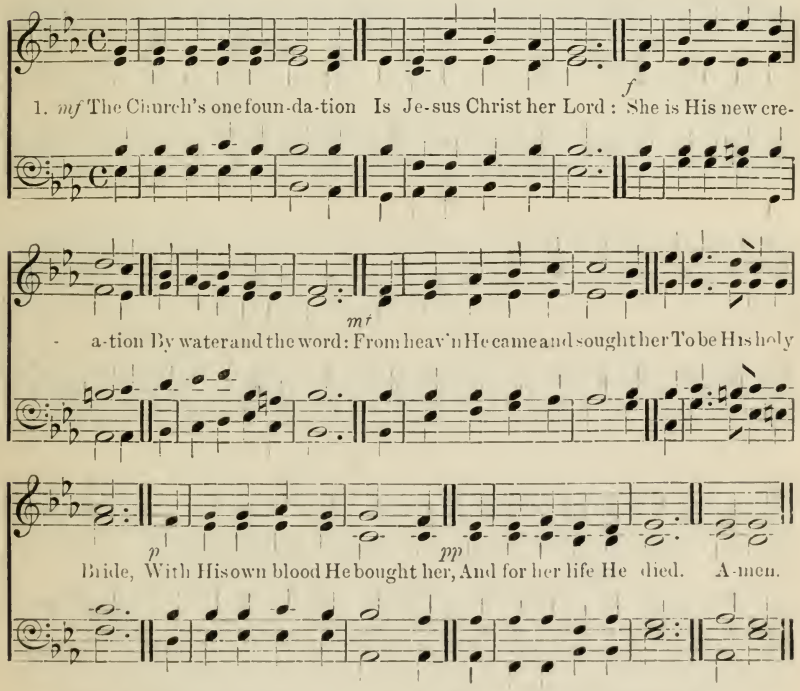
234 The Church's One Foundation.

DR. S. S. WESLEY.

1. *mf* The Church's one foun-da-tion Is Je-sus Christ her Lord : She is His new cre-
mf
- a-tion By water and the word: From heav'n He came and sought her To be His holy
p *pp*
Bride, With His own blood He bought her, And for her life He died. A-men.

2. *mf* Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth,
cr Her charter of salvation
f One Lord, one Faith, one Birth ;
mf One Holy Name she blesses,
Partakes one holy food,
f And to one hope she presses,
With every grace endued.

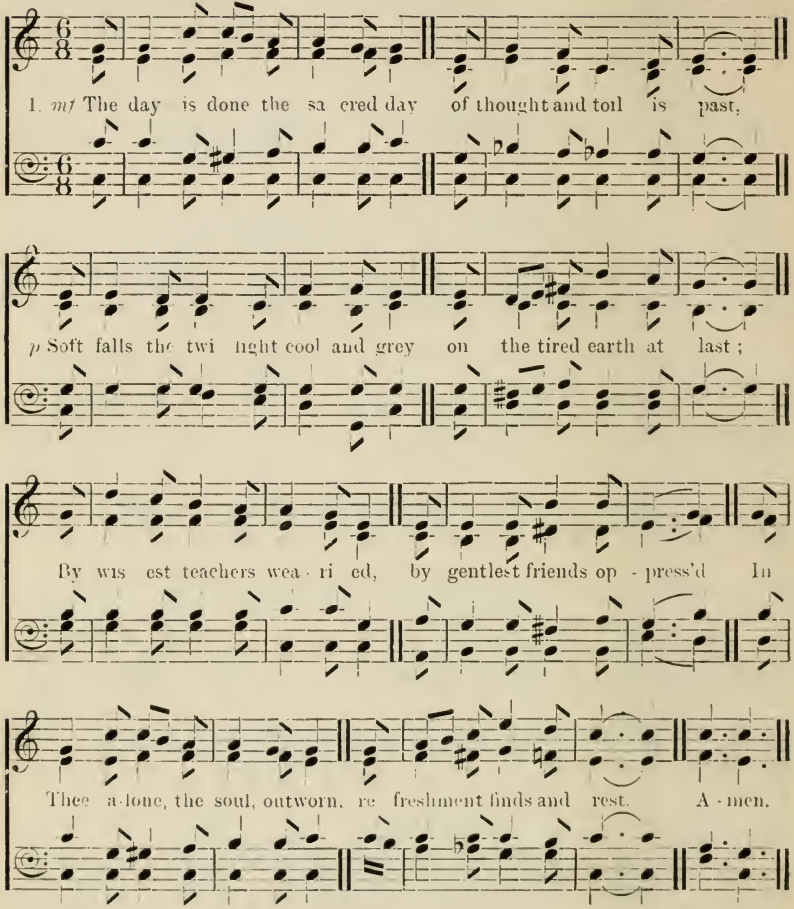
3. *p* Though with a scornful wonder
Men see her sore oppress,
mf By schisms rent asunder,
By heresies distrest ;
cr Yet saints their watch are keeping,
Their cry goes up, "How long?"
f And soon the night of weeping
Shall be the morn of song.

4. *mf* 'Mid toil and tribulation
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore ;
Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great Church victorious
dim Shall be the Church at rest.

5. *mf* Yet she on earth hath union
With God the Three in One ;
p And mystic sweet communion
With those whose rest is won.
cr O happy saints and holy !
f Lord, give us grace that we,
Like them, (*p*) the meek and lowly,
dim On high may dwell with Thee !
Amen.

The Day is Done, the Sacred Day.

ELIZA SCUDDER. W. A SMITH.


1. mf The day is done the sa cred day of thought and toil is past,
p Soft falls the twi light cool and grey on the tired earth at last;
By wis est teachers wea ri ed, by gentlest friends op - press'd In
Thee a-lone, the soul, outworn, re freshment finds and rest. A - men.

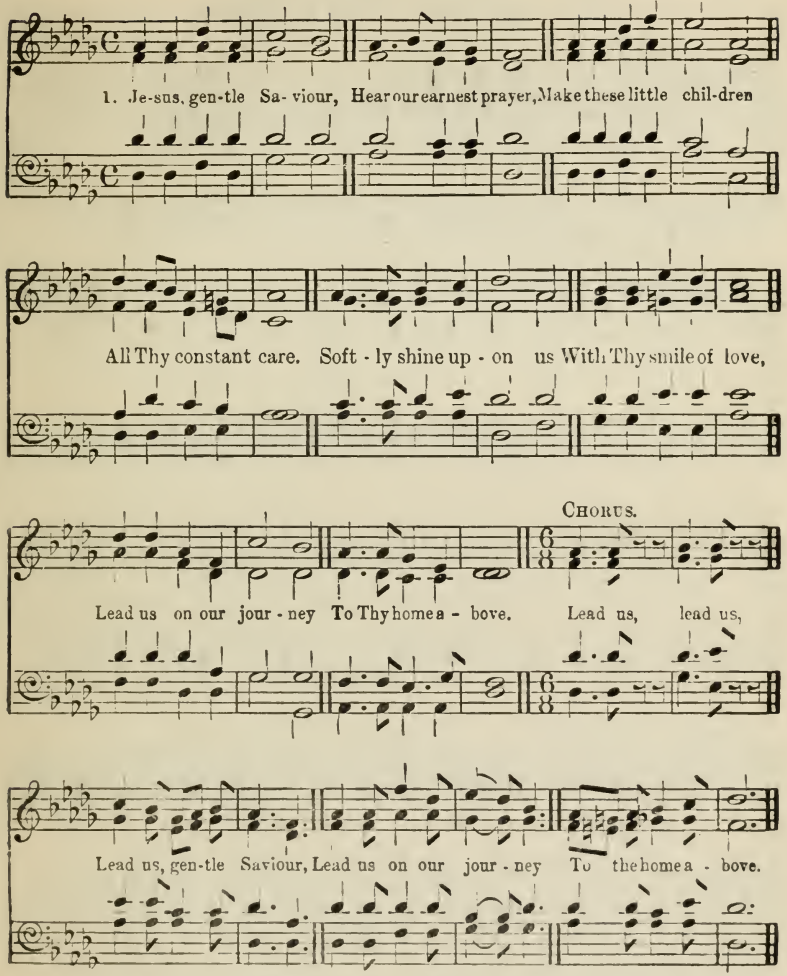
2. *mf* Bend, gracious Spirit, from above, like these o'erarching skies,
And to Thy firmament of Love lift up these longing eyes;
p And folded by Thy sheltering hand, in refuge still and deep,
Let blessed thoughts from Thee descend, as drop the dews of sleep,

3. *mf* And when, refreshed, the soul once more puts on new life and power.
O let Thine image, Lord, alone, gild the first waking hour!
f Let that dear Presence rise and glow fairer than morn's first ray,
And Thy pure radiance overflow the splendour of the day.

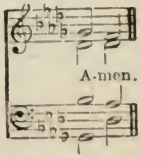
4. *mf* So in the hastening evening, so in the coming morn,
When deeper slumber shall be given, and fresher life be born,
f Shine out, true Light! to guide my way amid that deepening gloom,
And rise, O Morning Star, the first that day-spring to illume!

5. *mf* I cannot dread the darkness deep where Thou wilt watch o'er me,
Nor smile to greet the sunrise glad, unless Thy smile I see;
f Creator, Saviour, Comforter! on Thee my soul is cast:
At morn, at night, in earth, in heaven, be Thou my First and Last. Amen.

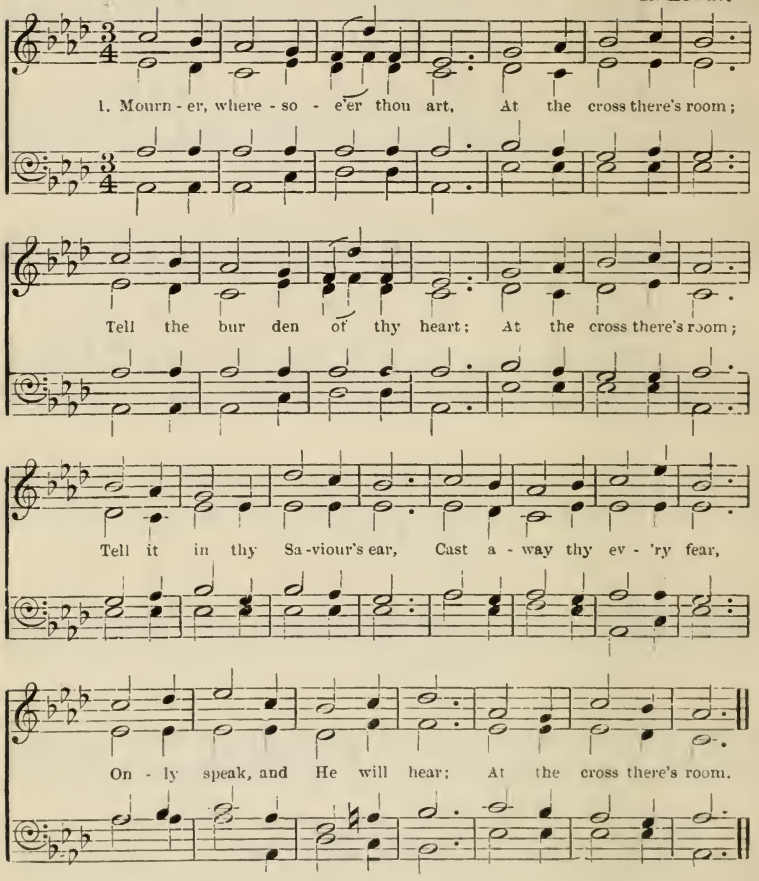
Jesus, Gentle Saviour.

T. Greenhalgh.

1. Je-sus, gen-tle Sa-viour, Hear our earnest prayer, Make these little chil-dren
All Thy constant care. Soft-ly shine up-on us With Thy smile of love,
Chorus.
Lead us on our jour-ney To Thy home a-bove. Lead us, lead us,
Lead us, gen-tle Saviour, Lead us on our jour-ney To the home a-bove.

2 *mf* We are very happy,
All the world is fair,
Seldom do we sorrow,
Seldom have a care.
Yet we would be joyous
Did we only know
That when life is ended
We to Thee should go.

3 *p* Dear and blessèd Saviour,
Hold our feeble hands,
Lead us in Thy footsteps,
Heeding Thy commands.
mf So shall we in gladness
Spend our earthly days,
cr Till Thy voice shall call us
f Home to sing Thy praise.

At the Cross there's Room.

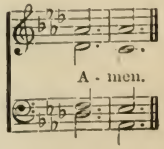
R. Lowry.


1. Mourn - er, where - so - e'er thou art, At the cross there's room;
Tell the bur den of thy heart; At the cross there's room;
Tell it in thy Sa-viour's ear, Cast a - way thy ev - 'ry fear,
On - ly speak, and He will hear; At the cross there's room.

2 *mf* Haste, thee, wanderer, tarry not;
p At the cross there's room;
mf Seek that consecrated spot;
p At the cross there's room;
Heavy-laden, sore oppressed,
cr Love can soothe thy troubled breast;
mf In the Saviour find thy rest;
p At the cross there's room.

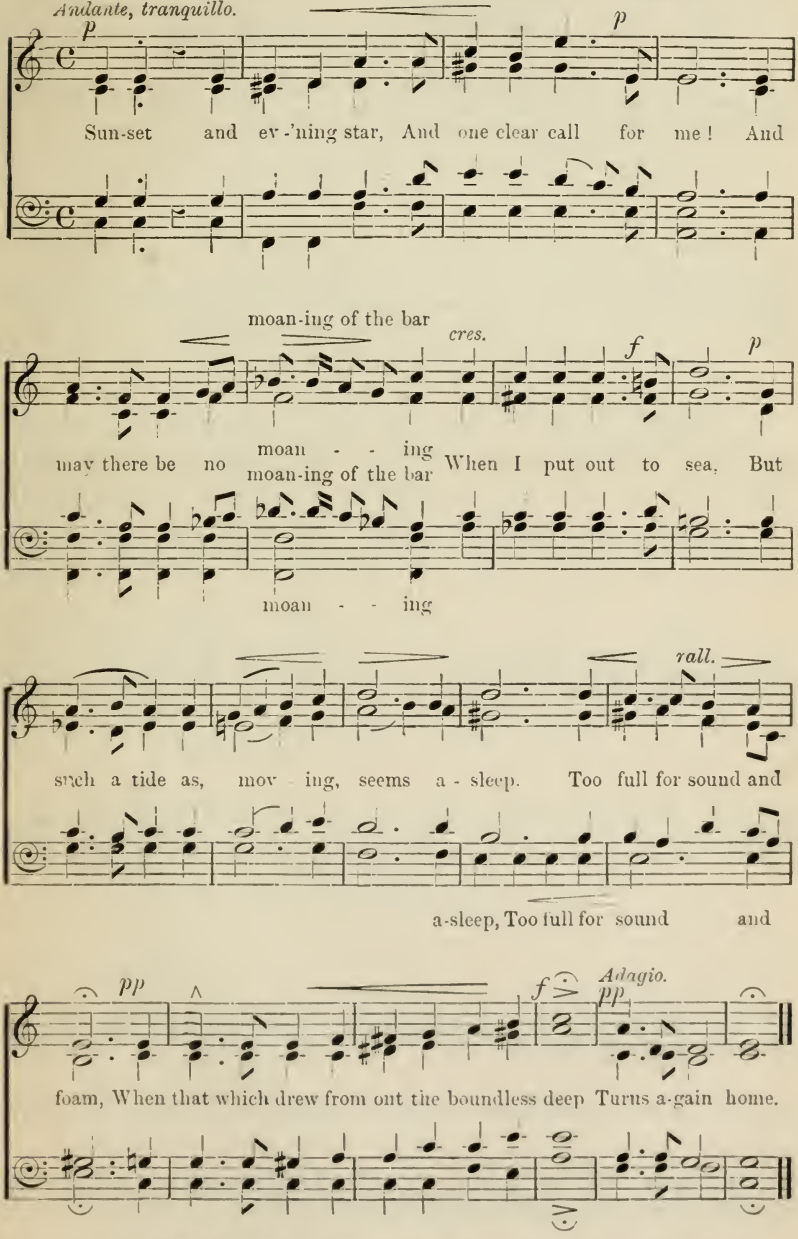
3 *mf* Thoughtless sinner, come to-day;
p At the cross there's room;
Hark! the Bride and Spirit say,
At the cross there's room;
cr Now a living fountain see,
Opened there for you and me,
f Rich and poor, for bond and free;
p At the cross there's room.

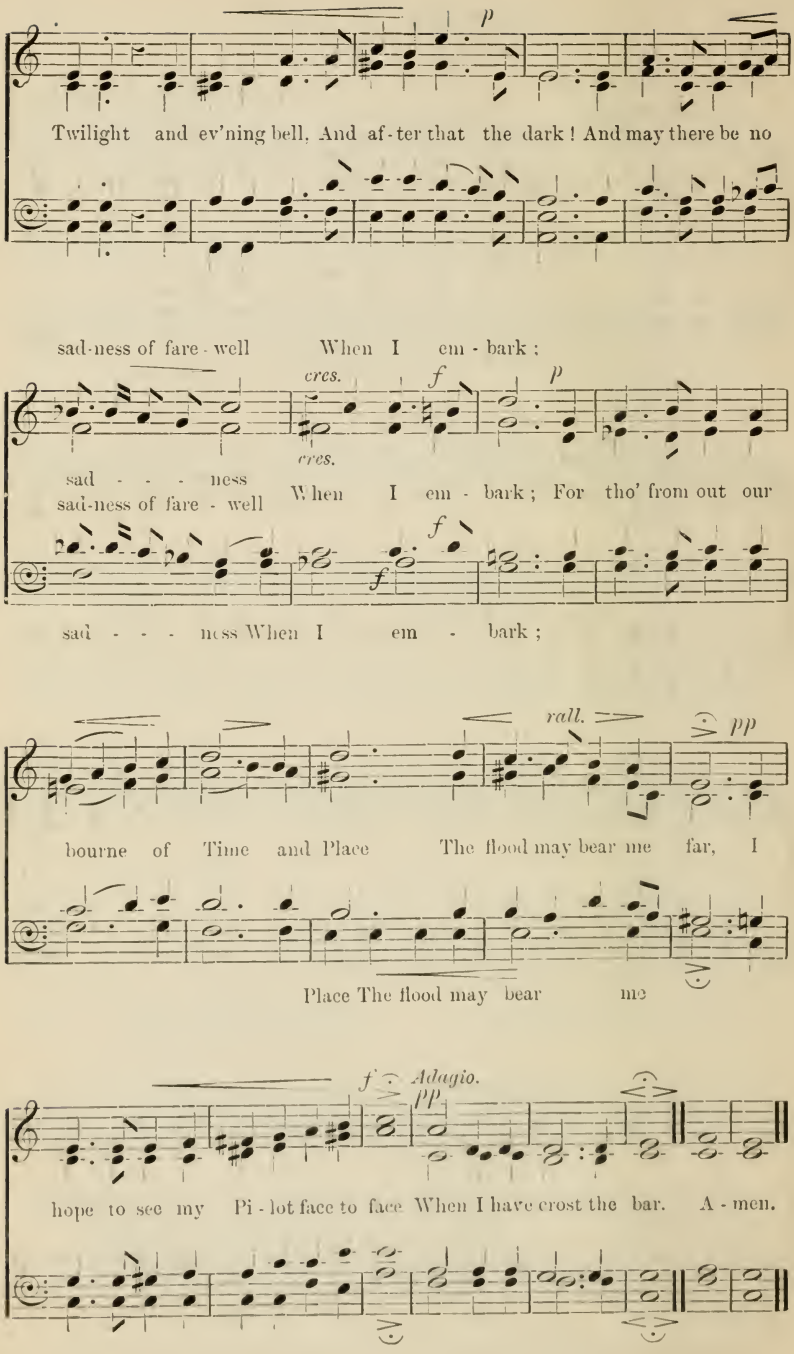
4 *mf* Blessèd thought! for every one
At the cross there's room;
Love's atoning work is done;
At the cross there's room;
cr Streams of boundless mercy flow,
Free to all who thither go;
f Oh, that all the world might know,
At the cross there's room!



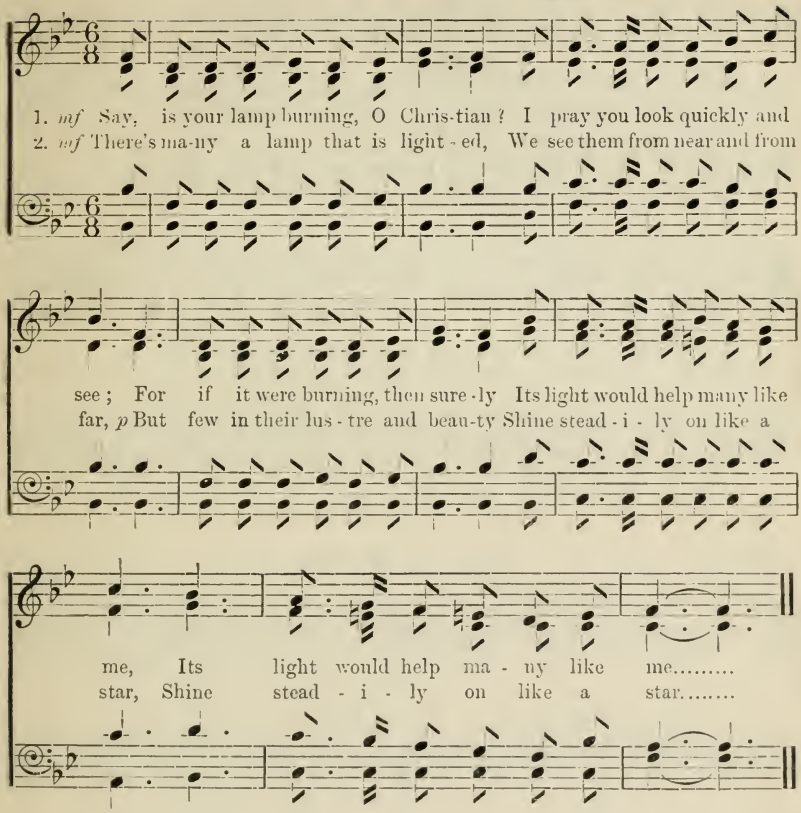
Crossing the Bar.*

(*By permission of* DR. BRIDGE.)

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON. J. FREDERICK BRIDGE, Mus. Doc.

Andante, tranquillo.
p
p
Sun-set and ev-'ning star, And one clear call for me! And
moan-ing of the bar
cres.
f
p
may there be no moan - - ing
moan-ing of the bar
When I put out to sea. But
moan - - ing
rall.
such a tide as, mov ing, seems a - sleep. Too full for sound and
a-sleep, Too full for sound and
pp
f
Adagio.
pp
foam, When that which drew from out the boundless deep Turns a-gain home.

* Composed for and sung at the funeral of Lord Tennyson in Westminster Abbey, 1892.

p
Twilight and ev'ning bell, And af-ter that the dark! And may there be no
sad-ness of fare-well When I em-bark;
cres.
f
p
cres.
sad - - - ness
sad-ness of fare-well When I em-bark; For tho' from out our
f
f
sad - - - ness When I em - bark;
rall.
pp
bourne of Time and Place The flood may bear me far, I
Place The flood may bear me
f
Adagio.
pp
hope to see my Pi-lot face to face When I have crost the bar. A-men.

Is your Lamp Burning?

MRS. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.

1. mf Say, is your lamp burning, O Chris-tian? I pray you look quickly and
2. mf There's ma-ny a lamp that is light-ed, We see them from near and from
see; For if it were burning, then sure-ly Its light would help many like
far, p But few in their lus-tre and beau-ty Shine stead-i-ly on like a
me, Its light would help ma-ny like me.....
star, Shine stead-i-ly on like a star.....

3 But if they were trimmed night and morning They'd never burn down or go out, [about.
Though from the four quarters of heaven The winds were all blowing

4 *mf* If once all the lamps that are lighted Should steadily blaze in a line,
cr Wide over the land and the ocean (*f*) A girdle of glory would shine.

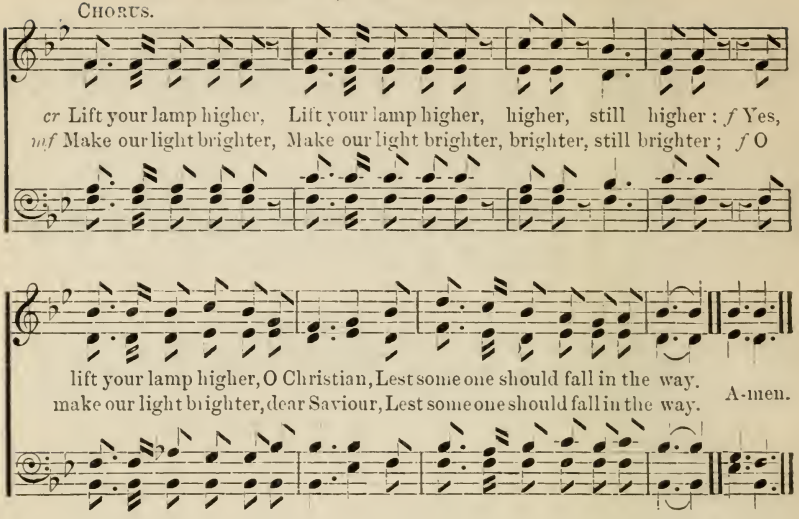
5 *mf* How all the dark places would brighten! The mists would roll up and away!
cr The earth would laugh out in her gladness (*f*) To hail the millennial day!

6 *p* Remember how many around you Will follow wherever you go;
mf If you thought that they walked in *your* shadow, Your lamp would burn brighter, I know.

7 *mf* Thou, Thou art the true light, O Jesus! Our light is all borrowed from Thee.
p Shine in us, and through us, dear Saviour, (*cr*) That all men Thy glory may see.

mf Make our light brighter, Make our light brighter, brighter, still brighter,
f O make our light brighter, dear Saviour, Lest some one should fall in the way. Amen.

Is your Lamp Burning?—*Continued.*


Chorus.
cr Lift your lamp higher, Lift your lamp higher, higher, still higher: f Yes,
mf Make our light brighter, Make our light brighter, brighter, still brighter; f O
lift your lamp higher, O Christian, Lest some one should fall in the way.
make our light brighter, dear Saviour, Lest some one should fall in the way.
A-men.

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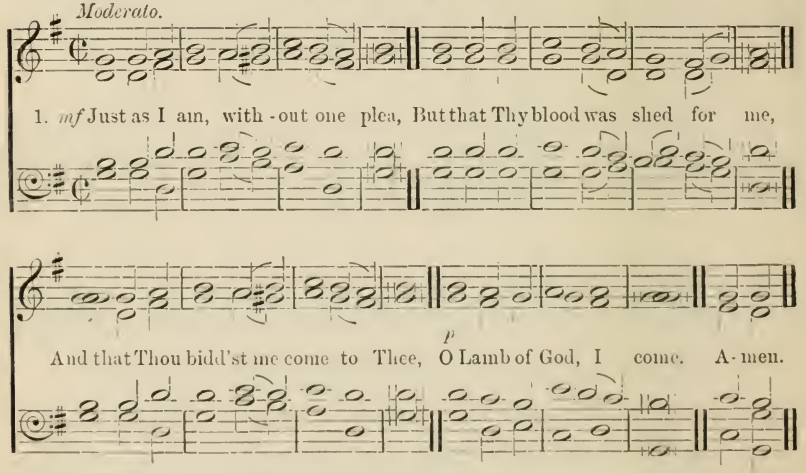
240 Just as I am.


Moderato.
1. mf Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
p
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come. A-men.

2.

mf Just as I am, and waiting not,
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
p O Lamb of God, I come.

3.

mf Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without,
p O Lamb of God, I come.

4.

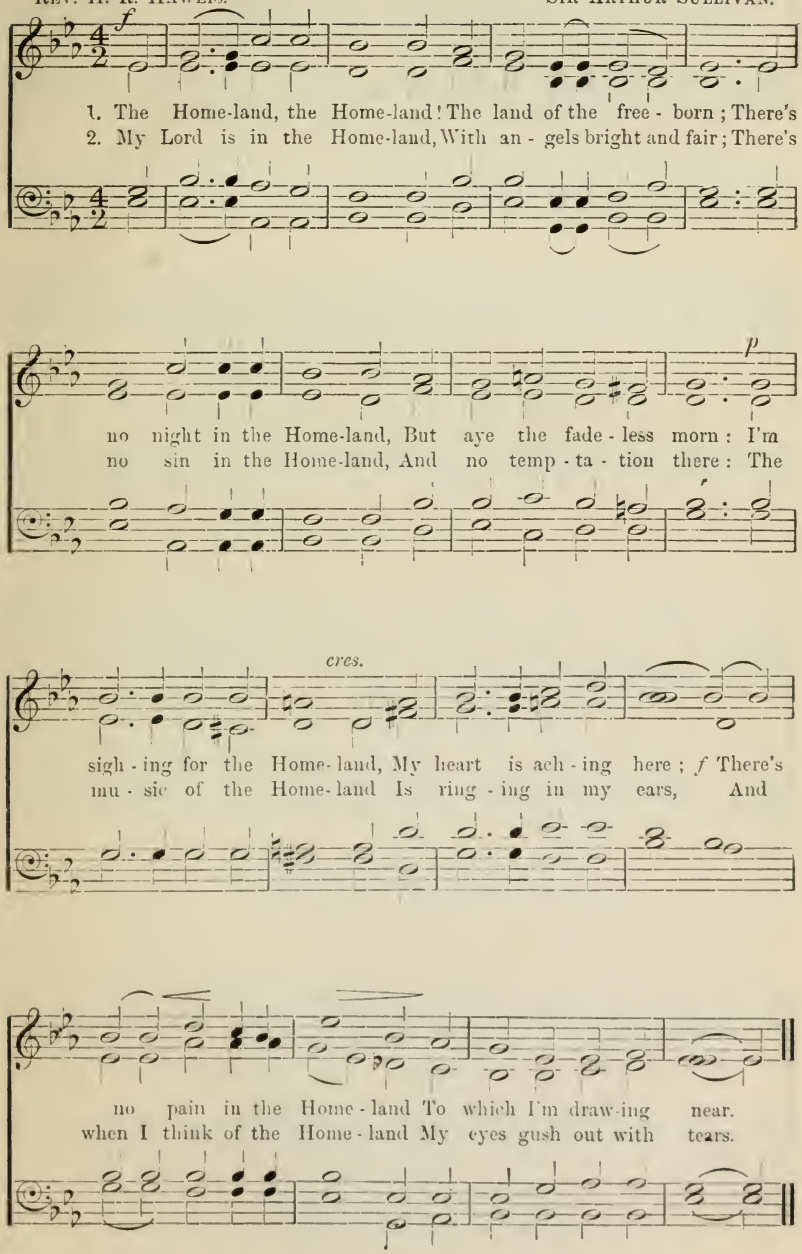
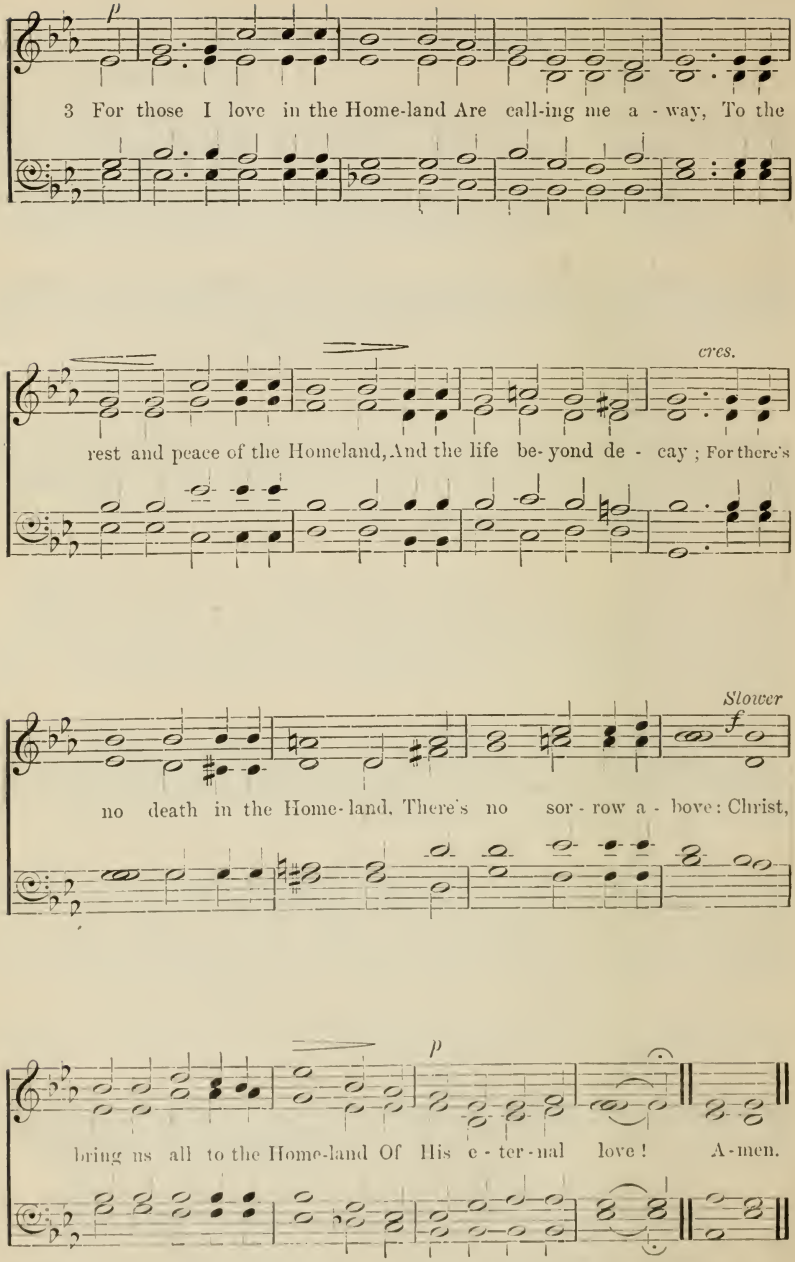
mf Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
cr Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
f Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come.

5.

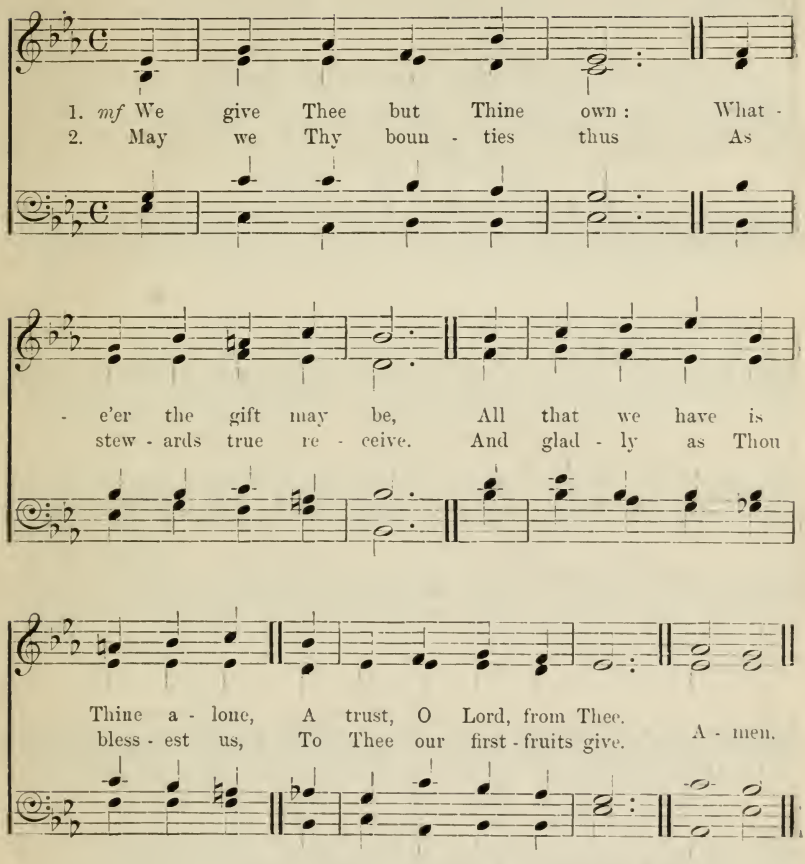
mf Just as I am, Thy love, I own,
Hath broken every barrier down;
cr Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
f O Lamb of God, I come. Amen.

A Hymn of the Home-land.

REV. H. R. HAWEIS. SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN.


f
1. The Home-land, the Home-land! The land of the free - born; There's
2. My Lord is in the Home-land, With an - gels bright and fair; There's
p
no night in the Home-land, But aye the fade - less morn: I'm
no sin in the Home-land, And no temp - ta - tion there: The
cres.
sigh - ing for the Home-land, My heart is ach - ing here; f There's
mu - sic of the Home-land Is ring - ing in my ears, And
no pain in the Home - land To which I'm draw-ing near.
when I think of the Home - land My eyes gush out with tears.

p
3 For those I love in the Home-land Are call-ing me a - way, To the
cres.
rest and peace of the Homeland, And the life be-yond de - cay; For there's
Slower
f
no death in the Home-land, There's no sor - row a - bove: Christ,
p
bring us all to the Home-land Of His e - ter - nal love! A - men.

We give Thee but Thine Own.

J. BRABHAM.

1. mf We give Thee but Thine own: What -
2. May we Thy boun - ties thus As
- e'er the gift may be, All that we have is
stew - ards true re - ceive. And glad - ly as Thou
Thine a - lone, A trust, O Lord, from Thee.
bless - est us, To Thee our first - fruits give. A - men.

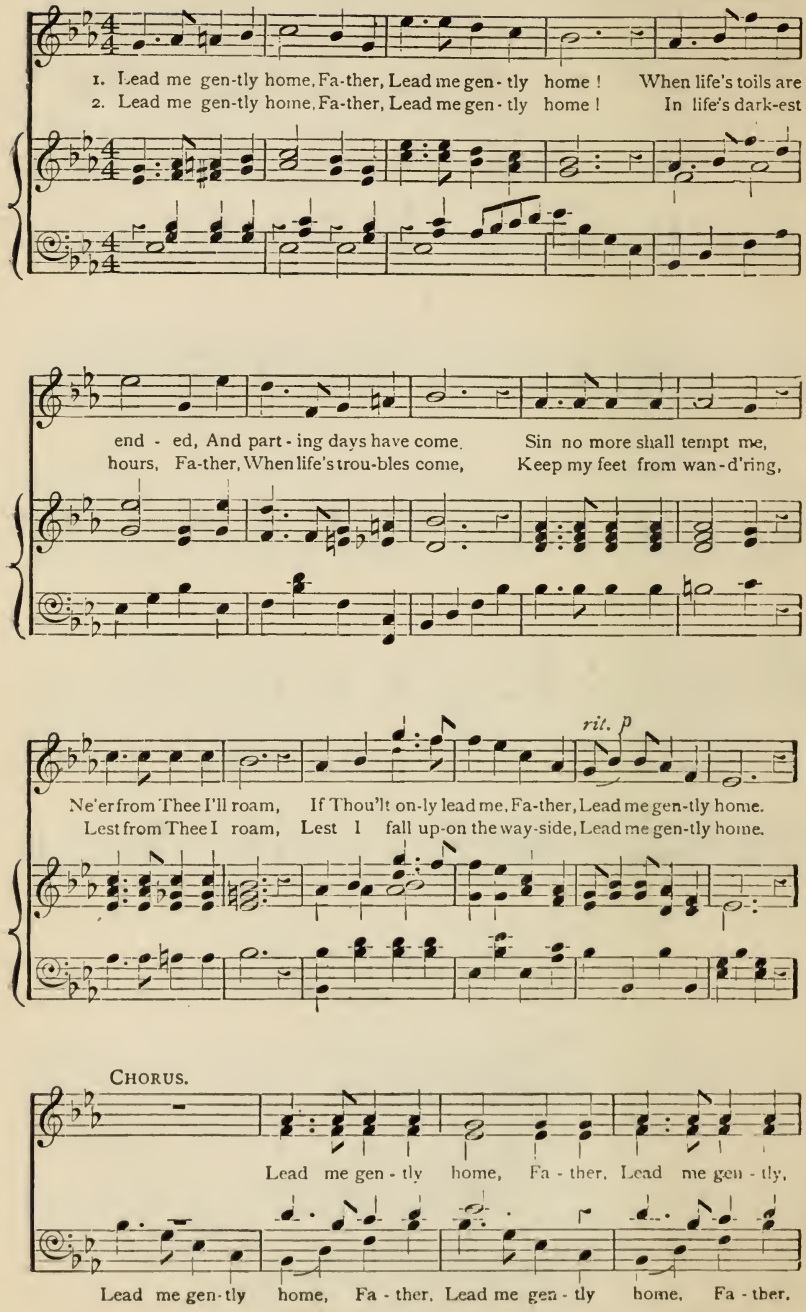
3. *p* Oh, hearts are bruised and dead:
And homes are bare and cold;
And lambs, for whom the Shepherd bled,
Are straying from the fold.

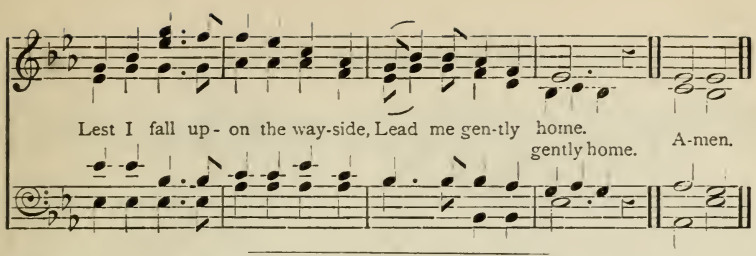
4. *mf* To comfort and to bless,
To find a balm for woe,
To tend the lone and fatherless,
Is angels' work below.

5. *f* The captive to release,
To God the lost to bring,
Teaching the way of life and peace,
Is sure a Christ-like thing.

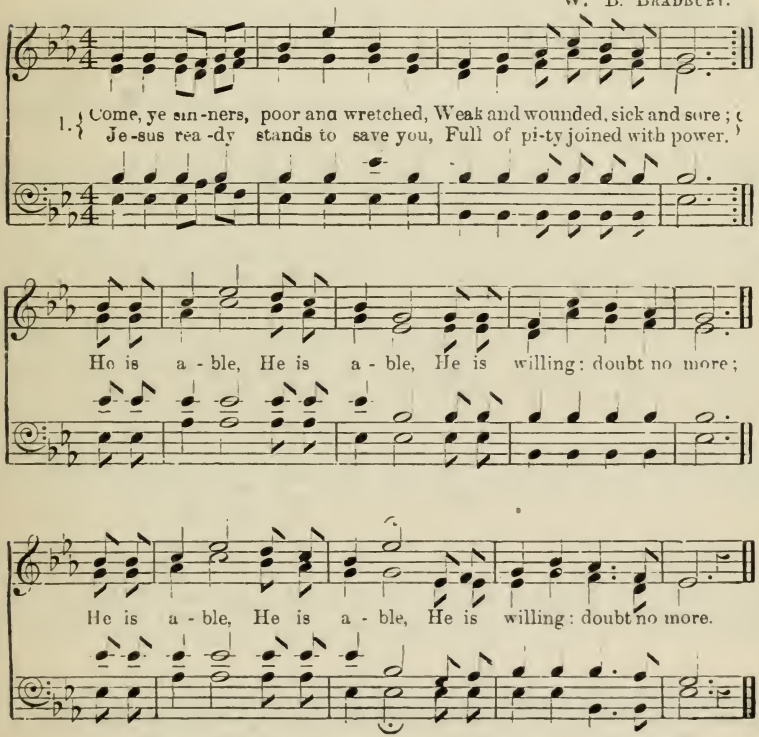
6. *mf* And we believe Thy word,
p Though dim our faith may be;
f Whate'er for Thine we do, O Lord,
We do it unto Thee! Amen.

Lead me Gently Home, Father.

W. L. T. W. L. THOMPSON.

1. Lead me gen-tly home, Fa-ther, Lead me gen-tly home! When life's toils are
2. Lead me gen-tly home, Fa-ther, Lead me gen-tly home! In life's dark-est
end - ed, And part-ing days have come. Sin no more shall tempt me,
hours, Fa-ther, When life's trou-bles come, Keep my feet from wan-d'ring,
rit. p
Ne'er from Thee I'll roam, If Thou'lt on-ly lead me, Fa-ther, Lead me gen-tly home.
Lest from Thee I roam, Lest I fall up-on the way-side, Lead me gen-tly home.
CHORUS.
Lead me gen-tly home, Fa - ther, Lead me gen - tly,
Lead me gen-tly home, Fa - ther, Lead me gen - tly home, Fa - ther.



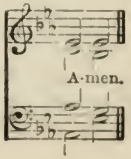
244 Come, ye Sinners.

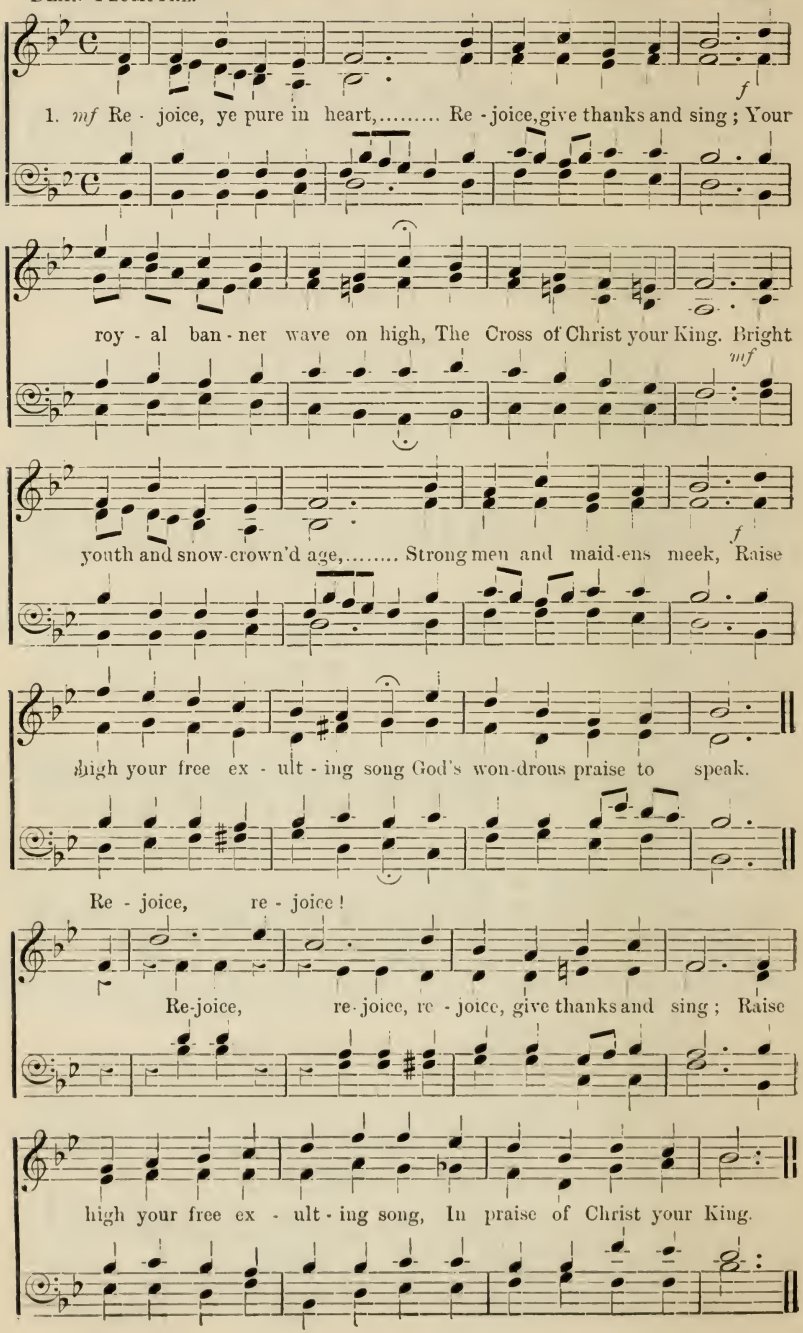
W. B. Bradbury.

1. Come, ye sin-ners, poor and wretched, Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Je-sus rea-dy stands to save you, Full of pi-ty joined with power.
He is a - ble, He is a - ble, He is willing: doubt no more;
He is a - ble, He is a - ble, He is willing: doubt no more.

2 *mf* Come, ye needy, come, and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify;
cr True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings us nigh,
f Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 *mf* Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness He requireth
Is to feel your need of Him:
f This He gives you;
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

4 *p* Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall;
mf If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all:
f Not the righteous,
Sinners Jesus came to call.

5 *mf* Lo! the incarnate God, ascended;
Pleads the merits of His blood,
cr Venture on Him,
venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude:
f None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

Rejoice, give Thanks!

DEAN PLUMPTRE. G. F. ROOT. ART. J. FRANZ MORGAN.

1. mf Re - joice, ye pure in heart,..... Re - joice, give thanks and sing; Your
f
roy - al ban - ner wave on high, The Cross of Christ your King. Bright
mf
youth and snow-crown'd age,..... Strong men and maid-ens meek, Raise
f
high your free ex - ult - ing song God's won-drous praise to speak.
Re - joice, re - joice!
Re-joice, re-joice, re - joice, give thanks and sing; Raise
high your free ex - ult - ing song, In praise of Christ your King.

Rejoice, give Thanks!—*Continued.*

2. *mf* With all the angel choirs,
With all the saints on earth,
Pour out the strains of joy and bliss,
True rapture, noblest mirth;
cr With voice as full and strong
As ocean's surging praise,
f Send forth the hymns our fathers loved,
The psalms of ancient days.
Rejoice, give thanks, and sing;
Raise high your free exulting song,
In praise of Christ your King.

3. *mf* Yes, on through life's long path,
Still chanting as ye go,
From youth to age, by night and day,
In gladness and in woe.
cr At last the march shall end,
The wearied ones shall rest,
f The pilgrims find their Father's home
Jerusalem the Blest.
Rejoice, give thanks, and sing;
Raise high your free exulting song,
In praise of Christ your King.
Amen.

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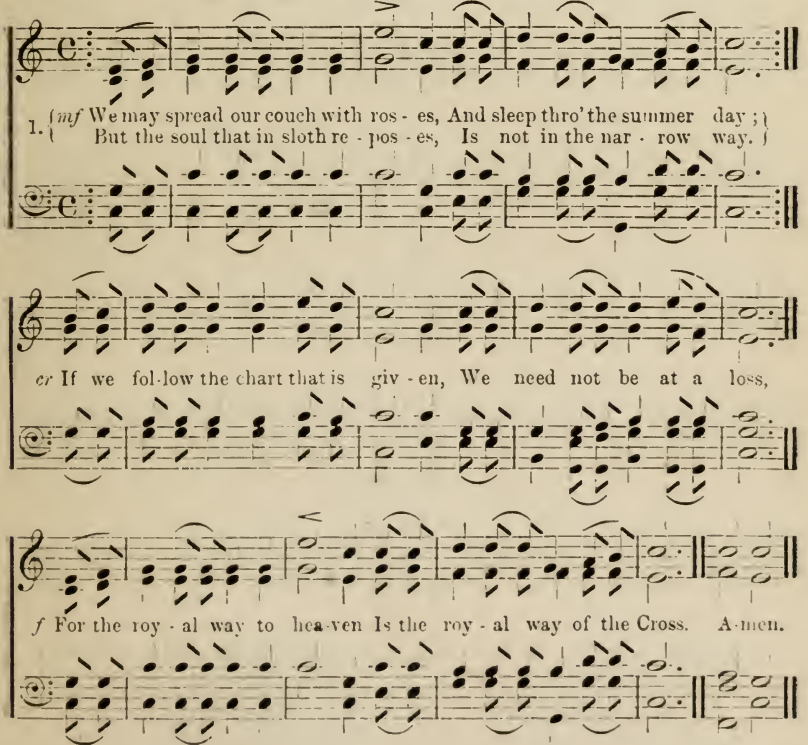
246 We may Spread our Couch.

1. (mf We may spread our couch with ros - es, And sleep thro' the summer day;)
(But the soul that in sloth re - pos - es, Is not in the nar - row way.)
cr If we fol-low the chart that is giv - en, We need not be at a loss,
f For the roy - al way to hea-ven Is the roy - al way of the Cross. A-men.

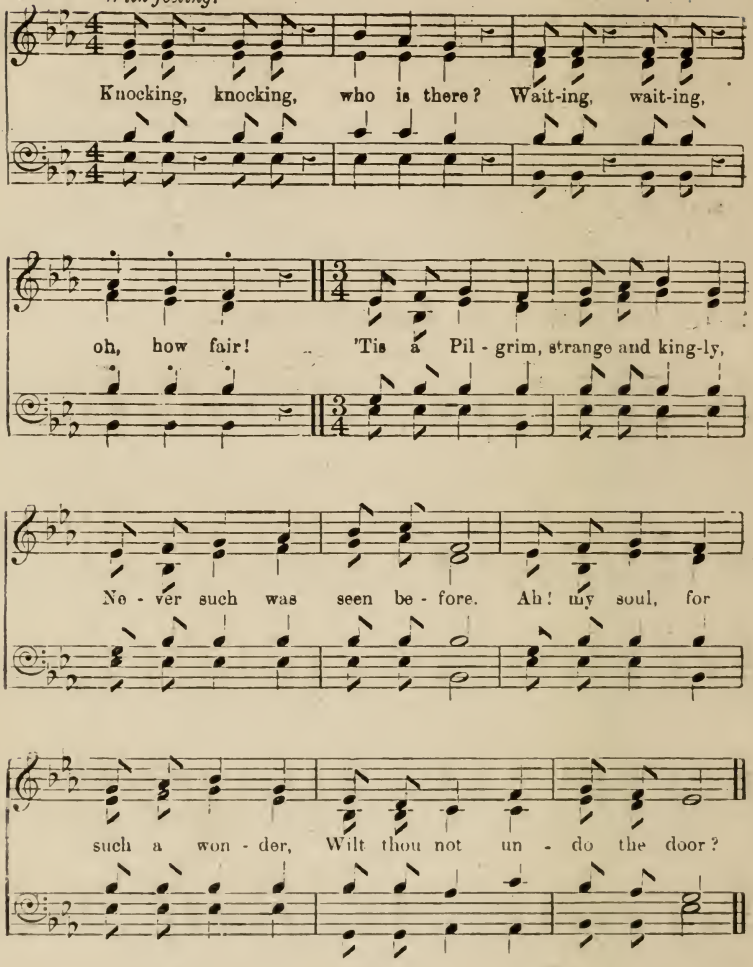
2.

mf Shall we say we will walk to-morrow
The path we refuse to-day?
p And still with our lukewarm sorrow
Shall we shrink from the narrow way?
mf What heeded the chosen Eleven,
How the fortunes of life might toss,
As they followed their Master to heaven
By the royal way of the Cross?

3.

mf The world with a scornful wonder
May glance at us on our way;
p And those we love best and dearest,
May scoff while we try to pray.
cr 'Tis enough to be like the Master,
For Him, to count all things dross;
f And to follow Him up to heaven
By the royal way of the Cross.
Amen.

Knocking, Knocking, Who is There?

With feeling.

Knocking, knocking, who is there? Wait-ing, wait-ing,
oh, how fair! 'Tis a Pil - grim, strange and king-ly,
Ne - ver such was seen be - fore. Ah! my soul, for
such a won - der, Wilt thou not un - do the door?

2

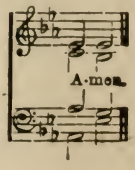
p Knocking, knocking, still He's there,
Waiting, waiting, wondrous fair;
mf But the door is hard to open,
For the weeds and ivy-vine,
With their dark and clinging tendrils,
Ever round the hinges twine.

3

p Knocking, knocking: what, still there?
Waiting, waiting, (*f*) grand and fair;
p Yes, the pierced hand still knocketh,
And beneath the crowned hair
Beam the patient eyes, so tender,
Of thy Saviour, waiting there.

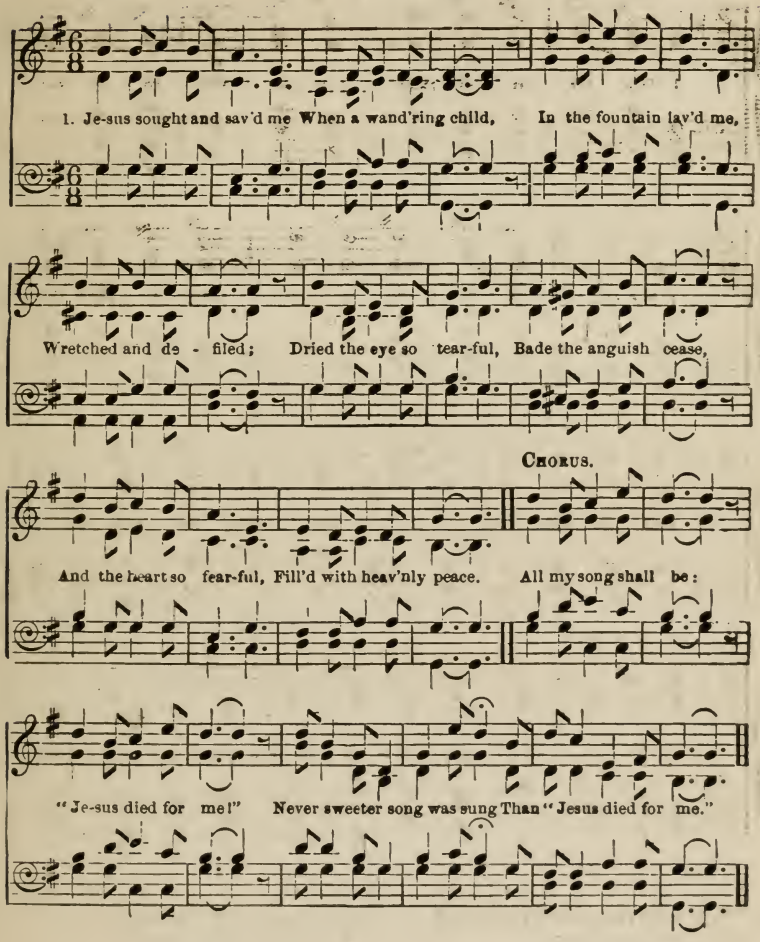
4

mf Knocking! knocking! what, still there?
Wait not longer, grand and fair!
cr My poor heart is longing for Thee,
f Beateth quick,—flings wide the door,
p Come, my Saviour, whisper to me
Thy forgiveness evermore.

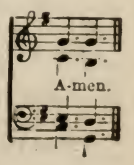


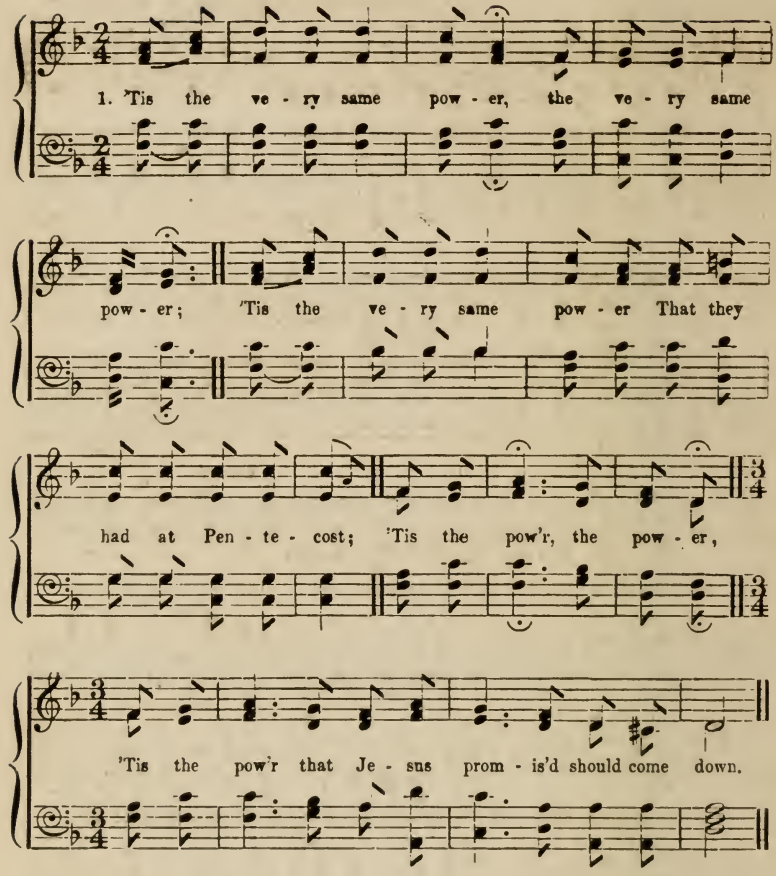
Jesus Sought and Saved Me.

Words and Music by Rev. A. A. Graley.


1. Je-sus sought and sav'd me When a wand'ring child, In the fountain lav'd me,
Wretched and de - filed; Dried the eye so tear-ful, Bade the anguish cease,
Chorus.
And the heart so fear-ful, Fill'd with heav'nly peace. All my song shall be:
"Je-sus died for me!" Never sweeter song was sung Than "Jesus died for me."

2 *p* All unclad He found me,
Poor, and comfortless;
mf But He threw around me
Robes of righteousness;
cr Hushed the notes of sadness,
Taught me to rejoice,
f And to songs of gladness
Tuned my heart and voice.
All my song shall be:
"Jesus died for me!"
Never sweeter song was sung
Than "Jesus died for me."

3 *mf* Saviour, Thine for ever
I would wholly be;
cr Let me never, never
f Tire of serving Thee;
p Gazing on Thy beauty,
Sweet is my employ,
f Toil is more than duty,
'Tis my brightest joy.
All my song shall be:
"Jesus died for me!"
Never sweeter song was sung
Than "Jesus died for me."

'Tis the very same Power.


1. 'Tis the ve - ry same pow - er, the ve - ry same
pow - er; 'Tis the ve - ry same pow - er That they
had at Pen - te - cost; 'Tis the pow'r, the pow - er,
'Tis the pow'r that Je - sus prom - is'd should come down.

2 While with one accord assembled,
All in an upper room,
Came the power, etc.

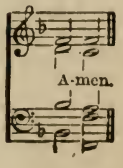
3 With cloven tongues of fire
And a rushing mighty wind,
Came the power, etc.

4 It was while they all were praying,
And believing it would come,
Came the power, etc.

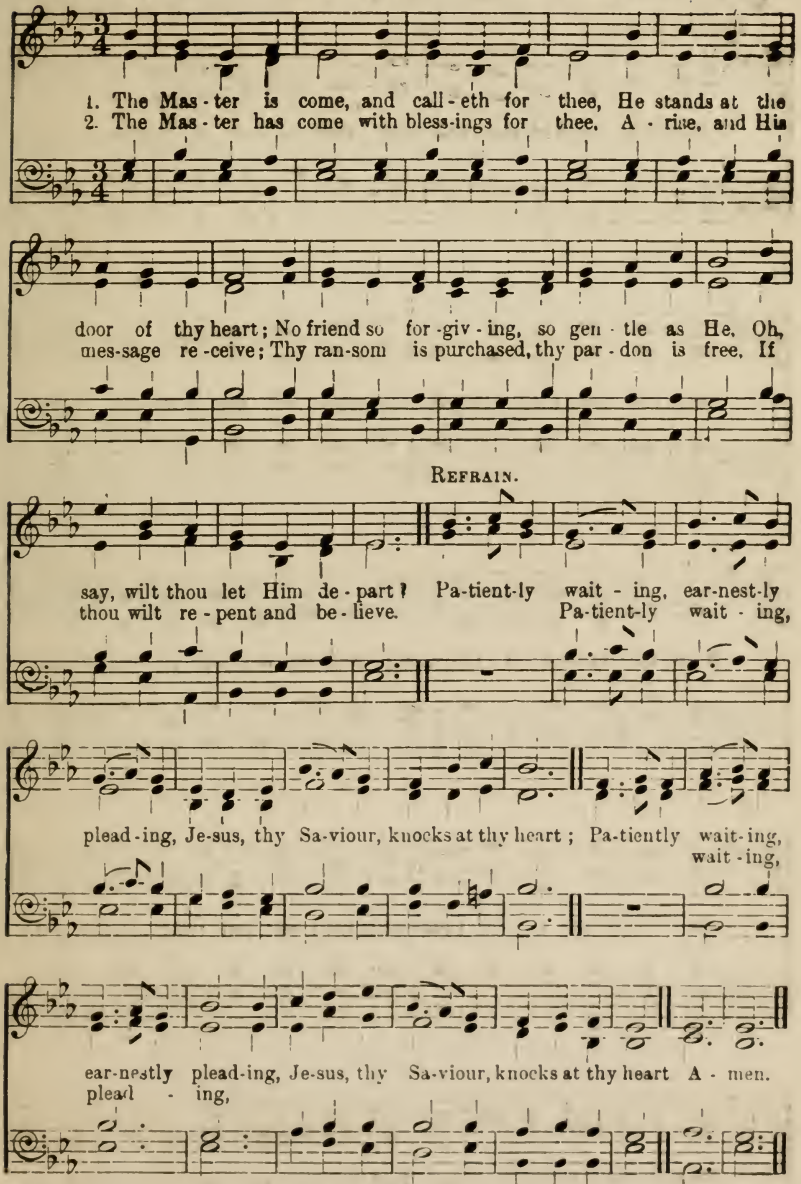
5 The martyrs had this power
As they triumphed in the flames.
'Twas the power, etc.

6 Our fathers had this power,
And we may have it too.
'Tis the power, etc.

7 'Tis the very same power
For I feel it in my soul,
'Tis the power, etc.

8 O grant us, Lord, this power,
To abide for evermore.
Grant the power, the power,
Grant the power that Jesus promised should come down.

The Master's Call.

FANNY CROSBY. W. F. SHERWIN. By per.

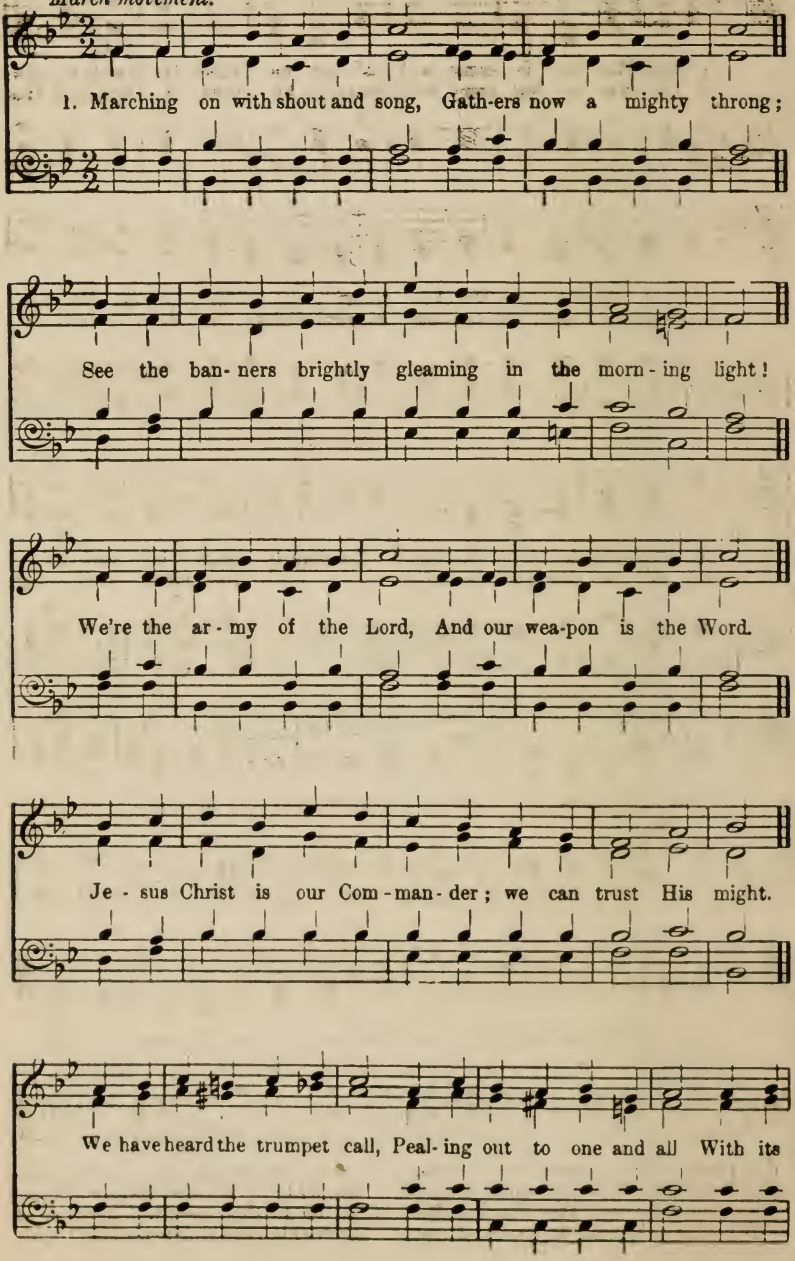
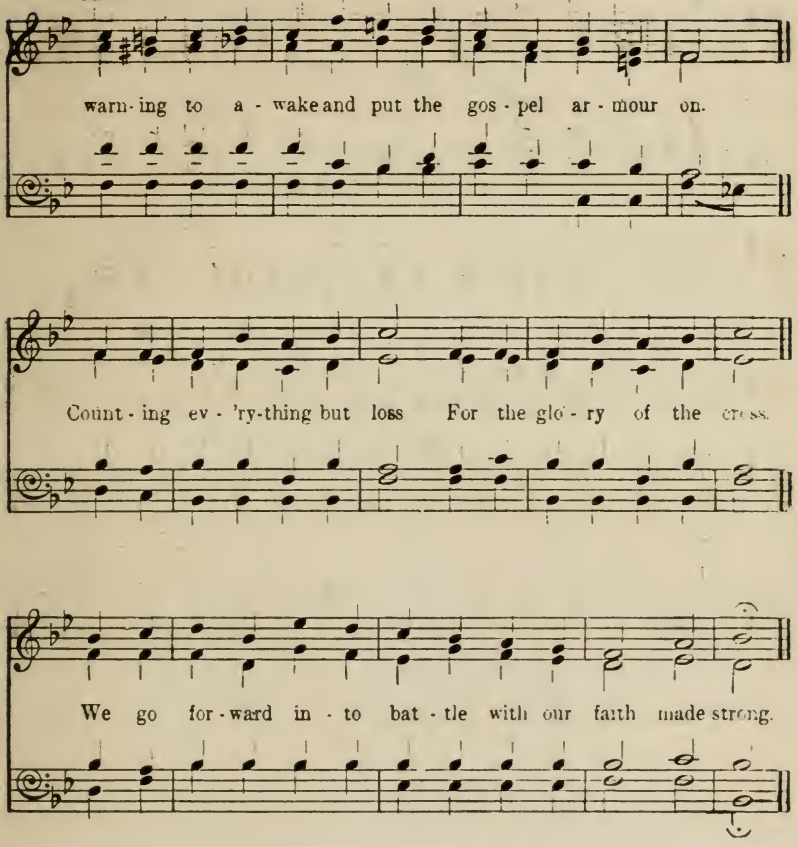

1. The Mas - ter is come, and call - eth for thee, He stands at the
2. The Mas - ter has come with bless-ings for thee, A - rise, and His
door of thy heart; No friend so for-giv - ing, so gen - tle as He. Oh,
mes-sage re - ceive; Thy ran-som is purchased, thy par - don is free. If
REFRAIN.
say, wilt thou let Him de - part? Pa-tient-ly wait - ing, ear-nest-ly
thou wilt re - pent and be - lieve. Pa-tient-ly wait - ing,
plead-ing, Je-sus, thy Sa-viour, knocks at thy heart; Pa-tiently wait-ing,
wait-ing,
ear-nestly plead-ing, Je-sus, thy Sa-viour, knocks at thy heart A - men.
plead - ing,

3. The Master is come, and calleth thee now,
This moment what joy may be thine!
How tender the smile that illumines His brow,
A pledge of His favour divine.

4. He waits for thee still, then haste with delight,
Oh, fly to the arms of His love!
Press on to that beautiful mansion of light,
Prepared in His kingdom above.

Marching On.

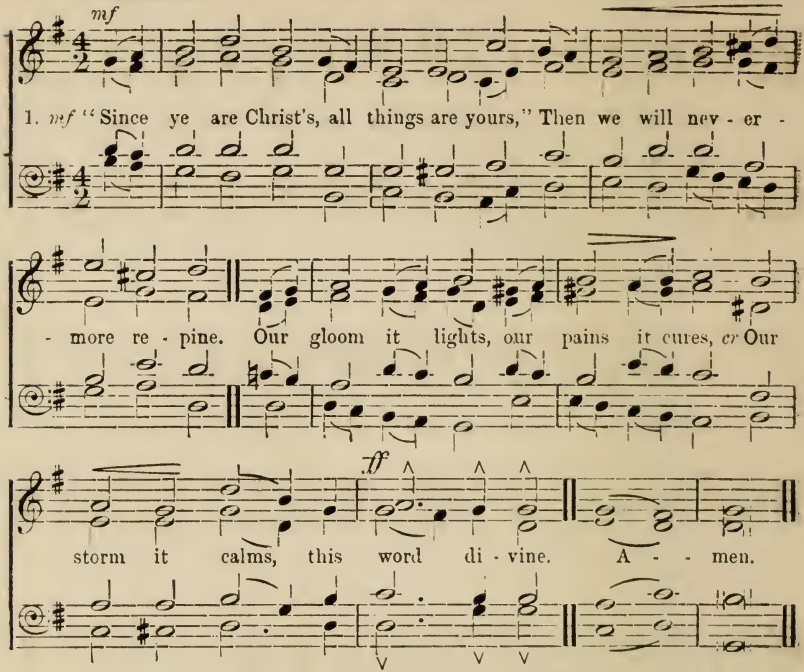
W. F. S. W. F. Sherwin.

March movement.

1. Marching on with shout and song, Gath-ers now a mighty throng;
See the ban-ners brightly gleaming in the morn-ing light!
We're the ar-my of the Lord, And our wea-pon is the Word.
Je-sus Christ is our Com-man-der; we can trust His might.
We have heard the trumpet call, Peal-ing out to one and all With its

warn-ing to a-wake and put the gos-pel ar-mour on.
Count-ing ev-'ry-thing but loss For the glo-ry of the cross.
We go for-ward in-to bat-tle with our faith made strong.

2 Will you join our ranks to-day,
And the heav'nly call obey?
Come, enlist against the surging hosts of sin and shame.
Tho' there may be toil and strife,
You shall win eternal life,
For the world shall yet be conquer'd in the Saviour's name.
Then we'll all go marching on Till the victory is won;
Only in the day of triumph may we lay our armour down.
'Tis the promise of the Lord, Written in His holy word,
"*Unto Him that overcometh will I give a crown!*"

"Since ye are Christ's."

T. B. Stephenson. Dr. A. H. Mann.

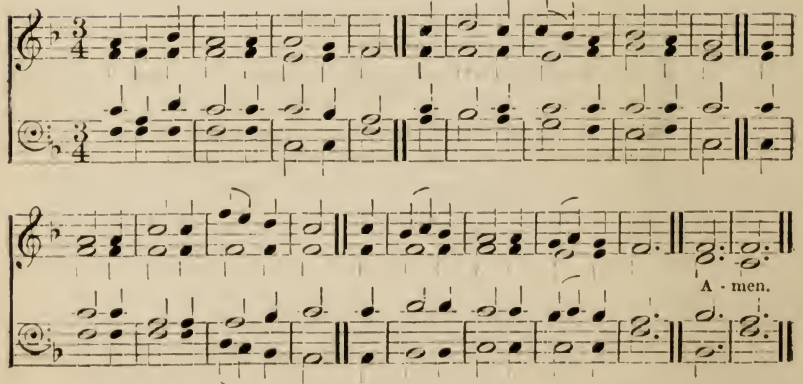

mf
1. mf "Since ye are Christ's, all things are yours," Then we will nev - er -
- more re - pine. Our gloom it lights, our pains it cures, cr Our
ff
storm it calms, this word di - vine. A - - men.

2. *mf* "Since ye are Christ's": apart from Thee
p Earth's darkness thickens, fold on fold;
mf Mere suffering has no alchemy
To change the baser things to gold.

3. *mf* "All yours"—then sorrow, pain, and loss,
Sickness and death, are friends, not foes:
cr The crown lies hidden in the cross;
f And man to light through darkness goes.

4. *p* Thou, Whose is Christ, and Whose are we,
mf Strengthen our faith's dim wavering sight,
cr That we Thy kind strong hand may see
f Leading through all to perfect light. Amen.

[Second Tune.]



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